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The Unpopular Review

No. 21 JANUARY—MARCH, 1919 Vol. XI

THE NEW ERA

THE defeat of Germany and the abdication of the Kaiser probably closed the stage in human evolution where it was respectable to make a war of conquest, and for one man to have the recognized power of sending to war a people, and therefore potentially all other people. Those two features of the closed period were, however, but details of a broader characteristic. Autocracy was but the widest and oldest form of that domination of one man over other men, whose destruction under the earlier forms of slavery, serfdom, and feudalism have similarly marked the stages of man's progress upward from savagery. We have hardly realized that, up to Magna Charta — perhaps up to the deposition of Charles I, there was no nation in Europe whose sovereign did not hold the power of death in war over his subjects, and of confiscation over their property, as definitely as any slaveholder held it over his slaves, or any landholder over his serfs; whose subjects did not pass as definitely with the land; who did not increase both territory and subjects by violence, and who did not give them away and sell them and trade them with his fellow sovereigns, as freely as private persons traded land and slaves and serfs. For over a hundred years before the French Revolution, England and Switzerland were the only countries in Europe where this state of affairs did not prevail. And in Germany, Austria, Russia and Turkey it prevailed into the present year. Now it is gone from Europe, probably never to return, and a new era has begun.

If the New Era is not to be one of absolute international peace, it is certain to be one of relative peace: for freedom from autocratic government involves freedom from dynastic wars, and since the religious wars, most wars have been dynastic. But when all Europe and America are living under free governments there will still arise differences among them, as between England and America in the fishery and boundary questions, the *Trent* case and the Venezuela case. Even the New Era does not yet offer, outside of voluntary arbitration, any way of settling such questions. There is widely recognized need of a court to which international differences can be referred, with power behind it to oblige disputants to come before it and to abide by its decisions. Moreover, civilized peoples do not need merely to organize against recalcitrancy or contagious disputes among themselves: for it is by no means inconceivable that there may arise a Napoleon in Russia, or a Zenghis Khan or Tamerlane in Asia.

Attempts at organization are discouraged on the ground that all previous attempts have failed, and the various combinations from the Amphictyons down to the Holy Alliance are cited as such attempts. But in strictness, no attempt to establish an international court backed by an international police has ever failed; for none has ever been made, and certainly none of any kind under such favoring conditions as the New Era provides — with all civilized nations virtual democracies, and actuated by peaceful dispositions wider and deeper than the world has ever known. Nearly all previous moves in the direction, and far the most conspicuous ones and those most cited in deprecation, such as the combinations against Louis XIV, and the Holy Alliance, have been made by autocracies, and merely to save their own bacon, and if possible get some of that of the dynasties opposed by them.

The reader has of course thought in protest against the foregoing generalization, of the Swiss confederacy and the American Union. Their relations to the main question

are obvious, but it should be well noted that the Swiss Confederation has long held together territories in which three different languages are spoken. In passing, too, it is also worth while to give a thought to the unity of the British Empire, so astonishingly illustrated in the recent war — a unity of free peoples scattered all over the earth, those in Canada speaking two languages, and of peoples less free here and there, hardly speaking English at all — conspicuously the Dutch in South Africa and the peoples of India; and yet all loyal to the empire.

Even the successful coöperation of the allies in the recent war may be taken in farther support of the hope that differences of language, especially under the furthering influences of the New Era, may not be a fatal obstacle to the coöperation of the nations in making successful machinery for peace.

In the earlier leagues hardly anything in the nature of a modern court has even been suggested. That would be a novel experiment, but the New Era abounds in eagerness for it, and in conditions favoring it. The germ already exists at The Hague, and careful nursing of that germ would cost nothing, and abounds in great possibilities.

The New Era contains another element of peace, in the desire of the great nations — the greatest nations, to help the small ones. Heretofore the little ones have been regarded mainly as the prey of the big ones — not only to be conquered, but to be fought over among themselves by the nations strong enough to conquer. The New Era is to restore these countries to their owners, and to encourage the amalgamation of congruous fragments into substantial states.

At worst the failure of the attempts would be no valid argument against new ones, and in all probability something of the kind will be tried again and perhaps fail again, and tried still again and fail still again, until the conditions insuring success are reached. If there ever was a cause justifying the process of trial and error, in-

ternational peace is such a cause; and there never was a time to secure it comparable with the present New Era.

But we have not fully entered upon the New Era yet. Those who have made it are still in the condition of Moses before the promised land, though in all probability with better hope than he had; and those who perhaps have yearned for it most are in the midst of a terrible disappointment, largely of their own making. In the very act of rushing out of the old tyrannies they have rushed into new ones. In most countries liberty has not come like our Anglo-Saxon liberty, "broadening down from precedent to precedent," but has had to be evolved from license, as all civilization has had to be evolved from barbarism. It was so in the first and third French revolutions, and to some extent in the second; it has been so in China, and with a vengeance in Russia, and there are at this writing threatening signs of it in Germany and what was Austria.

The truth is that although the tyranny of autocracy is disposed of, there are several tyrannies still surviving, against which, even in the New Era, there has probably got to be some fighting, and certainly that proverbial vigilance which has always been the price of liberty.

Of these surviving tyrannies there are two major ones — those of majorities and of stored-up force — of the proletariat and of capital. These tyrannies are not chronic, as autocracy was — and is in barbarous regions yet, but they are subject everywhere to spasmodic outbreak. And besides them, there are a lot of minor tyrannies which are chronic — such as those of habit, and of public opinion and its corollary, fashion.

The major surviving tyrannies — those of the proletariat and of capital, have lately grown immensely. Under the first, Russia is suffering most, but Germany and the fragments of Austria are in dread of it, and France, England and even America are not without misgivings.

For nearly a generation, what Governor Baldwin has called "the narrowing circle of individual rights" has more and more attracted the attention of thinkers, and has been affected by agencies only indirectly arising from the proletarian vote.

As autocracy has been destroyed, so must an ignorant proletariat be destroyed. But how? It cannot be killed, as was the Russian autocrat, or driven off, as was the German. The first step is to destroy the ignorance. That has been well begun in America, and fairly in many other countries. At first sight it appears to have been well begun in Germany, but there the teaching has been conspicuously of things that are not so. She is undoubtedly on the point of radically changing her teaching, but probably of changing it too radically — of indoctrinating the young with a lot of unrealizable socialistic dreams that will keep her economic system in confusion.

Even in America we are far from free of that danger. People of small incomes are generally socialists — given to schemes for enlarging small incomes by some sort of magic; and teachers generally, even college professors, have small incomes, and it is a matter of current comment that "College professors are socialists." But certainly not all are: for while a critic has said that THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW is mainly written by professors, nobody has ever said that it is socialistic. A few do send out their students with their economic and political ideas in chaos. But as the minds of these boys have had some sort of discipline in other subjects, when they escape the academic seclusion in which their professors live, and come in contact with the actual world, a good many of them get their ideas of what will work in that world, and what won't, somewhat straightened out.

While socialism is a danger in education, it does not really represent an organic body of doctrine. It is little more than a group name for the discontented, and, despite

some exceptions, the discontent is generally the result and evidence of incompetence. On only one thing is there much like a general agreement among them — state ownership and control of industry — the substitution of political ingenuity and unscrupulousness for business capacity and integrity, and the suppression of individual initiative and the stimulus of private property. Outside of this precious scheme, the wild dreams of the socialists are in constant opposition to each other, and their whole history has been one of incapacity to work together — of an anarchy among themselves which, whenever they have had an opportunity, they have introduced into the state. They are looking forward to the New Era being one of socialism. The era certainly has begun with many manifestations of it. How long they will last in Russia we can easily foresee. How long in Germany and what was Austria, is not equally obvious. How far they will go in America was hopefully indicated when the red flag was suppressed at Carnegie Hall the other night by some of the very soldiers and sailors whom the socialists have expected to adopt their doctrines on their return from the war. Our army and navy are schools for the very things which the socialists hope to suppress — for order, and respect for authority when based upon ability.

One other important danger from socialism needs most serious attention. When the rage for liberty rushes into license, it is most natural that it should claim vent for the strongest of our passions. Socialists are quite generally advocates of free love. It ran riot during the chief French revolutions; and some of the Bolsheviks have even enacted it into law. Perhaps we should set this down as among the major surviving tyrannies. It attacks the family, which is the very germinal cell of the state, and it is a prominent feature in the license of "feminism" which has followed woman's industrial emancipation, and the alleged "political emancipation" which consists in the imposition upon her of the petty but essential nui-

sance of voting, and of the privilege(?), so far demonstrated supremely ridiculous in her case, of holding political office.

Probably the most effective school at present open is teaching on the principle of elimination — of what not to do, and is conducted by the Bolsheviks. The Germans have just opened another one, to be conducted by the socialists. It is questionable, however, whether the teachings of these two will be properly appreciated by the proletaires throughout the world; but they will be of some use to the theorists whose writings filter down to the masses, and have lately done much to lead them astray. Moreover, the teachings will not be altogether lost upon the instructors in the elementary schools and settlements. There, though they may not consciously teach anything beyond the three R's and the two G's, unconsciously do much to shape the political and economic ideas, or rather prejudices, of their pupils.

During the past generation, the education of the proletariat has made gigantic strides in America. School boards are still to a great extent nominated by ignorant politicians, and composed of ignorant men, but they are no longer corrupt. A generation ago, the books were mainly chosen by the boards, and the choice was mainly a matter of "inflooence," and largely of bargain and sale. There is a tradition, probably true, of a series of books having been "carried in," by a present of a set of diamonds to a politician's mistress. Now the boards generally take the advice of their teachers, and often seek that of other experts. The elimination of the first characteristic of the ignorant proletariat is certainly on the way.

To get rid of the proletarianism — of the poverty which makes the vast majority of mankind proletaire, is going to be a slower process than getting rid of the ignorance. In advanced countries, it has already been going on, however, more perhaps than is generally realized, through

the savings banks, building associations and subdivision of land; and it has just had a marked impulse in the wide saving to buy government bonds. It has had some slight aid, and one that is going greatly to increase, in putting shares of the industrial corporations within tempting reach of their operatives. Some aid has come too from the reduction of tariffs, which are falsely alleged to raise wages, and have generally increased the price of what the poor have had to buy.

So much for the dangers to liberty by the tyranny of the power in majorities. Now as to those from the accumulation of power in what is called capital.

To its "oppression," the proletariat attributes its own poverty. This is a fundamental mistake. There are such oppressions, of which we will treat later, but the fundamental truth is that poverty has been from the beginning the natural condition of men, and that only the exceptional men have risen above it. At the present stage of evolution, the rate of wages is determined on one side by the jobs provided by the exceptional men, and on the other side by the number of men seeking them. The amount of the jobs, divided by the number of men seeking them, gives the rate of wages. If anything limits the number of men available for a particular job, wages will be high, if anything increases the number of men seeking the job, wages will be low. If a war drains off the number of men seeking jobs generally, wages will rise; when peace sends back a large number of men seeking jobs, wages will fall. Nothing can change these conditions. In general, oppression from capital has nothing to do with them. But in special cases, capital can obstruct the moving of laborers away from jobs, or coerce the moving of labor towards them, and these are the principal methods of "oppression." The best defence against them is organization to transport labor to where it is most needed. There has of late been much progress in such organization, the

latest being the government employment agencies, which it is to be hoped will be farther developed.

The direct tyranny of capital over labor is probably small compared with its tyranny over the community in general, through two things — the corruption of government, and the abuse of monopolies, both those of Nature and of capital's own creation — its seizure and selfish management of such things as mines, forests and water powers, and of franchises for such things as railways, gas, electricity, and water supplies, — its packing people closer than cattle in infrequent cars, and furnishing such light as I am writing by at this moment.

The tyranny of capital, however, is not restricted to the corruption of governments and the misuse of monopolies. It often tyrannizes over the community by the unwarrantable conduct of every day industries — note the careless burning of soft coal which blackens our skies and fills our houses, covers our persons and even loads our lungs with filth, and which might be prevented, even to the economic advantage of the offenders.

Of course all forces are subject to excessive use, and all social forces may be exaggerated into tyranny. Beside the major tyrannies surviving into the New Era — majorities and capital, there are certain minor ones worth a passing consideration. Perhaps they can all be included under the head of habit. It won't do, however, to condemn habit altogether. It sometimes conserves many valuable institutions against unwise innovation, and may even be made an agent of reform: witness the habit of following the clock, recently made to conserve daylight.

Habit tyrannized most in public opinion and fashion. Public opinion has been so misused in the past, especially in times of religious stress, and was so exaggerated up to the middle of the last century, that in the sixties a book regarding it, *Mill on Liberty*, attracted perhaps as

much attention as so serious a work, not religion, ever did. One seldom hears of it now, the reason probably being that its positions were extreme, even for the time, and the force whose exaggeration it was leveled against, has not only lost whatever excess justified attacks as strong as Mill's, but may even be tending toward innocuous desuetude. In fact it needs revival. Some dozen years ago considerable attention was attracted by an utterance of President Hadley regarding the growing disuse of social penalties for offences not punished by the law. But the subject was not followed up, and what little action an individual here and there was moved to take, probably recoiled upon him with more effect than it had upon its object. The need, however, of such action regarding offences against order, if not against law, has been rapidly growing of late, especially in offences against the very foundation of civilization, the family. But perhaps more can be accomplished by private ostracism than by unskilled use of the boomerang.

One special tyranny of habit has lately been very marked and very oppressive. The manner of levying our taxes was never so troublesome, though in days of high protection it was really more oppressive. Despite the fact that taxes in the large have recently made revolutionary progress regarding incomes and progressive rates, the old habit of searching over the earth and into the earth for objects to tax, continues and has made our present system as annoying as a constant swarm of gnats. Instead of arranging so a man can draw one check a year, or one a month if he prefers, and have it over with, the government nags him every time he wishes to use an old post-card or stamped envelope, or to go to a show, or take a trip, or do any one of many other things.

As to fashion, in China pinched feet and long finger nails were among the least of its tyrannies, and in the Aryan civilizations till lately, murderously conspicuous uniforms; and today stiff hats and high hats, skirts still too long

on women, furs in summer (last summer), balls getting fairly started about the time they ought to end, dinners too long and with too many wines, and needless expensive changes in all styles.

But while I have enumerated these tyrannies, you have realized that the war has been indirectly attacking some of them while it has been making a new era regarding many of them while destroying the greatest of the others; and that even before the war, the spirit of revolt had begun on many of them. The independence of spirit sure to grow rapidly in the New Era will make increased freedom from such tyrannies a marked element of it.

These reflections would perhaps not be properly complete without a word on the effect of the war which has brought the New Era's political freedom, in increasing its physical freedom in the air and under the seas. The war's stimulus to invention there has probably done in a few years what might have taken a century of ordinary conditions.

No one can write on the New Era, without being impressed by the inadequacy — the littleness, of what any one is able to say in comparison with the immensity of the subject. Most of the time when writing, I have felt as if I had been stunned, and the leading topics are so tremendous that at the end I even felt that I had *come down* in mentioning the giant tyranny of habit, and the control of the immensities of air and ocean. To treat of our New Era within a few days of entering upon it seems like treating within a few days after the events, of the return of Columbus or the birth of Christ. And yet every pen in Christendom is at work on some facet of the dazzlingly luminous theme. To see it as a whole will take generations.

THE MOVEMENT FOR A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I

WHAT is the conception of a league of nations, or society of nations, as the Latin peoples prefer to call it? Briefly stated, it is the organization so far as possible of all those States of the world whose aim is justice and whose practices, by and large, make for justice, into one family, determined to settle all disputes by means other than war. That is its one dominant object. Under that ægis various plans provide for facilitating personal intercourse and the interchange of ideas and material wealth. These latter aims, wholly subsidiary, are in fact being furthered now by international bureaus already in existence. Of course the ideal instrument to realize the fundamental aim of peaceful settlement of disputes is a super-State, dominating the various nations just as the Federal Government dominates the individual States comprising the American Union. Few men, however, believe that this ideal is realizable in the present stage of world opinion and prejudice, though certain French and English writers would go far in that direction.

This tendency eminently characterizes the project of H. Lepert submitted to the French "League for a Society of Nations," and published by that association. In no other plan that has attracted public attention in any of the allied countries is the idea carried so far. It proposes to set up an actual confederation. The acts of a central legislature are to be binding on the separate States, as are the decisions of the tribunals. The Ministry, which is to be appointed by the legislature and recallable by it — true parliamentary government — is to proclaim the laws enacted by the legislature, and supervise the inauguration and operation of the various central institu-

tions. For this purpose it is to have at its command an international police force. The operations of the confederation are not to extend to the internal affairs of any State.

An interesting feature is that the diplomatic corps at the capitals of the various States are responsible for the operations of the League as against the State to which they are accredited. They must as a body conduct necessary inquiries and see to the execution of decisions of the international tribunals. Individually they must carry before the international tribunals any disputes which may arise between the State to which they are accredited and the State which they represent. To have permanently in each State a group of men thus collectively responsible for the successful functioning of the League as against that State, able to catch up at once and report to the central body embryo international disputes, or internal complications likely to lead to them, is a conception of the highest value. It might well be introduced in the less ambitious plans of other groups.

War may be declared only by the confederated nations. Any single nation attacking another shall be disciplined by the group. No transfer of territory may be made without consent of the population thereof. Similarly consent of the population is required for penetration of the country of a backward people not a member of the confederacy. Exclusive rights so granted are recallable at any time if they relate to actual political administration. Rights of exploitation are limited to a fixed period of years, after which such privileges shall be extended to all the confederated nations alike.

The objections to such a proposal are the little value which is to be placed on the decision of a backward people in respect of such a matter and the practical difficulty of ascertaining their true wishes. To ask the savage of Africa to vote on such a question would manifestly be absurd. And among a people far more advanced the

vote is often meaningless. Mexicans, for example, are supposed under their constitution to elect the President and the Governors of States. They do neither the one nor the other. Porfirio Diaz habitually perpetuated himself in power and practically named the Governors of the separate States of Mexico; while, since his fall, Mexico has indulged alternately in anarchy and "catch-who-can" government.

In the Lepert plan special treaties give way before the acts of the international legislature, which are to be effective from the moment they are promulgated. The States remain free to contract such special treaties as affect only the signatories. But neither such treaties nor transfer of territory (with the consent of the inhabitants) shall be valid unless notified within three months to the central bureau of the confederation. All nations are to have equal rights in the seas, straits, and maritime canals. Each nation shall treat all other foreign nations alike. The confederate constitution is to be transcribed at the head of the constitutions of the separate States. It may be modified by a constitutional assembly to be convened whenever ten States demand it.

A somewhat more conservative and more influential French group is the "League of the Rights of Man." It stood uncompromisingly for pursuing the war till Germany was beaten, and therefore enjoyed the sympathy of statesmen and men of influence. In the matter of world organization it further showed its practical tendency by its plea to make a beginning during the war. On Nov. 3, 1917, more than three weeks before the Versailles Council was instituted, it urged by resolution that France, without awaiting the end of the war, propose to the Allies, and to such neutrals as were willing to coöperate, the effective organization of a society of nations which should be an earnest of the more definitive society to be developed later. The resolution at the same time sets

forth a program based on the establishment of an international constitution which shall require disputes to be settled by process of law, and, as a means thereto, endow a permanent organization of the nations, with legislative, judicial, and executive functions. The proposed group may receive as a member, any State (a) which has a minimum of democratic institutions sufficient to control its government in matters of peace and war, and to enable it to enter into binding contracts: (b) which has obligated itself to respect the rights of peoples that form part of it, or to reëstablish such rights if already taken away; (c) which shall forego the license to be the judge in its own case or to use force to secure its supposed rights.

The group is to be the supreme arbiter of all questions raised by war. It is to defend itself against States without, as well as within, the circle. When perfectly developed, it shall use preventive measures such as control of armaments and budgets, and shall resort to coercion, including total suppression of communication of the offending nation with the rest of the world, economic boycott, and concerted action by international military forces on land and sea.

II

At the opposite pole is a group of writers, principally American, who decry the introduction of force under any conditions as a sanction in international institutions. They cling to the idea that public opinion is a sufficient sanction, and they would stop with securing the promise of the Nations to use such institutions as may be set up.

Dr. James Brown Scott, who has devoted his great abilities to promoting the cause of a World Court, and has made such indelible impress in this connection not only on specialists, but on the public mind, is of this school. He approves of setting up a Council of Conciliation in addition to the Court, would provide for the automatic meeting of the Hague Conference at regular

intervals, a continuation committee to encourage ratification and observance of its conventions, an early agreement on the fundamental principles of international law, the pledging of the signatories' "good faith" to submit justiciable disputes to the Court and to respect its decisions whether rendered in matters to which they are parties or not, and the cultivation of public opinion in favor of peaceful settlement so that appeals to that which Dr. Scott terms "that greatest of sanctions 'a decent respect to the opinions of mankind'" may not be in vain. There is nothing in this valuable program to which the circles who advocate the use of force would not subscribe. They find fault only with its omissions, namely, provisions for compelling enquiry before Nations may again deluge the world in blood.

The attitude of the American Peace Society and the World's Court League is the same as that of Dr. Scott.

Dr. David Jayne Hill is likewise of the non-force school, though in some respects he would go very far in the direction of world-government: instance his proposal to empower an international legislature to enact binding laws.

He feels that to attempt to form too wide an organization even of democratic Governments would be difficult, because of the problem of representation: the principle of equality would subject the Great Powers to the will of the numerous small Powers, while any other system would give rise to a feeling of uneasiness on the part of the smaller States. He therefore recommends, as a practical solution of the problem, "a strong, but limited, group of Powers, each willing to sacrifice something of its own sovereignty for the purpose of insuring peace and equity, thus constituting a coherent force, not upon the principle of the balance of power, but a nucleus for the ultimate union of all responsible and socially inclined nations."

Dr. Hill properly lays stress on the importance of

developing international law through legislation. He goes so far as to assert that "given an acceptable body of law, the necessary machinery of international government is reduced to extreme simplicity." He would organize the International Court in two chambers: "for ordinary cases, perhaps a small permanent tribunal of expert jurists, always open to hearings, and, for special and delicate controversies, specially chosen judges selected *ad hoc* by the contestants." He foresees no difficulty in getting the decisions of the Court accepted by the kind of nations which would constitute the League, suggesting, however, that a nation offending in this respect could be treated as an international outlaw.

Previous obligation to use military force in connection with the operations of a league, Dr. Hill vigorously discountenances: he would wait until the concrete circumstances calling for the use of force have arisen. Previous agreement to use force he feels would tend to perpetuate the *status quo*, and he even looks upon the very delay which the various league programs seek to bring about in the outbreak of war as possibly calculated to "produce worse consequences than prompt action." He limits himself to recommending in this connection "a declaration of what should constitute just and unjust causes of war," believing that this "would serve as a warning to unjust aggressors as to where the sympathies of neutrals would be placed in case the rules were violated."

A minor institution which Dr. Hill would set up, and which might prove very useful, is an international board of trade — conciliation to bring about closer coöperation in the business world. The aim would be the discontinuance of intrigue, of public pressure to secure, and later to defend, private monopoly, and of exclusive commercial penetration having as an end political domination. The development of backward countries is a benefit to mankind, but it should come about by international agreement and coöperation. Rivalry he would have, but not

rivalry for monopoly. The question of free waterways is likewise a business question best solved by business men; though in all these matters, in order to avoid abuse, it is a "combination of governmental and business agencies" that is desirable.

Another publicist who rejects the idea of force in international institutions, and whose series of masterly articles in the *N. Y. Times* attracted wide attention is the mysterious "Cosmos."

In his "Basis of a Durable Peace" Cosmos puts forward the open door in trade as a promising instrument of peace. How far we are to go is not specified. It is denied that application of the rule involves adopting the principle of free trade. But the British system is recommended, and the British system, as we know, is one practically of free trade except in the self-governing colonies. That such a system makes for good-will is certain, but it is equally certain that it does not insure good-will, since it is especially against the country that has shamed us all in respect of this liberal policy of the open door that Germany has directed her enmity. Cosmos mentions only the "trade of the world" as the thing in which the Allies should offer Germany free and equal participation on condition of her ceasing her "political activity in other countries"; but he no doubt intends that concessions should be comprehended in the term.

Immunity of private property at sea, a principle embodied in the treaty of 1785 between Prussia and the U. S., and for the general adoption of which the U. S. has long stood, is urged as another step toward enduring peace. Beneficial as such a rule would be, does it really find a place in the discussion of constructive peace? Was the German fleet developed in order to protect German property at sea from threatened danger, or was the real object the overthrow of England and seizure of rich areas of her outlying empire? Coming now to the specific ques-

tion, imagine a people with the choice of war or peace before them; what is the effect of the consciousness that they have great property interests at stake at sea? To put the question is equivalent to answering it. Actual prevention of war is perhaps a dream. The super-State is the ideal preventative; but even under that we might be compelled to fight out an occasional quarrel, just as the U. S. had to undergo its fearful ordeal of the Civil War. And few men believe that the super-State will be a realizable project for generations to come.

What we are really seeking, then, as a practical present-day measure, is not a preventative but palliatives. And Cosmos is right in asserting that if the liberal practice of England in respect of trade, and of both England and America in respect of local self-government, should become universal, they would make for peace. He sees, as the foundation of all progress toward enduring peace, the spirit of the people. How this is to be readjusted to meet the new demand is not specified. However this new spirit would include, to use Gladstone's phrase, the "enthronement of public right" as a controlling sentiment of politics. As a basis for new international institutions there is next required a definition of public right and of public duty to be formulated and accepted by the nations.

The sole new institution Cosmos would set up is a true International Court of Justice, modelled on the lines of the Court of Arbitral Justice accepted in principle by the second Hague Conference. It would be organized at first by the eight Great Powers plus Holland, and adhered to, it is hoped, by other Powers later on. Cosmos would further develop two existing institutions: the International Commission of Enquiry, the jurisdiction of which he would extend to include questions involving honor and essential interests, and the Hague Conferences, which he would have meet at four-year intervals.

When Cosmos asserts that to attempt to set up an international government, before the world is ready for it,

is to jeopardize the cause, and set it back for "a generation or perhaps a century," he will find many men in agreement with him. When he asserts that the reforms he proposes will be sufficient markedly to promote the general peace, and intimates that they embrace "everything that is humanly possible to protect civilization against a recurrence of the present calamity," he has but few followers among the men in positions of power or in private walks who have expressed themselves on the subject since the great war was so wantonly thrust on the world. It is simply a question of what are the realizable rudimentary requirements calculated to prevent such aggression.

III

Between these two extremes lies the great body of writers, supported, it is safe to assert, by preponderant public opinion. Their position, shared by leading statesmen, is that such an experience as the world has just suffered is intolerable, that only the threat of force will stay the hand of the evil doer, and that, while world-federation is not at present within the realm of practical politics, the nations can still be organized effectively to discourage war by compelling resort to inquiry. What the writer regards as the true principle underlying the problem will best be disclosed, perhaps, by a cursory examination of the leading plans of this group of moderates.

Conspicuous among them — of far-reaching influence in the early stages of the discussion — is the plan framed by Lord Bryce's group. As the sort of league which can be safely inaugurated depends largely on the character of the Powers to be admitted to it, the Bryce plan very properly begins with their characterization. It provides that the League is to be open to the eight Great Powers and such other *European* Powers as are willing to join. This group will then decide what other States are to be admitted.

Manifestly, two extremes must be avoided if the League

is to succeed. We must avoid the error of the past, namely, setting up a narrow circle of powerful States which, if not immediately, then in course of time, would lend itself to collusion and selfish acts. On the other hand, we cannot afford to admit indiscriminately the backward States. For the latter, being numerous, could falsify the expression of an enlightened purpose and prove a source of weakness. Moreover, the backward States have little or no military organization, and cannot be permitted to outweigh, in the councils of a League, the nations which will be called upon to bear the burden of war if it comes. While to constitute the League exclusively of the Great Powers would greatly simplify the problem of organization, there are several convincing reasons for desiring the presence of the progressive Secondary Powers.

If wars are to be avoided, the military strength of the League must be so overwhelmingly preponderant that the mere threat to use it would "keep the fretful realm in awe," and the presence in the League of the Secondary Powers will help to that result. If they remain out, we run greater risk of one or more of them being drawn to the side of a recalcitrant nation, and of their making the League's task harder.

If the League is to endure, it must do justice. Now, the dignified and progressive Secondary Powers, such as Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, have no disturbing ambitions, and their voice would naturally be for reason and justice.

As the circle of the League is widened, collusion and the triumph of selfish interests become less likely.

It is a stupendous result we are striving for, each of us must run some risk to achieve it, and the secondary Powers, particularly such as are in the "earthquake area," may come to realize that they have much to gain from the success of the project.

Naturally they hesitate to enter into a treaty which

would prevent them, under certain conditions, from remaining neutral. The answer to their objection is that although wars may occur after the demands of the League are complied with, the League as such, possessing overwhelming preponderance of military power, will probably never be called upon to make war, that its existence will certainly lessen the number of wars, and that experience has shown how disastrous is modern war even to would-be neutrals.

After mapping out the classes of Powers to be admitted to the League, the Bryce plan provides that justiciable disputes are to be referred to a Court or Arbitral Tribunal, the signatory Powers agreeing to give effect to the award of the Tribunal. Non-justiciable disputes go to a Council of Conciliation appointed by the signatories, and always in being. Temporary representation on the Council is granted to non-signatory Powers who may desire to submit their disputes to it. The Council is to make and publish a recommendation. It is given large powers of initiation looking to the avoidance of war or the diminution of its evils; and in this connection it is free to make suggestions regarding limitation or reduction of armament or the composition of threatened difficulties between States, before an actual dispute has arisen.

The signatory Powers obligate themselves to abstain from declaring war, or beginning hostilities before the dispute has been referred for inquiry, and for a fixed period thereafter. Violation of this provision forfeits for a signatory Power the benefits of material support which it might otherwise claim from a fellow-signatory under a treaty. It also acts to array against the recalcitrant nation the diplomatic, economic, and military power of the League, and this principle is extended to include hostile acts of a non-signatory toward a signatory. No positive provision is made for enforcing the decision of the Court or recommendations of the Council of Conciliation; but, if these should be ignored, the signatory Powers

are then to consider in concert "what collective action, if any, it is practicable to take."

Another English group, most active in agitating for improved international organization, is the League of Nations Society. Its sane and balanced program resembles the Bryce plan, but contains several features not found in the latter. It opens the League to "any civilized State desiring to join it," and there is an implication that the decisions of judicial tribunals will be enforced, for the program provides that such decisions shall be final and then proceeds to bind the States of the League to "unite in any action necessary for insuring that every member shall abide by the terms of the Treaty."

Intention to enforce the recommendations of the Council of Conciliation cannot be similarly inferred from the program. In fact, the leading members of the group wisely disclaim any such intention.

The plan, as amended, also calls for regular meetings of an International Conference of the States of the League, to deal both with the affairs of the League and with general matters, and to develop international law.

The English group known as the *Union of Democratic Control* lays its principal emphasis, as its name implies, on the abolition of secret diplomacy.

It demands that all treaties receive the approval of Parliament. Armaments are to be reduced, and their manufacture taken out of private hands. There is to be an Areopagus of States, with appropriate institutions attached to it, and a consistent and serious effort is to be made to break down national prejudices, with a view to having helpful coöperation between the nations take the place of the "balance-of-power" system which has failed lamentably to maintain peace. No territory is to be transferred without consent of the inhabitants by plebescite.

In the first rank of men who have written on the subject of a league of nations is Henry Noel Brailsford. His

book of over three hundred pages contains food for thought throughout.

The definite program he outlines is noteworthy by reason of the fundamental conditions it lays down, rather than for the machinery it sets up. It follows the leading English and American plans in respect of the Court and Council of Conciliation and the penalty of going to war without previous enquiry, provides for expelling members, and recognizes a right of secession. No special treaty may be invoked to claim the support of an ally in the case of war begun in violation of the general treaty. Then follow some far-reaching demands, such as full liberty for racial minorities in respect of language, culture, and religion; study of question of armaments; embargoes, blockade, and capture of merchant ships all to be forbidden except in wars declared by the League; no detention of food intended for the civilian population, and the following liberal provisions:

"(a) The signatory Powers shall accord to each other in their home markets 'most favored nation' treatment; (b) in their non-self-governing colonies they will impose tariffs (if any) for revenue purposes only; (c) they will court measures to secure 'the open door' to all foreign enterprise in undeveloped regions, particularly in China; they will appoint as an organ of the League an International Commission to insure free access for the trade of all the signatory Powers to raw materials and other natural resources."

Among the organizations of the Continent, the most conspicuous is the Central Organization for a Durable Peace.[1] Its "Minimum Program," like the Bryce and League of Nations plans, calls for the establishment of an International Court and Council of Investigation and Conciliation, and demands concerted diplomatic, eco-

[1] Initiated at The Hague, April, 1915, by the Dutch Anti-Oorlog Raad and "Association Suisse pour l'Etude des Bases d'un Traité de Paix durable," with the coöperation of representatives from the United States, Austria, Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland.

nomic, or military action against a State which resorts to military measures in lieu of submitting disputes for judicial decision or enquiry.

The Hague Conference is to be permanently organized as an instrument for the more perfect development of these and other international institutions.

The program then lays down certain principles the acceptance of which it regards as essential to the successful operation of these institutions: the States are required to reduce armaments, to abolish the right of capture, assure the freedom of the seas, regard all secret treaties as void, and place their foreign policy under the effective control of their respective parliaments.

Equality before the law, religious liberty, and free use of native language is to be guaranteed, and there is to be no transfer of territory against the wishes of the population thereof. In this connection the plebescite is to be employed when practicable. In colonies, spheres of influence, and protectorates, liberty of commerce is regarded as desirable, and equal treatment of all nations is demanded as a requisite.

The most widely noticed of all the plans in America and abroad is, however, that of the American League to Enforce Peace. The original platform [1] of this society, like the other programs mentioned, binds the signatory Powers to submit justiciable disputes to a judicial tribunal and non-justiciable disputes to a Council of Conciliation. But, unlike the Bryce and League of Nations plans, it contemplates no action looking toward the enforcement of the decision of the Court or recommendations of the Council.

Military force is to be used forthwith against any signatory Power committing acts of hostility against a fellow-signatory without previous inquiry into the dis-

[1] This platform is modified in respect of several important features by a Tentative Draft Treaty adopted by the Executive Committee April 11, 1918, and by a declaration of principles adopted Nov. 23, 1918.

pute. This latter provision differs in two respects from the similar provision in the Bryce and League of Nations plans. Both the last named call for the use of diplomatic, economic *or* forcible measures in this contingency; whereas the League to Enforce Peace proposes that both economic *and* military force shall be used and forthwith. That is to say, the employment of military force is not left in doubt by it; and this, as we shall see, is of high importance. War of course *implies* cessation of economic relations — trading with the enemy is everywhere illegal — and reference to the economic penalty may therefore seem redundant. But it may nevertheless prove advantageous to retain the phrase: the League may come to embrace countries whose military power is negligible, either by reason of size or remoteness, but which countries can, none the less, contribute to the success of the League's cause by the exercise of economic pressure.

The second difference is found in the fact that the Bryce and League of Nations projects both provide for protecting a signatory against attack by a non-signatory; whereas the League to Enforce Peace will defend only its members against attack by a fellow-signatory — an agreement between gentlemen to control their own conduct.

The arguments on the one side and on the other are that unless the States of the League are protected against outsiders as well as against one another, disarmament becomes impossible, while if action against outsiders is planned, the League may easily assume an aspect of aggression.

In their inception, leagues have generally proclaimed defense as their sole object, while presently they have begun to operate against outsiders in a spirit of pure aggression, born sometimes of the very consciousness of strength. The Holy Alliance, formed in 1815 between Russia, Austria, and Prussia to protect its members against the tide of democracy, went out of its way to

suppress liberal institutions in other countries. The Triple Alliance, formed in 1882 between Germany, Austria and Italy ostensibly for mutual protection, Germany endeavored to use as a weapon against the world. Italy saw Germany's purpose and declined to follow her; but Austria was drawn in because Germany had cunningly seized upon a moment when it was Austria's quarrel that precipitated the fight. In the light of history, therefore, is it not safer to begin with a plan which operates only on its own members?

And, both backward nations who must be excluded from the League, and the smaller progressive Powers who are to be admitted to it, will look upon it with less suspicion because of this feature. Moreover, under this plan, the secondary Powers run less risk of being involved in war. With such limitation on the liabilities of the League, nations before entering it may scrutinize the revealed purposes of the States it is proposed to admit, and will know what they have to expect. They will exercise the same caution with respect to States applying for admission thereafter. As membership would thus involve less responsibility, it should be easier to get the League established.

Still another consideration to be borne in mind is that when, through association in a League, a group of nations shall have acquired the habit of coöperating, the chances are that many of them will rally around an associate to protect her from unjust attack independently of any agreement to do so.

On the whole, therefore, the plan of the League to Enforce Peace, limiting the actual obligation to use force to the case of attack by a fellow-signatory without previous inquiry, and differing from all the leagues of the past in that it is not aimed to operate against the outside world, but seeks simply to control the conduct of its own members, would seem to be both the wiser and more realizable plan.

The contention that disarmament cannot come about until the League operates on non-members as well as on members is sound. But there are weighty reasons why the form of the fundamental agreement should not be influenced by this consideration. In the first place, the problem is one of a whole category which can best be dealt with after adequate international organization shall have provided the machinery therefor. The shock just sustained in the confidence in treaties and in the good intentions of the neighbor is profound. In view of this, how many nations will be ready to reduce armaments until lapse of time shall have shown that the proposed League of Nations is both likely to last and to protect its members in emergency? Could England, until then, be expected to reduce the strength of her fleet? Again, the problem of disarmament itself bristles with difficulties. Grant that we can overcome these, and find a basis for agreement, how easy its evasion in many ways! The probabilities are that reduction of armaments will come only when nations reach the conclusion that they are safe without them.

Another prominent feature of the program of the League to Enforce Peace is the provision for periodic conferences to formulate and codify international law, such rules to become operative against the States of the League which have failed to signify their dissent therefrom within a stated period.

The possibilities which lie in a league of nations organized on conservative lines are best illustrated by several detailed plans which have appeared. Notable among them are the Dickinson and Unwin Plans of the League of Nations Society (1 Central Bldgs., Westminster, London), the Fabian Society Plan (Allen and Unwin, London), the Draft Treaty of the League to Enforce Peace (130 W. 42nd St., New York) and the Draft Conventionof the American Private Study Group (Mac-millan Co.) A study of these will be found profitable.

THE FOUNDATION OF A STABLE OPTIMISM

I

"LE superflu chose très nécessaire," whatever airy cynicism Voltaire may have meant by it, is nevertheless no airy cynicism. Nature deals with obstacles as a river does; she overflows them. It is her method of warfare with chance. The sun floods its universe with heat that certain planets may be warmed. To say that the instinct of procreation is stronger than seems necessary is merely to note, in inaccurate terms, the same phenomenon. If a tree bears five thousand seeds, or a fish five thousand eggs, it is a high rate of insurance; if a cat has only five kittens, it shows that the risk tends to fall as the scale of life rises — as if the actuaries, having figured the averages, had lowered the rate, but left a fair margin. A parsimonious Nature would go bankrupt: only her prodigality can save her from starvation. Superfluity is imperative.

But it is not only necessary as a means of continuance; it is the source and secret of betterment. The energy that just keeps things going is used up in keeping things going. It is the more than that which does more than that.

If a hardy tribe of savages comes out of the mountains, or the desert, or the North, into some valley of the Ganges, or Nile, or some Mesopotamian plain, — some land where, by reason of climate or soil, life is more easily maintained — not all those energies which more exacting conditions have developed are needed there for the mere living. Advances in civilization are made which are the direct product of leisure accidentally bestowed upon vigor.

As time goes on, ease saps the energy; the stamina of the tribe deteriorates; attacks from the outside are recurrent; and at last a new tribe of hardy savages from the mountains, the deserts, or the North, occupies the land, and

has the easy conditions not only of climate and soil, but of a subject population. It has therefore a still larger proportion of its vigor unshackled from immediate necessity and overflowing in new exercise.

But this tribe does not start upward from its own level. It takes over some at least of the civilization which its predecessor has accumulated.

The process repeats itself indefinitely. Civilization is the accumulation of successive deposits, which are the products of surplus energies.

A high civilization presumably implies a graft of energetic stock, more or less wild, on a stock already cultivated to some extent, and probably long resident on the spot. If you have the Greek civilization of the 7th to the 4th centuries to account for, and previous Achaian and Dorian invasions from the north already known, then Mycenian and Cretan civilizations, or something like them, are already implied before you have excavated any of their remains. If you have the Hindu civilization of the Upanishads to account for, developing among Aryan tribes who came down from the north some centuries earlier, then it is probable that your Aryans did not find mere savages in the Indus and Ganges valleys, but a civilization already old, though a wetter climate than the Nile or Euphrates may have now destroyed all physical traces of it.

Now, the grafting of tree cultures is physical cross-breeding, but this grafting of human cultures means — in addition and sometimes almost exclusively — a cross breeding of ideas. High grade apples are produced by grafting a cultivated slip on a lower grade hardy stem. High grade civilization on the contrary may grow up from a resident but hardy or energetic stem mainly through the grafting in of alien ideas. The process of accumulation by successive layers of conquest may be superseded wholly or in part by invasions of ideas unaccompanied by invaders. Moreover "easier conditions" may mean con-

ditions of traffic, and a thickly islanded sea may serve the purpose as well as or better than alluvial bottom lands surrounded by mountains or deserts. Greece borrowed ideas from everywhere, and her myths record her consciousness of that peculiarity, but she drove back the Asiatic invaders. If the Persian invasion had succeeded, there would have been a "dark age" instead of a Periclean Athens. A "dark age" is a period succeeding a conquest and occupation, and is due to the fact that conquest and occupation are relatively rapid, while hardy barbarians assimulate but slowly the civilization they have overflowed. Periclean Athens had a large foreign trade, a large slave population, and a large tribute income. The average Athenian was a highly energetic man of leisure, with a trade wind of alien ideas blowing in his face.

The most general description, then, of the rise of very early civilization is: An accumulation of layers of culture successively invaded by energy. But in the later process it has been the culture rather than the energy that has travelled and conquered, and the most general description is: A culture moving west and north, and being grafted on the hardy stocks which it met with in succession.

It is true that a "dark age" may occur from this process also. A resident culture may be broken up by invading ideas long before the eventually superior culture, destined to result, gets under way. Japanese art deteriorates under Europeanization. The deeply rooted standards of conduct in a wild tribe are apt to wither long before the new standards get their roots in deep enough to endure a test. In any case the general phenomenon is covered by the general statement, that the opportunity for a "renaissance" comes from the mating of large surplus energies with large accumulations of old culture. The course of their true love is not apt to run smooth, but if at last happily married, a new birth is possible if not probable. Great creative periods in arts, letters, and other kinds of inventions and discovery are apt to follow

at some distance, after periods of strenuous and virile living, when the tumult has in some measure subsided. Notable periods in social and political history are apt to precede notable periods in arts and letters. Generations of effort and strain produce power, and the habit and need of exercising it. When the demand for that power in active life grows less, there is power restlessly seeking exercise. If other conditions are favorable it finds outlet in art and literature. Thirteenth century French Gothic, fifteenth century Italian art, Periclean and Augustian and Elizabethan literature, our own nineteenth century small harvest from New England and its neighbors, are evidence of the presence at those times and places of powers set free from the necessities which had developed and hitherto absorbed them. In all these cases there is more or less evident also the contact and stimulus from without of some older culture. If Germany was notably creative, emotionally and intellectually, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and notably less so at the end — if it is also notable that she was politically, commercially and industrially inactive at the beginning, and extraordinarily active at the end — the inference of a connection is not difficult. If it be asked when will America express herself adequately? when shall we see her age of Pericles? the answer is: When she reaches her period of surplus energy, which possibly may not be for generations or even centuries to come. Adequacy is relative. Prophecy is vain and prophets mistaken. The point however remains that a creative period is something in the nature of an overflow.

Something of a "dark age," a sag in creative quality, an obscuration of light, is apt to follow closely after great and prolonged wars. The tendency may be counteracted, but the tendency will be there. The great effort will have used up surplus energy. The immediate aftermath seems to be, generally, a sag. The lowest point reached in American politics was probably the second administration

of Grant. There were no Hawthornes and Poes after the Civil War. Emerson, Whitman and Lowell were the product of the period preceding. It is probably that some kind and discernible amount of languor in Europe, moral or aesthetic or intellectual, will follow the present war.

II

Types of Overflow

A certain man, who lived on pignuts and generally could find no more in a day than the need of the day demanded, once found a pile of pignuts which lasted him a week. During six days of leisure his released energies found outlet: first in reflection, second in fastening a sharp stone on the end of a pole, and third in practicing with the same until at the end of the week he was able to kill a wild pig, an animal too nimble for ordinary capture. At this point three other men happened along, and drew near with intention to eat of the pig — being under the impression that, with three to one, there ought to be no trouble about it. Then the sight of the redoutable new weapon and the skill of its handling scared them off. Yet their weakness for pigs' flesh was such that they hung about in the distance, while the spearman reflected and conceived a proposition to which they meekly agreed, namely, that each of them, in payment for an immediate quarter of a pig, should give him a handful of pignuts a day for six days, and on the seventh should scour the woods and find another pig for the exercise of the weapon. This gave the spearman another week of leisure for the pursuit of the possibilities, now glimmering before his awakened mind, of a brilliant business, scientific and professional career.

During the week the three wage slaves failed not to denounce him as a parasitic oppressor, and to complain, with some reason, that they had been "done," and their natural appetites unscrupulously taken advantage of.

Probably they would have struck or revolted, but for fear of the "weapon" and the hope of more pig. Moreover one of the three deserted to the oppressor, won over by a rebate of certain pignuts and the promise of a small share in the combination.

The surplus of pignuts was capital, and performed the normal function of capital in carrying men over a not immediately productive period to a more distant result. The stone-headed spear was capital invested in a tool. The skill was capital invested in education. The pig was perishable capital sold on instalment payments, with a contract for one day's work in addition at the end of the week. The whole complex sprang from a surplus, and its varieties were mainly new forms and expressions of that surplus. The primary capitalist was not only cleverer than his fellows, but probably more individualistic and acquisitive, and his first surplus accumulation was by accident and luck. The advantage he had gained not only hardened his individualism, but roused his ambition and concentrated his faculties. The character of humanity has been moulded and spurred and led, for good or ill, by the motives which that accidental surplus aroused. But the main element of the situation was the same general phenomenon, of energies developed by necessity, suddenly released from necessity, and overflowing beyond their routine channels.

The production of surplus energy has generally involved social and economic strata, and whether it must always be so, whether distributed leisure may be as creative and forthreaching as concentrated leisure, is a question for the democrat or socialist (if he deals in theory) which he cannot answer. Probably he is justified in putting it aside, for most practical purposes, on the ground that no one knows enough to answer it. But the indication remains that progress has demanded, and seems to demand, those precipitances of fortune in which energies developed by hardship are released by leisure.

Feminist, or Anti-feminist, or any seeker after the character and causes of sex difference, who asks why nearly all poets, artists, inventors, discoverers, and so on, are men, and looks for the answer in social prohibitions or differences of education, is looking astray. These and their like are incidental results rather than causes. The answer lies in the surplus energy of the male. If the man and the woman inherit the same quantity of force, and she is so constituted that one function of her existence draws in and absorbs a larger proportion of that force than the corresponding function of his, it follows that he has more left over. If half the energy of every species is aimed at continuing its kind, and the bulk of that labor falls on the female, the lesser draught on the male in that respect is a competent source of his greater productivity in some other respects.

But because surplus births are necessary in the blind grapple of a "will-to-live" with the chaos of chance, it does not follow that a large surplus is necessary to a highly intelligent society. The margin tends everywhere to grow smaller as the scale of life goes up. Under the conditions of highly civilized life the tendency to maintain the race by foresight and preservation, instead of by a high birth-rate, is a tendency to relieve a force of some of its customary and imperative employment, and, together with other social changes producing similar relief, is now the underlying cause of the so-called "feminist movement." A surplus energy is seeking an outlet, and that is the combination from which all our civilization has arisen. That nature intended women to bear children is no clearer than that she intended men to find food, since she furnished him with hunger. Neither did she strictly command either men or women to do nothing else, and by reason of that wise forebearance are we somewhat civilized, and hope to be more so. She seems to have intended women not to do so much else, and with that we may leave "nature's intentions" where they belong — in the region of metaphor.

The doctrines of Freud and Jung are doctrines of superfluity. The "suppressed wish" is power balked of employment and seeking an outlet. The psychopathologist meets it when it has been doing mischief and making neurotics. Tracing the sources of the "obsession" he usually comes to a blocked impulse, usually sexual and often forgotten, some powerful desire driven back and covered over which has come to light in the guise of morbid symptoms. But the great manifestations of these unemployed impulses and surplus energies are not in mischief, but in new values. The force, balked at its primary onset, breaks out elsewhere and covers all life with blossoms and embroideries.

Jules Fabre, in his *Social Life of the Insect World*, describes a memorable evening, following the emergence of a princess moth from her cocoon in a wire cage, when the room was suddenly flooded with emperor moths, twenty, thirty, forty (in four nights a hundred and fifty altogether), great floating, fluttering splendors in velvet and ermine, golden brown, and white, and purple, and black, all glorious and glowing, all wings and passion and palpitating hope. The emperor moth exists, as a moth, only for a few days, and only to perpetuate its kind. It has no stomach and knows nothing of food. It loves and dies, and that is all. A candle or a lamp is as deadly to it as brandy to a savage. A chandelier will draw half the regal lovers to forget their princess. A brief passion and a flaming death seem to be the emperor's twin ambitions. It is a creature of the night, a "minion of the moon," wavering through shadow and starlight. So powerful a passion in so fragile a frame, so brief a duration and that wonder of wings, the casual loveliness and the headlong doom, are all the overflow of life spending itself recklessly.

So is it with arts and apple blossoms, symphonies and bird songs, poetries, heroisms, generosities and "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." As the hardy invaders brought to easier conditions more energy than those con-

ditions demanded, so has a surplus will-to-live come down to us from the strenuous wilderness, and everywhere along the line the waste waters of the mill race foam upward into beauty, and fling their glittering rockets in the sunlight.

The theory of asceticism looks to the production of an artificial overflow. The ascetic blocks as many natural channels as he can, in the hope that the waters will overflow in divine meditations, visions, ecstasies, glimpses of God. That he sometimes "gets results" is undeniable, but their nature and value is sometimes disputed.

Is our very humanity, then, the by-product of a surplus? This consciousness, this looking before and after, this vision and longing for other shores, the whole radiant, ineffable and appalling thing that makes us other than the animals, was not really needed. Life went on without it, successfully persistent. But that persistence was maintained in floods of power; and in power unused, unclaimed, unshackled to the task of maintenance, lay every initiative and experiment, every creative chance.

"Life is long when it is husbanded and improved," said the panegyrist of Calvin. "Calvin therefore lived a long time, though he was taken from the world in the midst of his course, since he never suffered a single hour to escape unemployed, but possessed the address of extending the narrow boundaries which God had allotted him, and of arresting the course of what is in its own nature the most rapid of all things."

Herein is questionable doctrine, "Assiduous and prodigous diligence" is apt to leave a long list of accomplished works, and give to a biographer or panegyrist the impression of a life very long for its years and "narrow boundaries" successfully extended, which to the late assiduous and diligent had seemed, on the contrary, fearfully contracted and very short for its years. Incessantly occupied is soon gone. But apart from seeming, is there not, in this intolerance of an idle moment, of "a single hour escaped

unemployed," in this scrupulous husbandry that will suffer no wide hours to lie fallow in the sunlight — is there not something penny-wise, penurious, mechanical? Was not this the trouble with Calvin, and with that estate in humanity which he bequeathed us, upon which our forefathers so considerably lived, and drew from it their mental and spiritual revenue — a certain temperamental aridity, a lack of space and sunlight and warmth, a failure to feel the opulence of the world, the generosity of life, its multitudinous and pouring overflow? The noble leisure of the face of time, which the panegyrist thought "the most rapid of all things"—how could leisurely time seem otherwise than hurried to men who looked upon the human episode as a brief desperate struggle for salvation, like the rush of suburban commutors for a train which most of them are predestined to miss? who were all for the advice of Saint Paul to "run the race set before them" rather than for the counsel of Christ to "consider the lilies how they grow?" Work, rather, they urged, for the night cometh; make haste, for the great taskmaster's eye is upon us, and every wasted moment is set down for punishment. The outlook, which does not see human life as a flood of many waters, but as a thin stream hurrying to escape from the perils of a dry land — which thinks only of saving souls, never of spending them — such an outlook makes for a spirit more worried than peaceful, more harsh than gracious, more thrifty than magnanimous. Even on the dials of quiet old gardens "Pereunt et imputantur" was carved more frequently than "Horas non numero nisi serenas." Even Emerson, whose face was turned to the sunlight of other values, nevertheless wrote: "Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure." So his ancestors thought of the mercy of God that, however theoretically infinite, there was not enough of it to go around.

But Nature is not a frugal mother. Prodigality is her policy and her method. The realization of the fact is the

foundation of a stable optimism, the realization that, in cosmic arithmetic, a thousand failures to one success is not failure but success, because the power that inhabits or composes the universe is not diminished at all by expenditure. An effort in vain is as if it had not been. Defeats count for nothing; only successes count at all. That is what "conservation of energy" means: that power used is not power the less, but only power shifted and transformed. It costs Nature no more to be prodigal than to be saving. No sooner have you said "The prospect is hopeless, the problems unsolvable," than the new generation rises, massive and swift and thrilling, bubbling with hope and hungry for problems.

It is probable that the great war of our saddened times will be followed by a long peace; that this peace will not be, in its earlier stages at least, an inspiring period to live in; that this is not the last war, or even the last great one. But it is certain that the flood cannot be held back wholly, or for long. Obstacles cannot conquer it; they can only cause incidents and variations in its flow.

Dr. Johnson's old schoolmate said that he could not be a philosopher because "cheerfulness was always breaking in." Our world of mankind cannot be that kind of a philosopher, either, for the same reason. It may have its moods and depressions, or prove to the utmost the reasonableness of despair; but there is an inexhaustible wellspring of vigor within it, and vigor is another word for joy.

THE PROFESSOR-ERRANT

MORE than often the opinions of college professors on most subjects and on their own professional woes in particular, are offered in the magazines with a view to sending light into dark places inhabited by laymen, or compelling the attention of just persons vitally interested in education. Their opinions are as often wrong as they are often reasonable; their troubles are no greater than those of the average man. But their profession makes them supremely articulate; and this frequent appearance in print has led to a somewhat erroneous view of the professor as an intrusive person, unduly anxious to be marked; a sort of idealistic Galahad, ready to take up pen to right any wrong; or as a Jeremiah ever lamenting at the gate of some pet Jerusalem. And even this picture is colored somewhat to meet an age-long popular view of the professor as a man who is tolerated because education is a polite necessity, but who, nevertheless, is a sort of harmless incompetent when it comes to the matter of the world's real work.

As a humble member of the order, albeit not bred to the gown, I take leave to speak of this errant knight, and more freely because, as I say, I came to the chair through a byepath, as it were, having earned a living at various trades before arriving at the green high valley of instructorial life. And I fancy that I can see my hero, as the song says, not only as an insider looking out, but as an outsider looking in. The difficulty is to speak truly; but if at the start I disclaim any intention to compass a full length portrait, and pray merely to be allowed to make some thumb-nail sketches, perhaps I shall not be shouted down.

As I recall meeting the professor at dinners, on Transatlantic steamships, on railways, in European hotels, I think

of a man very pleasant-mannered, approachable, a gentleman whom one is very glad to talk to or to travel with. This is to glimpse him, so to say, superficially; but on more intimate acquaintance one finds these same virtues, though one sees, as always happens on a nearer view, certain — we will not say faults, but idiosyncrasies.

We find him, as I suggested, often lamenting his state; and one of his chief complaints is that he is underpaid. As a pleasant offset to this is his illusion that he could make more money at any other job than his own.

In his first contention I feel that he has a genuine grievance. The decline in the value of the dollar in the last decade has been met in other walks of life by a rise in wages; but this is not true in the trade of college teaching. So the professor, or more particularly the underpaid instructor, gets to-day the same number of dollars that he got ten years ago; but each dollar has only about half the purchasing power of the dollar of the earlier days. Nor has he any means to enforce an increase in his wages. There is no brotherhood behind him; organization he has none; if he does not want to work for the wage offered, it is comparatively easy for the college to get someone who can reasonably well fill his place. He is at the mercy of the powers. These scarcely hear his faint murmurings, and often they could not heed them if they heard. He is like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, like a besieged city.

Reformed steel magnates and repentant oil kings build for his college imposing *campanili* from which silver-toned bells knoll the reluctant student to lectures; they erect dormitories where the feet of freshmen are beautiful upon oriental rugs; but the poor devil of an instructor holds out beseeching hands in vain, and must get on as best he can while his beloved flings herself into the arms of a man who can afford to marry, or his wife, if he has one, wears her winter-before-last's hat. In the meantime the powers seek to divert his attention from his lack of meat, with honeyed words about the nobility of his labor, the

untroubled quiet of his life, the advantages of a social position which gives him first rank in his community. But the mockery of the last is too evident when he reflects that he gets less than a plumber, and must make some shift to keep social pace with the millionaire.

It seems reasonable to say that the only way he will ever get a just hearing is by organizing, and adopting to some extent the coercive methods of these same plumbers.

In his second contention, that he would earn more at any other trade, he does not, of course, mean the thing I have just spoken of — that all wages outside of colleges have been raised: he means that his abilities would in every case win more. He likes to believe that in remaining where he is, he is sacrificing a great deal (though why he is sacrificing it does not appear), and that, if he chose, he could step into the world of commerce or of law, compete with the cleverest, and acquire large and comforting sums of money.

In this belief I confess he does not always take me with him. I know that the old order changeth, and in these flaming days it changes rapidly, so that what was true of the professor yesterday may not be true today. Now it is certain that in nearly every college there are some men who would be earning more had they gone into some other profession — awake, virile fellows who would make an impression anywhere. We all know them, and every year sees their number increasing; yet the old type still holds; the majority of laborers in the intellectual vineyard are doing quite as well as they would anywhere else — still excepting this matter of the rise of wages. It would perhaps be invidious to say that a considerable few are really making more than they would if they lent their services to such callings as bookkeeping, or dry goods clerking.

But there is another side to this question of wages. Many of the men who might be earning more seem to

prefer less money to going into the rough-and-tumble scramble for dollars that they would encounter if they left the academic groves. They perhaps do not phrase it thus, even to themselves, but there is that influence, and it must not be overlooked. Certainly in most of their discussions of this matter of compensation, and in counting their sacrifices, they usually fail to appraise sufficiently the joy of the work itself, and the rewards incidental to it. Whoever has tried both knows that the professor is more happily circumstanced than the majority of business or professional men. For one thing, he has little or no competition. He is not like a haberdasher — in a continual rivalry with other haberdashers; he is not like an attorney — obliged to make good or see his clients dwindle. Indeed his patrons are ready-made and waiting: he has only to deliver an article that is not too evidently shoddy. He does not have to make good at every point, and show that his product is the best in the market. A man who makes guns for a living not only has to turn out a certain number of guns, but they must be up to a standard that is constantly getting higher. All the other gunmakers in the world are trying to out-make and under-sell him. If his product goes down in quality, he loses out.

Please observe that I am not saying that a college professor should punch a time-clock, or at every moment of the day place his product side by side with another's for a comparison of wheels and pinions. God forbid that the high profession of teaching, in which there are so many imponderable elements, should be cheapened at every turn by the introduction of this so-called efficiency. You cannot measure the things of the spirit with a yardstick or weigh the effects of a wise man's words in the nice scale of a goldsmith. I am not advocating this; I am merely saying that the fact that he has not this competition is one of the meeds of the profession. Nor, if you please, do I impute to him dishonesty or slovenliness in his work. Let him be as honest as a Presbyterian elder,

and as conscientious as a New England spinster, the fact remains that his work is not often checked. Even of the poor and downtrodden instructor is this true. Once solidly in the professor's chair, his task is sweeter still. To save my face I must again insist that he works hard and honestly. Well, let him! And let him sit before the cluttered desk toiling ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day — and I know them that do; yet is his toil not so irksome as the labor of the plain man. He binds himself to his desk because he loves it; or, if he is compiling, or reviewing to add to his income, the fact is patent that he is working in a chosen field where he can find some pleasure — where, even as he laboriously plows, he feasts his eyes upon a refreshing champaign where, to him, small flowers blossom and clear brooks sing.

True, he must keep stated hours each day; but of these not more than two or three are fixed. His office-hours are of his own appointment, and the time devoted to personal work and preparation can be made to fit occasion. If he hears the siren call of golf he can usually manage an afternoon off. It is because he is, in a manner, the ruler in a small realm that the college teacher's bondage seems lighter than the bondage of workers in other fields. Within certain broad limits he has much independence of action. And, once having achieved his professorship, once permanently on the rolls of his college, he looks down a shady vista of years at the end of which he sees himself a spectacled white-haired scholar with a gold-headed cane in one hand and a Carnegie pension in the other.

He will saunter down this quiet shaded way, working, it may be, hard and happily: he will burrow in the dead past for facts about the costume of the ancient Britons; or follow the devious ways of French verbs; he will compile an occasional book, or edit an occasional text; now and again he will contribute an article to the Journal of Invertebrate Philology, or the Magazine of Esoteric Peda-

gogy — bits of learning most of which float gently through the intellectual air like colored leaves in autumn, and are gathered as inconspicuously to their long home. He may have to skimp and make sacrifices to send Robert to college, or set up Gertrude in housekeeping; but it is not unpleasant skimping, and the sacrifices are rarely mortal. Pity him as we may on some accounts, we cannot altogether give way to lamentation at his mourning. Unfairly treated as he is, many of his clouds are shot with gleams at least of silver.

I have said that the professor is his own master. Deny it you who have seen his righteous wrath when his academic freedom is threatened. So much has he become accustomed to having things his own way that he resents any question of his speech, or the mildest attempt to control his academic actions. Those of us who have received a weekly wage in an envelope as a reward for doing certain things at a certain time in a certain way, stand a little aghast, though frankly envious, at the temerity of those brave fellows who challenge their employers to lay one hindering finger upon their rights and privileges. Their high and somewhat priestly calling, as mediators between the wise gods and mortal man, makes it improper that they should in any way be interfered with. Perhaps they reason truly; I do not know. In this I am still an outsider timorously looking in.

They not only claim the right to *say* what they please; they feel also that they are usually justified in *doing* as they please. This is well illustrated by little things. I recall that in a college with which I was once connected, there was a rule (wise or unwise does not concern us) that required every instructor to give during the period set apart for examinations, a written or oral test in each subject that he taught. But I knew several, whose pedagogical methods differed from those of the majority, to ignore that rule altogether, to resent, in fact, the college's

attempted interference with their own better ways of doing things. A friend of mine from a large eastern university told me that last year his institution, in an endeavor to conserve coal, requested instructors to see that all class-room windows were closed when the rooms were vacated. He said he found more than one scholar who seemed to resent being asked to watch over windows: that, they said, was the business of janitors, implying that those engaged in the high matters of education should not be expected to concern themselves with trivial things. My friend further remarked facetiously that if the actual results in closed windows were any criterion, very many of the wise ones held the same view.

This last, however, seems to me quite as likely an illustration of the professor's obliviousness to mundane things as of his insistence on his own rights. And anyway I can see readers sniffing at both instances as entirely trivial and unworthy. But are they not straws that show how the wind sits in the academic mind?

And now I am ready to retort upon myself, and say that this attitude of mind is perfectly understandable — more, that in thus frowning at interference the professor cannot be held in strict account. Is not his whole way of life calculated to give him an unusually high opinion of himself? Day after day he sits in the cathedra, and parcels out knowledge to the tender mind. As the center of a small solar system, shining daily in the class-room upon his satellites — planets which have a life of their own, or mere dead moons reflecting palely a borrowed light of knowledge, — it is not unnatural that he should come to exaggerate a little his own importance, and the value of his contribution to the world's work. Nor is this all the tale. Colleges and universities are usually planted in towns or small cities where they dominate the other industries, so that the professor, jibed at though he be by townsmen, is nevertheless, in his community, a figure of social, political and economic importance. Can you

blame him for an egotism which leads him to believe that his ways are the best ways?

There is one widely held opinion regarding the professor that he himself scorns to answer. Comic papers and satirical playwrights have drawn him as an unworldly soul whose wits are usually wool-gathering — one who will stand patiently wetted by the rain, oblivious to the umbrella which he holds unopened in his hand. How wrong this is everybody knows. The modern professor is not that kind at all. Superficially he is extremely worldly; he wears knickerbockers, and smokes cigarettes, and plays golf, and goes to cabaret dances, and foots it over the high Alps. But perhaps there is a suspicion of reason in the popular assumption that he is not too well acquainted with the world's hard face. He who runs can seldom read; and though our knight see many shining cities, though he observe the diligent tailor with his yard, and the peasant bending to his hoe; though he know all the bright cafés of the Boulevards and the dingy restaurants of Leicester Square, he is still something of a transient guest; like the *huma*, he never really alights. In consequence it is doubtful if he can truly get the point of view, or appreciate the sorrows and the recondite joys, of the pale clerk, the cautious farmer or the prosperous hardware merchant. He never comes into vital contact with these useful and voiceless citizens; and though he learns a deal from the gloss of books, books are not life, however much we like to pretend that they are.

Understand me: the professor is neither a fool nor blind; and they see very dully who accuse the college man of viewing life as a pale and colorless thing. It is not only the poet whose eye rolls in fine frenzy; the college professor's imagination also glances from earth to heaven. To him life is sweet and wanton, brisk and boisterous, gray and slovenly; but to tell the truth, it has not the harshness of reality; it is a sort of procession seen from

a class-room window, and through spectacles put on for close work. Hence, perhaps, the real humor of his illusion that the world is an open book to him.

One thing that assists this illusion, as I see it, and that distorts his vision in other ways, is that the teacher has little sense of values. Accustomed to his own way, dealing so exclusively with youth, working with the letter rather than the spirit, he inclines to use class-room methods in the consideration of every subject. And in such consideration he does not sufficiently distinguish the secondary from what is first in importance. Determined to be fair, to view the whole field before coming to a decision, he is very apt to lay as much stress on a technicality as on a principle.

Observe him, for instance, in assembly. Here is an aspect of his life of which the caricaturists have failed to take account; and indeed it would require a Gilbert to plumb the humor of a faculty meeting. Men who in their own homes are sensible fathers, in their lecture-rooms inspiring teachers, become, when put to the strain of academical discussion, prosy, captious, and quite without the saving grace of common sense. Men who as individuals might be efficient, become in the mass a mere unwieldly animal that travails for an elephant and brings forth a gnat. Of course this is in a measure true of all assemblies, whether a bright meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution, or a spirited session of the Rotary Club. Even that noble body of intellectuals, the American Congress, has been known, under great stress, to lay itself open to a charge of imbecility. Having something more of learning than legislators, college professors have more opportunities to get tangled in the mazes of their own minds. Thus, in the faculty meeting, a pundit rises and presents a case. A colleague, who may be of the same general mind, sees a tiny omission or a flaw; it is something quite minor, of no vital bearing on the subject, but intellectual honesty requires that it be brought out. He

not only brings it out, he puts it forward with such vehemence and at such length that this minor matter appears to be of major importance. A third sage seizes on this to illuminate or debate it. A few more searchers after truth add new and unexpected twists, and in a moment everybody is wandering in the starry firmament, quite away from the main question. After an hour or two of this exciting game, they adjourn to a set day. Then, after an interval under the soothing influences of home and the sobering effects of everyday life, they come back to a reconsideration of their problem and ultimately get some sort of action. Well may the little gods laugh!

By training the college teacher is a hair-splitter; and his work often produces an astigmatism that makes it difficult for him to distinguish between a hair and a rope. Between these two he is very apt to get into a confusion; and his conclusions must always be approached with questioning, and checked with care.

I may pause here to remark in parenthesis that a faculty meeting offers an example of one of the professor's most notable virtues. He is one of the politest men in Christendom. He will sit for hours in a meeting, while fifty men heatedly discuss the wording of an act which permits a tender freshman to have the benefit of an individual faculty adviser — a matter which might be settled by three calm men in fifteen minutes. He will listen patiently and courteously while a dozen colleagues wax tearful over the danger to learning, of allowing a sophomore to place three hours of music on an academic level with three hours of Hegelian philosophy. When I see the professor thus enduring hardship for the sake of a principle, I cannot fail to admire.

It was this proud idea of being honest intellectually, combined with the inability truly to discern values, that at the beginning of the war led many of our brethren into the broad and evil way of the pacifist. They were

determined to be disinterested, to consider every argument and give it its due weight and measure. But as gaugers they were sure to go wrong. To them in their zeal nice points of international law spoke as loud as the voice of a brother's blood crying from the sea. They were thoroughly academic and professorial. But in truth such men were comparatively few; to their everlasting glory, the majority, in the crisis, shook the dust of the groves from their feet, and leapt forth with song and shout.

Another instance of the professor's failure to appreciate values is the fetich of the degree, particularly the Ph.D., which is still worshipped in many quarters, still regarded as a measure of a man's ability, and of his worth to his college as a teacher. On this matter I recall a story of William James's gently sarcastic retort upon the president of Bryn Mawr, who plumed herself upon the fact that no one was permitted to teach in her college who had not achieved the doctorate in philosophy. That ruling, said Professor James, in effect, would deprive that excellent institution of the services of such scholars as the late Francis James Child, as George Lyman Kittredge and James Greenough. He himself, he realized, would not be permitted to teach there, as he was a mere M.D.

The character of the work usually required for an advanced degree in the humanities — it is largely collation and compilation — makes that degree an evidence of certain things; it means that a man has been able to apply himself to a particular piece of work for a certain time — usually three years; it implies carefulness and perseverance, admirable qualities both, but scarcely to be regarded as signs of distinction. In the case of a degree in literature, it may mean a precise and minute acquaintance with a masterpiece. When this is the case, the work is of additional benefit. But this does not always happen; plenty of would-be doctors are compelled meticulously to dig among musty tomes which carry no inspira-

tion, and which are of interest only to solemn students of the history of literature, who, necessary as they are, represent only a part of wisdom.

Now in so far as any work done with care and precision is of value, the doctor's degree may indicate it; but in so far as that degree is supposed to be a criterion of a man's wide knowledge and appreciation of literature; in so far as it is a measure of his understanding of the *soul* of literature, and of his ability to "get at" and inspire his students, to touch them with the live coal from God's altar, the Ph. D. is a poor thing, my masters!

Yet the professors of the older order have kept it in a tabernacle and thrown incense before it as the years went by. In face of the fact that from most of our universities sixty per cent of the graduates go into business life, the professor has gone on cherishing a belief that his business is to breed scholars, and that such can only be bred by persons with advanced degrees. They have done this in the face of other facts that should reproach them. They have only to look about them in their universities to find many of the really great ones who are without the impressive "Doctor." In my own university, the man who has the widest reputation for scholarly work in science is a mere B. S. In commencement day processions callow youths who will never be known outside their own bailiwick sport their doctors' hoods, while this gentleman, honored among scientists from New York to Calcutta, drapes his modest shoulders in a bachelor's black.

None of this must be interpreted as a fling at the scholar. He has his place. Let him be revered and nourished. If he is a prophet as well, let young men sit at his feet to hear wisdom; if he is a mere miner, let him be set to dig in what to him are golden fields where he may work happily and unhampered. But do not let us confuse mere industry and a nose for facts with the vision and the judgment necessary for fine teaching, or for original work in the arts and sciences.

"How much influence does the professor have on the young men with whom he comes in contact?" I asked an army officer who had had much experience in education, and a wide acquaintance with men.

"It depends on his character," he answered. "If he is a man of force or magnetism, no matter what he teaches, his students will remember him; the things he says will sink in and remain to influence all their thinking."

The more I view this interesting figure of the professor-errant, and try to estimate his excellencies and his shortcomings, the more I am tempted to ask a question that has lately come to puzzle me. It is this: Does education really educate?

We hear a great deal of the value of education. We are told that it broadens the mind, makes one think more clearly and logically, makes one wiser and more tolerant. Enlightening and ennobling, it sweetens the spirit and elevates the soul. I do not think this overstates the claim. The Phi Beta Kappa orator, beaming at a fair Hebrew maiden who, by picking easy "profs," has gone through four years with an average of 96.2 and acquired the golden key, emphasizes the fact that education enlightens and refines. The college president addressing the county institute extends an appealing hand to the superintendent, who is wondering whether he can command enough votes among the township trustees to be reëlected, and declares impressively that education refines and makes gentle, that it produces the power and the habit of reflection, and the power of efficiency.

I used to believe a good deal of this. It is only lately that I have begun to wonder if there was not — to use a lively colloquialism — a good deal of poppy-cock about it. If, now, education does all these fine things, then college professors, who are extra-educated, ought to be on an average very level-headed, wise and tolerant. Scientists and mathematicians should be clear and ac-

curate thinkers and very open-minded; humanists should be wise and kindly gentlemen as they go up and down the world. Anyway that seems to me a not unreasonable expectation. Now far be it from me to say just that they are *not*. I have said at the beginning that the first impression of professors is that they are a very pleasant lot of men; but as one associates with them, one sees that they are not marvels of reasonableness — that education has not made them gods after all. I seem to recall too many whose surface it has but scratched. I know a scientist on the Pacific Coast, who is regarded as the very best authority on his subject in the whole western continent. His specialty is polyps. He knows more about polyps than any other man in his world. He is an earnest and careful worker. He would rend in pieces a fellow scientist who dared draw a conclusion from carelessly gathered facts, or who did not hypothesize logically from his facts. But can he think clearly on any other subject? Not a bit. Is he open-minded and careful? I have not seen it. On matters of politics or economics or religion, he is as totally incapable of reasonable thought as one of his own specimens. And then this stuff about mathematics teaching a student to reason! Did you ever know a mathematical luminary who was especially clear-headed about ordinary, everyday problems?

There is another acquaintance of mine who is a middle-western classicist. — I happen to live in the East just now, and it is tactful to draw my instances from the West. Not that I have anything against the section: I am a westerner myself. — This man is great in classics. He is up in the morning with Aristotle, and he seeks his couch with Cicero. Now, according to the Phi Beta Kappa orators, it seems to me that a little of the grace, of the tolerance, of the dignity that we have been encouraged to associate with Greek and Roman thought should show in this teacher's thinking and living. Does it? On the contrary he is the most egregious of bigots; he is intolerant

of anybody's opinion but his own; in his manner and speech he is anything but easy and dignified.

You may tell me that it is absurd to expect education to have these effects. Very well; I merely raise the question, because I have been told so often to expect them. Or, perhaps, you will say that these are isolated cases. Of that I confess I am not convinced; I seem to know too many such clear-headed and tolerant educators. Let me admit at once that of the two finest gentlemen I know, one is a teacher of Latin. And one of the clearest thinkers I know is a physicist. But the former would have been a gentleman if he had been a drug-clerk, and the latter a logical thinker if he had been a clergyman. On the other hand, the wisest man I ever knew was a shoemaker; and the kindest ran a flour and feed store. Neither of them ever got beyond the eighth grade in school.

So, as I say, I begin to have a terrible and haunting suspicion that not all educators are really educated, and that education is not quite all its practitioners would like to claim for it. Take notice: I do not impute this as a fault to the professor. I doubt if the failure of education to work miracles is anybody's fault. If it is anything, it is an evidence of the exuberant imagination of Phi Beta Kappa orators.

Nor am I saying one word against education. It is an admirable thing; let us have more of it and still more. It widens a man's outlook; it gives him new interests and new sources of enjoyment. It makes it easier for him to earn a living, partly because it gives him self-confidence: and nowadays, I believe that even business men take more kindly to college graduates than they used to. In such ways education is good; but how much it really "takes," as they say of vaccination, is another matter. It is really a very thin veneer. Scratch a professor, and you will find just what you find if you scratch an ordinary man — a barbarian. Look at that pathetic procession of German pundits!

And now, with all this pother, what have I brought you out to see? A prophet? No, not quite a prophet. An insignificant reed that bends to every wind? No, much better than that. Do not assume that because I have had some flings at my gentleman I have no regard for him. I have here merely held him up to the image of his own pretensions, and not pictured him relative to other men. It would be instructive to compare him point by point with that much advertised mediocrity "the average business man." But that would be quite another story. Here I have chiefly wished to remind you — and myself — that college professors are, after all, as Falstaff would say, "mortal men, mortal men!"

THE LAST OF MACHIAVELLI?

The following article was in type before Germany surrendered. It is kept not only because it is too good to kill, but kept with tenses unchanged to show its prophetic character, though with title changed because of the impressive though unintentional suggestion that the German empire was probably the last power in the civilized world ever to follow the doctrines of Machiavelli. [Editor.]

ONE of the most illuminating documents of the recent war is a statement by the late General von Bissing in regard to the policy which he believed should be followed by Germany in Belgium. This memorandum was published in May, 1917, after Bissing's death, by a personal friend and a member of the Reichstag, and was later published in London, under the title *General von Bissing's Testament: a study in German Ideals.* It is of peculiar weight as coming from a man who had actually served for some time as Governor-General of Belgium, who had enjoyed the favor of the Emperor and the military party, and whose prestige had not been lessened by the actual practice of his theories of administration. Its chief interest may perhaps be held to lie in the author's open avowal that both prudence and necessity demand that Germany should keep Belgium, in striking contrast to the repeated statements of Zimmerman, Bethmann-Hollweg, and others, that Germany would harbor no such design. But for the present writer, the most significant thing in the whole document is a single phrase of five words, in which Bissing unconsciously revealed the whole foundation of his thought, — a phrase really more memorable than all his carefully considered arguments for forcible Germanization, systematic plunder, and the stimulation of factional jealousy. With these we are familiar enough already; with the full implications of the phrase in question we are not.

It will be necessary, says Bissing, to depose the King of the Belgians altogether, for if he retained a restricted sovereignty under German domination, his prestige would be so diminished that he would be a hindrance rather than a support to German interests, . . . "and we can read in Machiavelli that he who desires to take possession of a country will be compelled to remove the King or Regent, even by killing him." Here is the cloven hoof, — "we can read in Machiavelli." And the hoof sticks out, it must be repeated, not in the utterance of an irresponsible journalist or a windy politician or a muddle-headed philosopher, but in the sober and dispassionate advice of a tried soldier and administrator, summarizing, at the end of his life, the ripest fruits of his experience, for what he considered the service of his country.

The resemblance between the doctrines of Machiavelli and the policies of the Imperial German government has of course been frequently observed. Indeed, the German theoreticians who have supplied a philosophic basis for the practices of militarism have themselves openly acknowledged their indebtedness to the precepts of the great Florentine. Treitschke's *Politics* is the source upon which most of these later philosophizings depend; Bernhardi, for example, puts into more striking and popular form the principles laid down by the Berlin professor. But Treitschke, while defending Machiavelli and acknowledging his dependence upon him, did not dare to accept his doctrines unreservedly: he felt it necessary to restate the ethics of the *Prince* for the benefit of an age which might be shocked by them.[1] The restatement is specious enough, but it is significant that Treitschke thought it had to be made. Bissing, however, was not disturbed by conventional moral considerations; he appealed to the authority of Machiavelli for the commission of an act which a civilized nation might well hesitate to avow. The potency of the doctrines of Machiavelli is revealed in the

[1] See *L'Allemagne au-dessus de tout*, by É. Durkheim (Paris, 1915).

very bluntness of this soldier, whose egotism disdained concealment.

It takes some courage to accept Machiavelli as a model of political conduct, and make no bones about it. Ever since the sixteenth century, his very name has been a by-word for hypocrisy, bad faith, and disregard of morals. Although the *Prince* was published by the order of Pope Clement VII, the Catholics in England were almost as outspoken against it as were the Protestants. So universal became the abhorrence of Machiavelli that he turned into a popular bogey, — the curious incarnation of hypocrisy and evil with which we are familiar in the pages of many writers of the Elizabethan period. This verdict has not changed materially at the present day. Some injustice has of course been done him by failure to understand the circumstances under which he wrote, and the ethics of his day. But the very fact that his own age was not morally squeamish makes its vigorous repudiation of him all the more crushing. This repudiation still holds, in the sober opinion of decent men. Lord Morley, discussing in his recently-published *Recollections* the great problem of international morality, repeats words which he wrote much earlier, — that Machiavelli's influence is still strong, "because energy, force, will, violence, still keep alive in the world their resistance to the control of justice and conscience, humanity and right." And Professor Dunning has aptly characterized these teachings as "not only scientifically unmoral, but also practically immoral."

The policies of the recent government of Germany can, of course, only in part be traced to the influence of Machiavelli. The real foundation of those policies was rapacity, backed by selfishness and cruelty. But when a people tramples under foot laws which the civilized world has agreed to respect, it likes to have authority to support its actions, and guidance to direct them. In the writings of Machiavelli the German advocates of military and ethical ruthlessness found just what they wanted: the elaborate

logical exposition of a system of absolute political individualism, by a writer whose clearness of thought and lucidity of style had made him a classic. So the *Prince* was studied by the militarists with all the ardor which the theologian bestows upon the Bible. They found in it theories, but they knew how to translate these theories into action, and adapt them to their own times. In this way the indirect influence of Machiavelli upon the conduct of the present war has been very great. The ghost of the dead Florentine had, as it were, arisen from his grave to guide the infernal machinations of the Teutons in the twentieth century. But when we speak of the recent policies of Germany as "Machiavellian" we do not, I think, always realize how just the expression is. The real significance of the principles of the Renaissance philosopher has been forgotten in a surprising way by many writers on the war. When President Eliot remarked that "the new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law," he need not have looked very far into history to see that this doctrine is by no means a novelty. The really new thing is its complete and almost openly avowed acceptance. It has been applied today by the German Imperial government with a ruthlessness which by comparison makes the crimes of the Renaissance despots seem humane. Such excesses are, in point of fact, opposed by counsels of moderation in the *Prince* itself; useless cruelty generally defeats its own purpose. Some of the Germans themselves are clear-sighted enough to see this; Professor Förster of Munich, for instance, condemns "the heathenish editorials of the Christian *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, which justify a Machiavellian policy for a great growing people."

Since this system has been virtually tested, in the greatest conflict which history has ever known, by a people who spent years in an attempt to dominate the world, we ought to have a clear idea of its principles, not as seen through the phraseology of apologists, but as originally set down, with utter frankness, in the sixteenth

century. Very little exposition is needed to make these principles clear, and still less to illustrate their bearing upon the history of the past decade. They need only to be stated in order to have their relevance understood.

By a curious coincidence, the *Prince* was written almost exactly four centuries before the outbreak of the war. Although not published until 1532, it was put together about 1513. It was the fruit of Machiavelli's leisure; he had retired into the country after the fall of the Florentine government with which he had been identified. Under the Medici rule his public office was gone; but his enforced change of occupation gave him opportunity for reflection and for literary work, such as he had not before enjoyed. The events of the preceding years had well fitted him for compiling a manual of statecraft, for he had taken an active part in the dangerous game of Italian politics. He had shared many secrets, looked much behind the scenes, and become intimate with clever and unscrupulous men. Through imprisonment and torture, "four turns of the rack," he had paid dearly for such knowledge. In his country retreat, hopeful of advancing his fortunes, he compiled his famous manual, dedicating it to Lorenzo di Piero de' Medici, "seeing that it is not possible to make a better gift than to offer the opportunity of understanding in the shortest time all that I have learnt in so many years, and with so many troubles and dangers." Machiavelli perceived clearly the errors which had divided and weakened Italy, and he pleaded for a strong and energetic government to restore internal order, and put his country in her rightful place among nations. The flattering phrases of the dedication, addressed to the ruler who had been his enemy, and the desire that this ruler should see how unreservedly the author was suffering from "great and continued malignity of fortune" are in curious contrast to the sturdier parts of the book. But this was characteristic of the author, in whom, as in so many Renaissance figures, ability and meanness were singularly blended.

In any view of Machiavelli's political philosophy, his *Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livius* must be considered equally with the *Prince*. Both these works appeal to classical and Biblical history in support of their contentions, as was the fashion of the times, but their real foundations lie in the personal experiences and convictions of the author. The *Discourses* treat of the principles to be followed by republics, just as the *Prince* does for monarchies, but the fundamental bases of Machiavelli's statesmanship are the same in either case. In a few instances, differences of policy are noted, but these are of very minor importance. It is interesting to note that Machiavelli had no preference for despotism; on the contrary, he considered a combination of popular and monarchical government best. A state will be more stable when ruled by a prince who is checked by constitutional limitations, but the freedom of action enjoyed by the single ruler gives him an advantage. Neither book, however, takes the point of view of the people; the sole idea which animated Machiavelli was the power of the state. This the Prince incarnates in his person; whatever aids him in his government is considered legitimate; whatever operates to the contrary is to be rejected.

Maintenance of the power of the state at its normal strength is not sufficient; this power must be extended and increased. In theory, so the *Discourses* tell us, a state might be happiest if it were not to expand, or to encourage the pursuit of arms to this end. "But all human affairs being in movement, and incapable of remaining as they are, they must either rise or fall; and to many conclusions to which we are not led by reason, we are led by necessity." It is, then, dangerous for a state not to extend its territories. Moreover, if it never goes to war, it will deteriorate. Classical history affords a parallel; Rome achieved greatness by destroying her neighbors, "crescit interea Roma Albæ ruinis." These considerations lead directly to another important policy for the ruler of a

principality to keep in mind. If the extension of territory is necessary and desirable, a sufficient army must be maintained. So the *Discourses* tell us "that it is a great reproach to a prince or to a commonwealth to be without a national army." Here Machiavelli was not speaking from theory alone, but from the fulness of experience. He had himself, in 1506, reorganized the method of levying troops in Florence, introducing a system resembling national conscription, instead of the employment of mercenaries. In the gospel of militarism he was the firmest of believers. The armed force of a state must be so strong that when war comes, it may be "great and short"; the army must strike quickly in full force. The two chief essentials for a state are good laws and good armies. If the state is not well armed, there cannot be good laws. A well-trained military force is more essential to a kingdom than money. "Nothing is falser than the vulgar opinion that money is the sinews of war." Without an army, no amount of money will suffice for the defence of the state, and the people will never remain constant to their government, if it cannot defend them, no matter how great the natural defences of the country, such as mountains, lakes, or forts. Peace is not to be bought with money, but with valor and with military renown. When the Romans "began to deteriorate, and to love the shade rather than the sunshine, they . . . took to purchasing peace, now from the Parthians, now from the Germans, and at other times from other neighboring nations. And this was the beginning of the decline of their great empire." The relinquishment of the active use of arms will mean the degeneration of a people.

For the treatment of conquered territories Machiavelli maintained that cruelty may be necessary and wise. In general, half-way measures in dealing with enemies are to be avoided. "Men ought either to be well treated or crushed, because they can avenge themselves of lighter injuries; of more serious ones they cannot; therefore the

injury that is done to a man ought to be of such a kind that one does not stand in fear of revenge." In annexing a city which has enjoyed a liberal form of government, there is much to be said for the harshest measures, especially if the prince cannot reside there, so as to crush rebellion on the spot. "He who becomes master of a city accustomed to freedom and does not destroy it, may expect to be destroyed by it." This subject is again treated in the First Book of the *Discourses*. "Whoever becomes prince of a city or State, more especially if his position be so insecure that he cannot resort to constitutional government either in the form of a republic or a monarchy, will find that the best way to preserve his princedom is to renew the whole institutions of that State; that is to say, to create new magistracies with new names, confer new powers and employ new men; . . . he must pull down existing towns and rebuild them, removing their inhabitants from one place to another; and, in short, leave nothing in the country as he found it." Such measures may be admitted to be cruel, but necessary if the prince is to maintain himself in high estate. In a monarchical country, the best plan is to extirpate not only the ruler himself, but his whole family.

Perhaps the most interesting pages Machiavelli ever wrote are those in which he maintains that, in order to gain his special ends, a prince may legitimately disregard good faith, friendship, humanity, and religion, — in short, all that conventional human morality dictates. In general "it is necessary for a prince wishing to hold his own to know how to do wrong, and to make use of it or not according to necessity." Excess is to be condemned; injuries, if expedient, must be inflicted all at once. Where no end is served, cruelty should be avoided. But its employment is legitimate, and its use is sometimes more productive of good results than mercy. The breaking of agreements is elaborately defended in the eighteenth chapter of the *Prince*, — a passage which has perhaps

given more offence than any other in Machiavelli's works. It is indeed praiseworthy to keep one's word, yet experience shows that princes who have done great things have held good faith of small account, and have prevailed over those who have kept their word. "A wise lord cannot nor ought he to keep faith when such observance may be turned against him, and when the reasons which caused him to pledge it exist no longer." Fraud is again openly defended in the Second Book of the *Discourses*. The history of the Romans shows that they, "from the time they first began to extend their power, were not unfamiliar with the art of deceiving, an art always necessary for those who would mount to great heights from low beginnings; and which is the less to be condemned when, as in the case of the Romans, it is skilfully concealed." Hypocrisy is thus avowedly commended. The Prince, while he must aim to be feared rather than loved, must try to be loved rather than hated. If he finds it necessary to disregard the dictates of morality, he must nevertheless give the appearance of being merciful, constant, humane, upright, and religious.

The ultimate test of the correctness of the conduct of a prince is Success, the accomplishment of the great end in view, the maintenance and extension of the power of the state. When Machiavelli sets forth other ideals as desirable, they are often really tributary to this end. Thus it is a good thing for a ruler to gain glory, and he must not lose this by unnecessary cruelty. But the glory of a prince is one of the very things which makes his state endure. The qualities by force of which a sovereign accomplishes his designs are crystallized in the untranslatable Renaissance word *virtù*, the sum total of all the characteristics which bring success. We here come close to a catch-word of the present day,— Efficiency. The Italians of the sixteenth century had a great reverence for the man who got things done. They did not think it necessary to inquire whether his methods were moral or

not. This was tellingly illustrated by Macaulay, when he remarked that the Italians of that period would have sympathized far more with Iago than with Othello, condemning the folly, credulity, and lack of self-control in the Moor, and extending their admiration to the clear judgment, ready wit, and adroitness of his ensign.

Finally, it is necessary for the Prince to surround himself with an atmosphere of grandeur, to assume an air of great nobility and bravery, and to clothe himself with all the magnificence suitable to his station. He should assert himself in the great world, taking a prominent part in the quarrels of his neighbors. He "ought to have no other aim or thought, nor select anything else for his study, than war and its rules and discipline." His conduct must always be masterful; it should never betray indecision nor vacillation. He should encourage in every way the peaceful callings of his subjects, since their labor is indirectly a source of revenue to the state. Rewards should be liberally offered to those who render this service. The Prince should show himself a patron of the arts, and do honor to those who excel in them. He ought to provide the people with festivals and spectacles for their amusement, and he should appear gracious and condescending. "A Prince ought, above all things, always endeavor in every action to gain for himself the reputation of being a great and remarkable man." In this sketch of the theatrically assertive, militaristic, magnificent, meddling, and masterful sovereign, are well embodied the ambitions of the German Emperor.

We can hardly avoid glancing at the exemplification of the principles of Machiavelli in the career of Cæsar Borgia. This does not, of course, concern Cæsar's private character, but his qualities as ruler. It is easy to understand how the splendor of his person and establishment, his resolute and fearless spirit, his complete disregard of moral obstacles, and his brilliant achievements, must have dazzled the eyes of the Florentine Secretary. The

favorite son of Pope Alexander VI, a cardinal at seventeen, a military leader of undoubted ability, the victorious conqueror and able ruler of the Romagna, he was beyond doubt one of the most picturesque figures of his day. Machiavelli had personal relations with Cæsar when the latter was just at the height of his power. It is unnecessary to review the series of atrocious crimes by which this power was gained. In his public policy, during the four or five years that he was subduing the Romagna, he made liberal use of the principles later advocated by Machiavelli,— duplicity, cruelty, bad faith, and hypocrisy. And so he was selected as an example worthy of emulation. "When all the actions of the duke are recalled," says Machiavelli, "I do not know how to blame him, but rather it appears to me, as I have said, that I ought to offer him for imitation to all those who, by the fortune or the arms of others, are raised to government."

Nothing, surely, could better illustrate the theory of the complete separation of public from private ethics than the selection of Cæsar Borgia as the ideal prince. This is what makes Machiavelli's work so noteworthy, — his absolute frankness in saying, with no glosses or reservations, just what he thought. And the modern Germans have at times shown signs of imitating his candor. The portion of his writings which has probably made the deepest impression upon them is that which supports the doctrine that in statecraft the end justifies the means; that fraud and cruelty and hypocrisy may be wise and right. Certainly it is their acceptance of this theory which has shocked the present age most profoundly. Having once accepted it, and put it into execution, they have been ready, it would seem, to pay due tribute to its prophet. The utterances of such men as Bissing and Treitschke, already referred to, are interesting illustrations of this tendency. The inconsistency between the avowal of a system which preaches dissembling, and the lack of dissembling inherent in such an avowal does not

seem to have been felt. But as the war progressed, and the hope of a victory for German arms gradually vanished, public utterances inspired by authority less and less represented Germany as a vigorous youthful nation, breaking her confines by virtue of her high destiny, and more and more pleaded for her as a suffering martyr ringed about by malevolent enemies. Into this latter picture Machiavelli does not fit. He is no symbol for persecuted innocence. And since his system has shown its weakness under trial, there will probably henceforth be few in Germany so poor as to do him reverence.

This, indeed, is one of the most interesting of the political revelations of the present war, — the fundamental unsoundness of the philosophy which we have just been considering. One of the greatest of all the many blunders made by the Imperial German government has been forgetfulness that men will sacrifice themselves and all that they possess for the sake of an ideal. Machiavelli never realized the tremendous force of the "imponderables," — generosity, good faith, charity, self-sacrifice. The foundation of his whole philosophy is that men are essentially base: "it is to be assumed in general of men that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, covetous," as he puts it in the *Prince*. Most of his work is tainted with this disease of the heart and mind; the same view of humanity appears, for example, in his *Mandragola*, in which he portrayed in dramatic form the life of his own day in Florence. Long before the present war, Symonds wrote of the *Prince* that "though incomparable as an essay in pathological anatomy, it throws no light upon the workings of the normal social organism, and has at no time been used with profit even by the ambitious and unscrupulous." Like all morbid things, the ideals which were set forth by Machiavelli are sure to prove in the end a source of weakness. The moral safeguards which the experience of centuries has brought to the civilized world cannot be disregarded with impunity. This may sound

trite, but it must be said. The tremendous power of idealism, of generosity, of forbearance, of charity, were plain enough in history. To defy these is to court disaster. This defiance has already added to the foes of Germany, England, to whom good faith and honor were dearer than peace, and America, who went into the war with nothing to gain and all to lose, in defence of what she believed to be right.

Such, then, is the vital defect in the statecraft of Machiavelli and of the Imperial German government. Like a sword magnificently wrought, highly tempered, and sharpened to the keenest of edges and points, it is nevertheless so flawed that it must ultimately break asunder and become useless. The nation that relies upon it may achieve temporary successes, but is doomed to ultimate defeat. This is a lesson which the Germans will have to learn in bitter humiliation. They might have found it summed up in the words of Goethe: "An action should never be called a political virtue which is contrary to virtue in general."

ON BEING HARD UP

MOST of us who are not in "war industries" are hard up, and perhaps there may be diversion, and possibly edification, in an exchange of experiences. Yet in telling one's troubles, one has to overcome a certain reluctance. This, like most of our difficulties, is because of the defects of human nature. The world lacks sympathy and charity. If a man wears his heart on his sleeve, daws may peck at it, and if he shows a weakness, rivals may seize upon it. But while so many of us are enduring the war pinch together, it seems worth while, even at the risk of some criticism and the cost of some egotism, to take the risk: so here is one modest immodest contribution.

It seems best to rise superior to chronology, and state at the outset one generalization reached after much experience and reflection, which is that within the medium range of family expenditures, excluding the very small and the very large, it is probably as hard to cut down a given proportion from a large habitual outlay as from a small one. In other words, habit is generally stronger than conviction, and often stronger than inclination. Certainly my experience has shown it from the very outset.

We are rather an imaginative and impetuous family, and such people don't save money before they have to. Our expenses had been increasing too fast before the pinch, and when a family is going that way, it won't stop before an actual pinch comes. As soon as this necessity was put before my women folks, they "rose as one man," and began shipping off servants, going to market themselves, and turning their old frocks. Where there had before sometimes been a little lack of sympathy regarding expenses, the family was now drawn into hearty coöperation, and has been more united than ever.

Our domestic experiences began in the kitchen. We started our economies by dispensing with the kitchen maid. The cook, being an artist of the grade who would not condescend to wash dishes, clean up and fetch and carry, of course left too. And now, without a kitchen-maid, we have the best cook we ever had, and at as low a rate as we have paid in years. The French maid does the chamber work, and the ladies of the family do more of her former functions for themselves.

The pinch next took the man-of-all-work, whom the more conventional, and possibly the more amiable, of our friends called "the butler." He helped the parlor maid, or the parlor maid helped him, at the table, and carried the coal and wood, and did the boots, my clothes and packing, the curtains Spring and Fall, and area and sidewalk (we live on a corner) and occasional errands, and probably lots of other things that I, not being the housekeeper, don't know. He was such a good tinker that once he even upholstered the chairs in the servants' hall. Of course such a good tinker was bound to become a chauffeur, even despite the fact that my boys swore that he could never drive a car. In the spring of '17, however, the "butler," did give signs of becoming a chauffeur, but I raised his wages to a dazzling height, yet it was less than three quarters of what he could get driving a car. When I told him that I couldn't afford a chauffeur this summer, and asked him if, in addition to his other work, he would chauff occasionally, he said he would be glad to do all he could. But he didn't like the way the ship was acting, and, like a wise rat, left it, and went as a chauffeur. And now my good big car is laid up, and I'm trying to sell the tires, which are apt to deteriorate; and my second car is traded off for a Ford (half car and half "boot" of course) and my daughter drives the Ford, while the farmer (we're out of town for the Summer) keeps it clean and in order for her. Her mother says that becoming chauffeur (only we say *chauffeuse*) is the best thing that ever happened

to her, and she likes it because she thinks it is as much war-work as the Red Cross job in town which she had to leave when we came to the country. The only things we really miss with the big car are the long drives, and having it on tap at almost any minute for errands. My wife was not fond of driving in it, and tries to make herself believe that she likes "that dear little Ford" better. The blessed adaptability of women!

Now if you have waded so far through these *res angustae*, you have wondered how in the world we have got done all the things the "butler" used to do. Well, in town, we got the Italian who has done the furnaces and boots and coal-carrying and area and side-walk for some of our neighbors, to do them for us, without board, for a third of what we paid our man-of-all-work *with* board; and here in the country the gardener does the carrying and the boots and the ice-cream freezer. The butler's duties at the table, the parlor maid accomplishes, partly because we don't have so many dishes or so much company, and partly because on extra occasions she is helped by a "casual." The main lack, at least to me, from the "butler's" apotheosis into another man's chauffeur, is having to put the stretchers into my shoes; to hang up my own clothes and get them out for dinner, with nobody to help me into them when I'm in a hurry; to rampage all over the house when I want a bathing suit, and to pack and unpack.

Of course the main justification for servants (next to Nature having evolved them so — but even Nature is in need of many excuses) is that they may secure to abler people time for more important work. By this standard it is doubtful if there should be a footman on an automobile. The chauffeur has no horses to mind, and can open the carriage door and run into shops. It is also doubtful if there should be a servant whose sole duty is to open the front door — especially to members of the family, who may as well carry night keys. The

world has not sympathized with Sir Gorgeous Midas' scolding of the two footmen who received him at home after midnight, because there were not two more — on the chance of his bringing a friend. Neither should there be enough servants for much of their time to go to waste. The time of my friend's Japanese butler who studied theology in his spare moments, would not be generally regarded as going to waste. Now my man-of-all-work did save me quite an appreciable amount of time, and I flatter myself that I used it to pretty good purpose. So being hard up is not merely an inconvenience. But that doesn't help the state of my clothes generally! There's a crease across the back of every coat where it is not wanted, and no creases where good straight ones are wanted — down the sleeves, and down the fronts of the trousers, which are getting more and more baggy at the knees. It is through those trousers that the iron really enters the soul. And yet of so little real consequence are they that although a political philosopher once said: "The trousers of this administration don't bag at the knees", no present student of that philosophy (but me) can tell what administration it was.

As to buying clothes, we are wearing out our old ones, and don't seem to look appreciably the worse for it. Occasionally we phone the little tailor around the corner to come for a batch to clean and press; but that was when we were in town, and in the country there is no little tailor within a couple of miles, and the only intermediary now is the Ford car.

Well, if you are not yet tired of details, our *corps domestique* is three where it used to be seven. Our table under the maidless cook is better, though more limited (a great aid to digestion) than it ever was with cook and maid both. The necessity imposed by a very small menage, of being very prompt at meals has, I confess, its drawbacks, especially when one is writing.

I had got this far in my confessions when I came across Mr. Arthur Train's admirable little book *The Earthquake*, and it tempted me to stop, and destroy what I had written. But I don't know how far his book is actual experience. In one particular, I think it is not. If it is, he can do a great deal more with forty thousand dollars than I can. No ten servants, including a second man, and no limousine in town, and no steady seats at the opera for me at those figures — at least with my family. But whatever the degree of fact in his book, it is at least good honest fiction, and worth more than an infinity of Britlings: for nothing in it offends what I am vain enough to consider normal taste, and, if you will indulge me, normal morality — no maundering over a boy's "sweet brains" exuding over the battle field, and no exemplary citizen who has a decent wife and family at home, making illicit love to other women. I decided to go on with my lucubrations, however, not only because I may say some things which Mr. Train does not, and say some that he does, in a different way, but also because I may reach some readers that he may not — and perhaps help him to reach some more, which will be for their good.

And at dinner I do like a table-cloth, and do not like in the centre of the table one of those revolving things which, in more prosperous days, I knew only at breakfast and luncheon, and heard called a "butler's assistant", but which, since I've been hard up, I've been taught to call a Lazy Susan. I don't like it even if it has flowers on its own centre. Then we have put away most of the silver, to save the labor of keeping it polished. And it does try me to have my own doorbell often go too long unanswered. I fear that at times it doesn't get answered at all: the other day I found some peoples' cards on a window sill beside the door.

We "get a woman in" (It seems impossible, in the country, to get anybody to come and stay), to do the

rough washing, and send the finer stuff to a public laundry; but we find getting her out to her own home not to speak of getting her in, too much for our reduced locomotive apparatus, an added expense, and a nuisance always turning up when most inconvenient, — always wanting a seat when the Ford is full and going in a hurry to somewhere else. God forgive me for hating that entirely inoffensive woman as I do!

And a house without a man servant! Just as some men were due for dinner the other night, and I was out of breath from hurriedly dressing, I was informed that the wine-cellar door wouldn't open. I had to go down myself, and found that the only trouble was that *a woman* was trying to open it. It opened for me readily enough. And it was good discipline to pass by the champagne left over from easier times, and get claret and whiskey.

Our dinners, like everybody's apparently, are strictly limited to four courses — soup, fish or meat, salad and desert. (At a little war dinner party the other night — with ante-war clothes and ante-war jewels — the hostess told me that in her four-course league, the two *s*es — soup and salad, count as one.) We have Hooverized flour and Hooverized sugar, of course. No wine whatever unless for company, and no champagne *with* company. The Scotch whiskey of my years, of course, by doctor's orders. And it seems to me that we have never lived so well — or felt so well.

As I can't afford cigars now, I've come back to the favorite plaything of my youth — a meerschaum pipe. One was an object of bigotry and virtue then, and now, like so much bigotry and virtue of that time, they are unknown. It had been very many years since I smoked one. The one I am smoking has been in the family over a generation. I wonder how many of the present generation know Holmes's "Contentment"! Any who don't had better look it up. He states his modest wants — "A hut of stone . . . brown stone will do . . . in yonder street

that fronts the sun, . . . *one* good-sized diamond in a pin . . . One Turner, and no more," etc., etc.

> "*One* Stradivarus, I confess,
> *Two* meerschaums I would fain possess."

Though I have not many of his other modest requirements, I have several of these — and my boys won't look at them, but smoke wood. I had forgotten how good a pipe can be: it would be preferable to cigars, but for the frequent lighting needed, and the dirt, and the frequent refilling, the frequent getting stopped up, and the occasional acrid condensed moisture getting into the mouth and the sparks flying over you. The other night, one burned a hole in my shirt-front, the under-shirt and my skin; and once again, through a vest. Questionable economy, pipe smoking, at this rate. Yet there never was a cigar that was as good smoking as a good pipe, with good tobacco, *when* it's going right. But it doesn't always go right — it's as unreliable as children or weather or distant scenery, and it never goes long, and it's a nuisance to get it going again, especially when you are reading or writing; and I suspect it's harder on the salivary glands and the mucous membrane than cigars are, and often gets the latter into such condition that no smoking can taste good. Therefore it is well that in the occasional moments when one luxuriates in a pipe, he can have also the flattering unction that he is economizing. What *is* the reason that the best things always cost the most — not because of demand, but of actual difficulty of production?

I took it for granted that everybody knew how to smoke a pipe; but as I found that I had forgotten, perhaps I had better tell you the few things I have succeeded in relearning. As to a meerschaum: my first advice is the proverbial "don't" buy one now: it would probably be a fraud. The war will be over, and good meerschaum can be had again, before we all cease to be hard up. Meanwhile, smoke something else. Before you begin, get one of those

little "pipe companions," consisting of a metal stopper riveted on one side to a probe, and on the other to a spoon. Then file off the spoon: it's only in the way, and can do nothing worth while that the probe cannot. The probe's use shall soon appear.

Crowd in the tobacco very gently until the top pinch: that you can press with some vigor, and you'd better not bring it nearer than an eighth of an inch to the top of the bowl: then you probably won't need more than two or three matches to light it: if you bring it flush, there's no knowing how many you'll need. Don't use small matches: the bigger the better: little ones burn out before you get fairly going. Get the whole top of the tobacco burning. A few gentle puffs *into* the pipe will help that. And give one or two occasionally during your whole smoke. For your entertainment (It would be useless as instruction: for you or I can never do it) I'll tell you something I saw a man do the other day. He was going along at a reasonable rate on a motorcycle. Without stopping, he pulled a match out of his pocket, struck it on the seat of his breeches, and lit his pipe, in much less time than it takes to write it. When I tell this somebody always says: "He was an Irishman."

Years ago it would have been an insult to your *savoir vivre* to tell you that a meerschaum should be smoked no lower than the point up to which you wish it to color, but in these degenerate days a man otherwise decent may be ignorant of even that. A pipe is pretty apt to go out of itself at a safe place, but there are those so intemperate as to egg along even a meerschaum. My inherited pipe belonged to a man who, though god-fearing in other respects, smoked his pipe to the bottom. Hence it is colored only on the upper half of the stem. (It's a cutty.) I have had it boiled, and started it again, piously and temperately, and now it is showing good color half way up the bowl. If you want to *ensure* your pipe's proper going out, don't put tobacco at the bottom, but lightly-folded paper. But for myself I risk the tobacco. The paper, however,

has the additional merit of not being so apt to choke the hole into the stem. You needn't renew it until, if ever, it gets too soaked to let the smoke through. Probably I should have told you all this before getting you lit up, or even filled up, but before you are filled up and lit up, you can't smoke down to the "heel," as properly educated people call whatever is permanently left at the bottom of a meerschaum, be it paper or tobacco, or a "button" of meerschaum, of which few connoisseurs think highly; and when you have smoked down to the heel is, perhaps, after all, the proper time for disquisition upon it. The question I admit to be profound, and I don't want to be bigoted or overbearing.

Perhaps the worst thing that happens to a pipe of otherwise commendable habits, is to "get stuck" — to have a particle of tobacco, or even a fold of a paper heel, get into the hole entering from the bowl into the stem. There's where that probe I told you to get comes in. It lacking, the end of a narrow letter opener will do. Run either as close as you can to the inside of the bowl, down to the aforesaid opening, and probably you'll push the offending particle out of the way. Then gently press the tobacco down, to prevent all the suction going down the little vertical trough you will have made, and for the same reason always, begin lighting on the far side. When your pipe goes out the first time, see if there's enough unconsumed tobacco around the sides and at the bottom to justify scraping it together (with the aforesaid probe) and taking a fresh start; though unless you are awfully hard up, in most cases it will pay better, in time and matches, to clean out and refill.

That's about all I know, and its probably not enough to save you annoyance — enough annoyance to keep you glad that you are economizing when you smoke a pipe.

Our worst domestic trouble probably has been the dread of having to leave our homes. We are much attached to

them. In our town house we have lived twenty-two years — an unusual period for New York, and in our country house, twenty. Many considerable trees on the place, and some *very* considerable shrubs, were of our own planting. We did try in vain to rent the place, but with a very attractive though economical alternative in view. We came back to it with a fear that our pinched circumstances might make our stay the opposite of enjoyable, but the fact is that we have never enjoyed it more. We *had* to have the place kept in order, even for the chance of renting it: so the garden and the house are as full of flowers as ever, and the air and the scenery are as fine as ever, and impose no burden on our straightened resources. The fate of the town house is still in the balance, but we are inclined to pinch hard enough to stick it through. It looks as if we could. As a rule, though God knows there are too many exceptions, when things look threatening, they don't turn out as bad as they look.

The dread of having to "come down", so far as it consists in that dread of the world's opinions from which none of us are entirely free, turns out to have been a mere bugaboo. (My wife declares she never had it, but she is a superior person.) We have at least sense enough to make no secret of the perfectly obvious, and everybody is sympathetic, and nearly everybody says: "We're all in the same boat." It was good luck that our pinch came before any serious consequences from our free habits, and in a way to save our faces. A war pinch is quite the fashion. True, at all times one should be independent of the scorner; but that virtue comes vastly easier when the scorner is not around, and when everybody is in sympathy with your necessities, and meeting a good lot of the same kind. If you have any friends who have been attracted by your flesh-pots — and some very good ones are not entirely free from such influences (Is anybody of any taste entirely free?) — the fact is not

ground into you: for fleshpots to attract them elsewhere do not abound.

When I started, I did not expect to write so much about domestic affairs. The only justification I can see for having written all this is that it is an illustration, possibly rather a forcible one, of the old saw touching which many are so skeptical, that under any circumstances our happiness, if we have any, is mainly in ourselves. For, setting aside the anxieties which we can't *always* keep under, regarding our boys in the army, we have never been happier than during this war pinch. As another, and most successful manager of it told me: "Regard it as a game, and get the fun out of it: there's lots in it." She has oleomargarine on her table, and I never suspected it until, after I had had it several times, she told me. So far as concerns domestic affairs, when people have good shelter and enough to eat and wear and to keep warm and educate the children and satisfy reasonable intellectual needs, I believe one can be happy in a pinch. But domestic affairs are not the whole story. In one's charities and philanthropic interests, and especially now in the war, to have to skimp subscriptions to government loans and helps for the soldiers is much harder than other skimping, or ought to be.

It seems to me that the one thing to remember is that there's no art and no character in keeping up one's spirits when things are going smoothly. I had almost written: any fool can do that; but there are some pretty wise folks who can't, at least without hard practice: for a good deal of character abides, or fails to abide, in the liver, and then there are such things as satiety and indolence. But when all is said and done, the true test of a man or woman is in keeping cheerful when things are going badly, and people never had a better time to practice that high art than now. Moreover we can't remind ourselves too often, that aside from the exceptional tragedies of life,

people suffer more from things that never happen, than from things that do.

One compensation from the pinch is a correction of valuations. We all tend to overestimate elegances, and even luxuries, as compared with substantialities. When we are used to fine clothes and gorgeous jewels, and Lucullian feasts, even if accompanied by rather vapid conversation and such intellectualities as dancing and vaudeville, we are apt to lose interest in society with less glitter. Devotion to sweetness and light is not apt to furnish gorgeousness of apparel and surroundings, or delicacy and elaboration of alimentary resources, or much of that ease and knack of making things go smoothly characteristic of the world that amuses itself. A modest share of these things is good, but an undue share makes life a poor affair. Yet in flush times we become accustomed to find in them a pleasure that we mistake for happiness. Being hard up, if we take it rightly, makes us compare them justly with the joys of home life, of letters, and of intercourse, whether as student or lover, with Nature and the cultured minds that can obtain their culture only by a rather vigorous eschewing of the vanities. It is only too obvious that the habit of all these higher associations suffers in competition with the diversions into which plenty of money tends to lead.

In trying to get a little fun out of the "wanities" that I have had to dispense with, I have felt pretty safe that the readers of The Unpopular Review won't be apt to think: "Hath this man no shame or bowels, that he bewaileth, even publicly, doing for a time without things that not one man in some thousands ever had?" I have told of them, and of being happy without them, largely for the paradoxical reason that doing without them has greatly increased my sympathy with the man who never had them. If I occasionally give myself a half ironical sigh, what is due to him? Well, that depends upon who he is.

If he is a coal miner who, because wages are high, loafs half his time, he deserves freezing. If he is a munition worker better paid then he ever was before, who, to make himself still better off, tries to take advantage of his country's dire extremity, he deserves to be put on the firing line. But if he is a man who leads a gray life of hard work in making, for others to enjoy, things he cannot hope to enjoy himself, he deserves more respect and sympathy than he usually gets, and all reasonable help to increase his capacity and get the increased product. Successful people don't spend enough thought on that man, and the unsuccessful people who spend too much, generally teach him to stand in his own light. This pinch has taught me that although I may not be as versed as he is in the great art of doing without, in that art we are brothers.

And yet what to do for him is puzzling. The provincial city on whose borders I live in summer, has just bought him a bathing beach, and I shall take satisfaction in paying my share of the taxes for it. The same with parks and museums and libraries and hospitals and dispensaries. But the more of these things he gets, the less satisfied he seems, and the more he wants to upset the social order which has grown up with all human experience, and has secured to his weak powers the little they earn; and the more he wants to try all sorts of imagined schemes no more likely to be of use than the enormous preponderance of dead inventions in the patent office. But while these are all uncertain, the disposition to help him when a plain chance arises, is certain to do good, and I've found no such stimulus to it as being hard up myself.

But with this increased sympathy, and this new realization that so much of life consists of vanities, I am no more ready to favor the giving up of *all* vanities by those who can afford them, than I am ready to wish that the colors may be taken from the birds and flowers and sunset sky. Those bright colors are as rare as is elegance in human life; and yet to banish it for the sake of a hardly perceptible

and certainly fleeting improvement in the lot of those who have it not, would be simply to fly in the face of Nature. I have one friend who has done it — deliberately given up a home of quiet elegance, and so destroyed a meeting-place of the really best society, and a centre of philanthropic inspiration, with no good result whatever, but rather with a lessening, among an exceptional circle of friends, of faith in philanthropic enthusiasms.

I wish I could share Mr. Train's faith that the war is going to do away with social distinctions based on wealth, and that the new ones will be based entirely on ability and character. The trouble is that wealth is so often the accompaniment of ability and character, and so conspicuous an outer sign of them, that deference to them is naturally to a considerable extent deference to wealth. There are very few people whose habits depend upon their convictions as much as upon their tastes. While some of us may like character and culture, all of us like champagne and terrapin, and the war is not going very materially to diminish the large portion of those who, where all four cannot be had together, will take the last two in preference to the first two. The only way to put character and culture in the lead, is the terribly slow way of putting those who appreciate them in the lead.

Some people think the hardness of our upness (What a contradictory term "hard up" is, when we are really hard down!) is not going to be much relieved by peace, because the proletariat, having become used to excessive wages, will not be content with lower ones. This is poor economics. The question is not what will content them, but what they can get; and when the men come back from the army, the amount of unemployment will settle that. As to increasing wages by any of the popular schemes of magic or camouflaged plunder, the army has drilled a large number of the proletariat into appreciation of discipline, order, authority and ability — into a realization that Na-

ture has evolved some men to show the way, and most men to follow it, and that those who show the way to wealth deserve a larger share than those who merely follow.

The fact most essential to realize, however, is the most difficult to realize, and army discipline does not throw very obvious light on it. Yet any man who can see that success depends more upon the generals than upon the armies, can perhaps be made also to see that in industries beyond the individual ones of the savage, managers make the success more than workers — that without superior men to create and manage them, industries do not exist and do not survive. And here and there army experience will help a man to realize that after the wage-earner gets what he could find and create if left to himself, what more is created is inevitably created by the man who devises the job, and handles the laborers; and that it inevitably belongs to him, if the creations of the laborers belong to them.

What the man who makes the combination ought to do with the surplus that he creates by it, is another question, which has received a very respectable answer from Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller. But the question is not simple enough to be completely answered by them. Let us look at the other side. Most production beyond those of the solitary savage is partly due to the social organization, and as production increases, it seems more and more due to the social organization: the most obvious instance — the so-called unearned increment (which by the way, is seldom entirely unearned) is also probably not restricted to land. The point of all of which is that so far as the influence of the social organization on production is progressive, so far has the social organization a right to make taxation progressive.

You will notice that there are two sides to the question. My view of the other fellow's side — the side of the man who is generally hard up, has been vastly clearer since I have been hard up myself.

POVERTY AND THE MODERN SPIRIT

ABROAD, not to say tolerant, treatment of poverty to-day requires a certain courage; and it is well that it should be so. Civilization is a good thing in spite of its limitations; and civilization rests upon the solid foundation of foresight, thrift, and financial independence; and is essentially an accumulation — a deposit of past resources, economic as well as intellectual and moral. But none of these would be possible without a due sense of the value of that self-mastery and that mastery over matter for which we have at present no medium and no symbol but money. A man may be a victim of circumstances, or he may, like Thoreau, belittle the rewards of labor beyond that of a bare subsistence; but still his inward independence is conditioned on a recognition of the outward values he renounces or fails to reach. It was civilization still which enabled Thoreau to play at indifference to the resources and safeguards of society. As long as he had Emerson to pay his taxes on the sly, it was possible for him to flout the law with impunity. As at present constituted, however, society cannot afford to encourage farther ventures in that kind of economic independence; while the waste and extravagance of the thoughtless, and the wholly unideal thriftlessness of the average young person might well make one hesitate to sing the praises of poverty. Nevertheless there is a view of the subject, deservedly unpopular as it undoubtedly is, which we are neglecting at our cost. We cannot afford to minimize the evils of poverty without grave reservations; but there are dangers also in overemphasizing the importance of outward ease and comfort.

Next to the problem of sin, the problem of poverty has in all times most severely taxed serious minds. Religion's attitude toward it has varied. Until comparatively modern

times the whole matter of poverty seemed clear and simple. The existence of the poor was accepted unquestioned. Not only was poverty inevitable, it was even divinely sanctioned. It was one of the preordained ways of reaching salvation, a veritable means of grace. Saintly men and women might elect it as a vocation or pursue it as a cult, receiving honor for their devotion to Our Lady of Poverty; while to relieve its wants in those to whom it came as a burden, conferred a claim for special blessing and reward. At this stage of religious development little effect could have been expected from the teaching that poverty grows by charity, that "alms giving" does more injury than good, because there was always the Church with its counter teaching of the dignity and spiritual worth of poverty.

But with the Reformation there came the beginning of an entirely new adjustment of this still most difficult problem. Protestantism no longer preached that almsgiving was an expiation for sin and a passport to heaven, but was still moved by pity, and in a half-hearted way committed to a belief in the spiritual values of poverty. But when it had fully broken from the past this attitude which it had inherited from the older church could not in the nature of things go unchallenged. For a long time, however, the challenge was only outward and unconscious; but slowly the foundations were being eaten away from the older prepossessions in favor of poverty. The fact was that Protestantism accepted the Catholic attitude toward poverty without any inherent ability to adjust it to its own peculiar attitude and point of view. What neither party saw at the time was that the principles of Jesus promoted a liberation of all the faculties of the human mind, and that in the new ferment of the Protestant recall, more was bound to happen than a mere return to the doctrinal simplicities of the gospels. Modern liberalism in theology has meant also modern liberation, political and social, industrial and scientific. With the liberation, too,

were sure to come new ambitions, new standards and demands. To set free the powers of man, to teach him to think, to give him mental initiative and independence, and then to expect him to remain satisfied with the teaching of patient acceptance and humble content was manifestly illogical. The minute men begin that process of liberation they inaugurate a condition of expectancy, and create a state of demand. There results a new outward prosperity commensurate with the new inward enlightenment, and, what naturally follows, a new attitude toward poverty.

No more conspicuous illustration of the former fact can be found than the Swiss city of Geneva. There was a time in its history when it so fully realized the fruit of its exclusive Protestantism that none of its citizens could be depended on to do the menial tasks. Everybody was prosperous; and the only resource was to import from Catholic countries a sufficient number of poor laborers to enable its inhabitants to enjoy their prosperity. The old homogeneity of the city of Calvin has gone; and the presence of a large Catholic population proclaims the fact that a profound spiritual liberation is bound to have its economic expression as well.

The new ambition and self-confidence, the new emphasis upon material well-being which followed, shaped the Protestant mind to a new feeling toward poverty. And this has been farther accentuated by the scientific spirit, which has faced the problem without sentiment of any kind, and finally reasoned its way to conclusions more favorable to the problem of poverty, but less favorable to the fact.

As it is the attitude toward poverty rather than the means of its possible alleviation with which we have here to do, it is necessary to refer again to the difficulty which Protestantism encountered in taking over the traditional point of view in opposition to all its own prevailing tend-

encies of thought. The ambitious pushing business man stands up with the congregation and sings:

> I ask not wealth, but power to take
> And use aright the things I have;

the idle and luxurious woman joins in the hymn:

> Father, hear the prayer we offer;
> Not for ease that prayer shall be,
> But for strength, that we may ever
> Live our lives courageously.

And yet neither for a moment believes that there is or can be any virtue in a life of privation. Nor has the church which sanctions and puts forth the hymnology done anything to dignify poverty, or provided any honorable means of expression for those who might choose it as a vocation. Nor could this have been expected so long as the principle at the heart of its very existence is one of boundless hopefulness and emancipation. Indeed the difficulty shows itself in the very character of the music by means of which the modern mind expresses its devotion. The music of Catholicism is in keeping with its profound conviction that there is more to life than the fruits of ease and prosperity; while that of Protestantism often is a concession, like its preaching, to superficial motives. It was this which led to Mendelssohn's conviction that real church music — music forming an integral part of the service — was impossible in Protestantism.

This essential inconsistency in the attitude of the Protestant mind toward poverty has been squarely faced in the third and last stage of the revolt against the traditional view, in Socialism. Here there is frankly no faith in the spiritual value of poverty, no tolerance for the outward inequalities of life. Here, at last, the practical materialist of everyday life has found his prophet, one who will not sing the praises of the poor man in one breath, and despise him in the next. The Socialist scorns the condition of the poor,

which he regards as an affront to man's very existence in the world, and he knows no possible relation which it can sustain to the normal, nay, even to the ideal life of man. "The evil to be attacked," writes Bernard Shaw in his *First Aid to Critics*, "is not sin, suffering, greed, priestcraft, kingcraft, demagogy, monopoly, ignorance, drink, war, pestilence, nor any of the other scapegoats which reformers sacrifice, but simply poverty."

This is frank, and in a way refreshing. It is certainly better than the Scotchman's prayer which ran: "O Lord, I do not ask that Thou shouldst give me wealth; only show me where it is, and I will attend to the rest." When Shaw goes on to assert that "a man always prefers 500 pounds to 500 shillings," he undoubtedly is correct. But when he implies that a man cannot subordinate his *preference* to a higher and more compelling motive, and still be happy with God's shillings instead of man's pounds; when he adds, "This is the universal want," as if wants and desires were all there is to life, he tragically illustrates how far his position is from being a religious one.

But let us be equally frank, and accept the Shavian challenge. The teaching of the Church aside, is there any standing ground left for a consistent believer in the possible worth of poverty? The question has been a haunting one in even those minds which have most thoroughly freed themselves from traditional bias. The thoughtful literature of the Nineteenth Century is full of signs that independence of the Church could not wholly blind the age to the Church's insistence on a respectful treatment of poverty. In its demand for return to a simple, unencumbered life, in its honoring of intellectual courage and moral heroism, that literature was only preaching in another form the gospel of a victorious privation.

In Concord, fifty years ago, a little group of writers put forth a defiant protest against the weakening effects of commercialism, trying to recall men to that noble-

hearted fearlessness which, in their thought, went with plain living and high thinking. Dr. Channing in Boston had first sounded the note of warning in his arraignment of that prosperous city as the home of a certain faithlessness which was both depressing and dangerous to the public life. It was this subtile pessimism, this despair of a highly successful and conservative community, which gave the keynote to Emerson's philosophy. When he gave up the city and its timid outlooks upon life, and went back to Concord, he had somewhat of the pious intentions of those idealists of old who retreated from the world in order to find the faith and courage of their own souls. At his side there were soon other voices speaking the same message of emancipation from the terrors of the prosperous worldly mind.

It would take us too far afield to discuss the peculiar brand of economic independence which Alcott practiced, but Thoreau cannot be omitted, as being alone of the group a perfectly consistent advocate of the free and unattached mind. Emerson deeply sympathized as well with the thrift and love of physical and material well-being so characteristic of his time.

Louise Alcott has gratefully told us what a practical salvation he was to her improvident father, and we now know with what a canny foresight he insured his own financial security. It was the same Emerson who could not bear the thought of pain, and who would not hear about disease. Over against his lofty appeals for spiritual independence lay the memories of his own impoverished boyhood, and he had as little faith as any worldling of them all in the saving values of poverty. Nevertheless, looking back to the early privations and struggles, he recognized their formative effects. Speaking of his son, he said: "I know that I am sparing him the very things which made me what I am." And then he added: "But I cannot help it. He is my boy." And who, indeed, could? But as it was with his boy, so had it been with himself.

The world had been too much with him to permit a perfect realization of the fearless spirit he so ably advocated.

With Thoreau it was different. The world had never been long enough with him to vitiate his thorough-going independence of all its customary timidities — even, apparently, of some of those of self-respect. Pure stoic as he was, he dared it to do its worst, fearing neither disease, as his last illness showed, nor privation, or what would ordinarily be considered privation, as the whole course of his life made plain. Nor did he stop even at the still lower depth of possible pauperism.

"However mean your life is," he declares, "meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. . . Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheerful thoughts, as in a palace. The Town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. May be they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable."

As if there were no alternative between begging and dishonesty! Thoreauness and thoroughness are not as similar as their sound.

Even the stout unworldly defiance of Walt Whitman weakened at the last. We are told that he cared nothing for money, and that he did not even know the meaning of the dollar-mark; but it was found after his death that the poor working girls' contributions to his alleged necessities had been hoarded into a fat savings-bank account, besides a four thousand dollar fund for the erection of a monument to himself. C. G. Leland (Hans Breitman) has recorded the hurt feeling with which he received Whitman's

brusque refusal, when asked to inscribe a couplet in a copy of *Leaves of Grass* which the poet had given to Leland's brother. Whitman frankly declared that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words were, "Sometimes when a fellow says to me: 'Walt, here's ten or five dollars, write me a poem for it,' I do so." And then, seeing the look of disappointment or astonishment in Leland's face, he added, "But I will give you my photograph or autograph," which he did.

William James was among the first to call attention in an authoritative way to what he believed was a grave evidence of weakness in modern civilization. No one can help sympathizing with the socialistic contention of the cramping, devitalizing effects of poverty; and the time has gone by when any one may be expected without the incitement of some very lofty and ideal motive deliberately to invite its disadvantages for the sake of its possible benefits. It would be easy, too, to show how society and the State, as well as the individual, have something to say here on the economical side. But at least as to the effects of the relative indifference to poverty which the older religion encouraged, there is still something to be said, and Professor James has said it with an emphasis which, amid the complacent assumptions of a prosperous era is fairly startling. He writes:

> Among English-speaking peoples especially, do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly — the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship, when we

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put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank-account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion.

It is true that so far as wealth gives time for ideal ends, and exercise to ideal energies, wealth is better than poverty and ought to be chosen. But wealth does this in only a portion of the actual cases. Elsewhere the desire to gain wealth and the fear to lose it are our chief breeders of cowardice and propagators of corruption. There are thousands of conjunctures in which a wealth-bound man must be a slave, whilst a man for whom poverty has no terrors becomes a freeman. Think of the strength which personal indifference to poverty would give us if we were devoted to unpopular causes. We need no longer hold our tongues or fear to vote the revolutionary or reformatory ticket. Our stocks might fall, our hopes of promotion vanish, our salaries stop, our club doors close in our faces; yet while we lived we would imperturbably bear witness to the spirit, and our example would help set free our generation. The cause would need its funds, but we its servants would be potent in proportion as we personally were contented with our poverty. I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.

This is tonic and bracing in a time when literature and religion alike are frankly committed to the mercenary view of life, and when the Safety First movement has become inwardly as well as outwardly the watchword of the hour. With Socialism insisting that men will become religious only so far as their lives are relieved of material stress and strain, and with Christian Science presenting religion in terms of physical ease and external prosperity, it is good indeed to hear a voice out of the heart of modern life, a voice prophetic but not priestly, proclaiming thus one of the spiritual profundities which our age seemed in danger of forgetting.

It is the boast of our time that it has conquered matter, that it has so far developed natural resources as to do away with fear; — the fear of the elements, of disease, of

ignorance, of discomfort. And yet it had to invent a new religion especially to get rid of fear and worry, and the brood of aches and ills which follow in the wake of that unhappy twain. What has been left out of the account is the fact that the qualities which were given us for *self-protection* lie nearest to our essential manhood and womanhood, and that when these are lulled to sleep by a protective environment, we are inwardly weakened and depleted. To invite needless risks would be foolhardy, but to eliminate all risks and uncertainties from life is to destroy that courage and resourcefulness without which no people can be great and free. It is in the school of fearlessness and adventure that we develop our bodies, and it is in the same school that we gain our inward character and lasting peace. Nothing more surely marks the decadence of a people than an excessive prudence which is designed automatically to insure the ease and comfort of the body. If our various senses are given us for this very purpose of safe-guarding our bodies, so is our moral sense — our spiritual courage — a natural defense in the presence of the chances of life. We need not seek poverty, but we might well learn to think fearlessly of it. We might learn to look at life as it is, and, "seeing it steadily and seeing it whole," relate possible poverty to the greater and more lasting things for which it stands. We might even set over against the possible loss of financial independence, the still deeper loss of mental poise and spiritual serenity. The "stall-fed mind" in a stall-fed body is what our age has especially to fear, and even more so future ages, lest life shall have become so "commissioned" into mechanical security that it shall be pauperized at its sources — so emasculated as to become incapable of self-forgetfulness or heroic thought or action.

> God help me! Save I take my part
> Of danger on the roaring sea,
> A devil rises in my heart
> Far worse than any death to me.

At least there can be no real religion without this attitude of relative indifference to material prosperity. A religion which promises ease and content, instead of one eternal Good whatever the cost of its attainment, may appeal to an age of vast physical reconstruction and the habit of spiritual accommodation which it induces. But it will not have spiritual power. Someone has said that "when men were made of oak they lived in houses of willow; and when the sacramental wine was drunk from chalices of wood, Christianity was golden; but when the troth was pledged in cups of gold, the faith was wooden." The sublimer human motives do not spring from a life of outward fullness and content. One of the first fruits of religion is a new ability to stand alone, a new defiance of circumstance.

A political writer has said that formerly, when our forefathers became dissatisfied, they pushed farther into the wilderness; but that now, if anything goes wrong, we run howling to Washington after special legislation. In the same spirit our age is turning to surface conditions for strength and peace. "Poor, but free," was everywhere written with chalk or charcoal on the houses of Florence when it was besieged, and in the streets of the city there was kindness, generosity, and the absence of thought of self. The insistent phrasing of our moral and social right to all the ease and splendor of the world which we can make our own, has its place. We have altogether too much needless and shameful poverty; but we need to remember, nevertheless, that poverty has been the school of some of the finest attributes and the best achievements of the race. Equalizing the outward condition of men cannot be an adequate substitute for the ancient discipline of hardship and self-restraint.

Essentials are few. He who is content with them, saves from the pursuit of non-essentials time which he can devote to fitting others to attain essentials; and that, we take it, is about the noblest use that can be made of time.

A ROMANCE AND THE REALITIES

AT forty-nine Austin was self analytical enough to appreciate that he had reached that period of life when men and women, at the summit of middle age, experience an access of the sense of youth and power and passion, as if they stood for a few enraptured moments on the top of the world, filling their lungs with the fresh breezes that blow there, rejoicing in the achievement of the long climb up, and still undismayed by the prospect of the dull descent on the other side. In the lives of other men, at this age, he had often noticed with mixed amusement and contempt, the sudden flare-up of long smouldering passions before their final extinction in the ashes of old age. Although a surgeon, and little concerned with the mental reactions of his patients, he had had occasion to observe to some extent in the lives of women the better concealed ravages of the untimely flame.

His six months of hospital work in France had left him more leisure for indulgence in a contemplative mood than he had been accustomed to, for while his days, and sometimes his nights, were filled with an interminable succession of what he recognized as major operations, they now were so much the ordinary events of everyday life as to lose their relative importance, and almost to dull his professional interest in their outcome. There were no claims of an ordered social life on the hours of freedom that he was obliged to give himself in order to retain his physical fitness for his exacting work. As he compared his present life, which already seemed to have lasted an eternity, with the concentrated combination of professional, civic, social and domestic duties that had increasingly crowded his waking hours at home, he had a sense of unaccustomed freedom and repose, of wide expanses of continuous coherent work, and narrower but

still homogeneous periods of meditative reading or rambling abroad. Everything in his experience seemed to have gradually assumed new relations and new values, under the influence of this so different mode of existence.

Perhaps the change that struck him most was his present way of thinking of his wife. He had been accustomed to take it comfortably for granted that he was "happily married." He certainly remembered being deeply in love when, at the age of twenty-four, a comfortable inheritance made it possible for him to set up his own establishment with the girl of his young choice. Those first few years of married life, the time when their two boys were born, had always seemed to him in retrospect a very Arcady of bliss. In later years he had come to take his wife and their love and happiness for granted, and as matters of course. As time passed, he and his wife had seemed, while much in each other's company, to be less and less together. She had rapidly become almost as busy as he was. There appeared to be an unending series of social and charitable interests that kept her "on the go" from morning to night. At times he had found himself wishing that she were not so incurably "social," in both the wider and the narrower sense. Life seemed to have become a continuous entertaining and being entertained, a swiftly flowing stream of "meetings" and "benefits" and "functions," maintained by rapidly self perpetuating or spontaneously generated boards and committees, on which, for interminable hours, he "sat." There were still other mechanisms of this sort, with which his connection was mercifully more attenuated, made in easy surrenders to solicitations for "just the use of your name."

Looking back on this old life so seemingly remote and unreal, so appallingly empty and restless and perfunctory, the scene to his imagination was dominated by his wife's rather shrill voice and rapid and fluent elocution in a perpetual monologue on the "subjects" and the "ob-

jects" which absorbed her interest. The memory of all this became a vast weariness to him, and he could no longer fight off the realization that for years past he had been unconfessedly and only half consciously, but supremely, bored and tired by it all.

Austin and his wife, he increasingly realized in these hours of analysis of what he now thought of as a sort of "previous life," had become, like many married people, considerably separated by what most bound them together — their children, who had become in various ways more interesting and congenial to each of them than they were to each other. Austin had a sense of secure satisfaction in his sons. Wallace, the older, now twenty-four, had, with some variation, adopted his father's line. When Austin left home he was within a month of graduation from the medical school. As a student he had done work of unusual brilliancy and promise, and as a result had received the appointment as pathologist at the hospital where his father had so long served as chief surgeon. It was an honor that Austin relished more than anything of the sort in his own career. A difficulty of the heart made sedentary work obligatory for Wallace and prevented his joining in his father's adventure.

The other boy, Graham, two years younger than his brother, was of quite another type, but Austin recognized in him also much of himself, with the fresh charm of a greater difference. Graham was of an adventurous quality, eager for experience and experiment. He had left college a month before graduation, to begin training as an aviator, and was now an expert "somewhere in France." Occasionally Graham blew into the region of the hospital, and dropped down on his father with such tales of the upper air as made Austin feel, by comparison, a blear eyed miner grovelling underground. Graham's freshness and vitality and charm were as fascinating to his father as to any of the unprofessional "conquests" that he made whenever, a young god from the machine, he de-

scended to earth and walked for a time among the nurses and helpers and other feminine denizens of the hospital world. These occasional brief and unannounced visits from Graham served to bring Austin down, with a sudden thud, from the unrealities of his spiritual existence to the very concrete actualities of the life still going on "at home." And at such times Austin found it hard to believe in the reality of any change in his attitude of mind, and especially in an incident that he was honest enough with himself to recognize as having had a large part in the disillusionment with his old life that had gradually taken possession of him.

Whatever might be the fundamental cause of his present state of mind, its immediate occasion was doubtless in considerable measure his feeling about Miss Saunders and the extraordinary thing that, just before he sailed, had happened between them. That was the way he thought of it — as something that had "happened between them." He could not think of it as something for which they were responsible, in any volitional way in which he had ever counted responsibility. It had just happened. But what a light, first blinding and then illuminating, it had thrown on the real basis of what he had so long and so comfortably thought of as their "friendly relations!"

During all the years since Miss Saunders had come to be the superintendent of nurses at his hospital, he had seen much of her. They had, as he had so often put it to himself, "hit it off" at once. Almost immediately they had recognized that they were "sympathetic," that their points of view were similar enough to make the general look of things agreeably alike to them, and different enough to give them the endless interest of comparison. He had formed the habit of dropping into her office before and after and between operations. There were always things professional to talk about, and easy transitions to things non-professional. They seemed

never to come within sight of the end of what they had to say to each other. How their thoughts rushed out to embrace each other and become one! What eternally fresh and exhilarating jokes about everything and nothing they had together! He had early discovered her to be a woman of more than ordinary general education and cultivation, well read and much travelled and largely experienced, and yet singularly simple and individual, with an unfailing freshness of interest in every one and everything about her and in the wide world of her intellectual contacts. He could not have believed possible, without knowing her, such a combination of "awareness" — that seemed to make her understand every thing with a kind of naiveté that made her reactions to every situation individual and unconventional.

Miss Saunders was hardly less a public character, much in demand on boards and committees, than Austin and his wife. But somehow there was a great difference between Miss Saunders' activity and that of Mrs. Austin. In the case of the professional woman, Austin recognized, it was a thing measured and weighed, spent with a purpose, and with the same purpose unifying all her working life. There were aims she had in view for the nursing profession in general and for her own school in particular, aims growing with the growth of other related professions, and taking over much of their most important content. Her life, he realized more and more, was a continuous progress towards a clearly conceived goal, while his wife's seemed by contrast a perpetual running about in circles, a wandering off into by-paths and blind alleys, a movement for the pleasureable sensations of motion, rather than for the sake of getting anywhere.

When, after his hurried preparations for departure for France, in the course of which he had discussed every aspect of the situation with Miss Saunders, he had finally gone, the last day, to bid her good-bye, he had found her in a mood that he vaguely recognized as different from

anything he had previously known in her. There was something about her, he could not even now distinguish what, that made a new and strange appeal to him. He felt her, somehow, young and helpless, and suffering in a suppressed way under an aspect of making the conventional gesture of "*bon voyage*." Suddenly he was overcome with a yearning to cherish and comfort her. He never could understand how, in that moment, he abandoned all the traditions and modes of their relation — what conscious thought or unconscious impulse led up to his sudden violation of their "friendship"; but what he did was to take her in his arms and unhurriedly kiss her brow and cheeks and lips. And she had returned his kiss, and then quietly released herself from his relaxing embrace. A moment after, some one had entered the room, and their final hand clasp was formally given in that alien presence.

This emotional incident had given Austin an unfailing subject for meditation, especially on the long circuitous ocean passage that had immediately followed. He speculated as to whether he was in love with Miss Saunders, whether what had "happened" was the emergence into consciousness of a passion that had been gradually growing and expanding in the depths of his soul, until it had finally burst its barriers and erupted suddenly into his upper mind. However that might be, and for a long time it had been impossible for him to arrive at a conclusion, he found his thoughts constantly engaged with her. Missing his easy access to her, and the daily talks to which he had become so accustomed, he substituted perpetual imaginery conversations with her. Everything he saw and did was stored away and reproduced, in fancy, for her inspection and appreciation. After the hours of complete absorption in his work, his mind rebounded to her, winged its way like a homing pigeon to the life of phantasy that he lived with her.

He had not written to her, for the simple and, to him, sufficient reason that he did not know what to say, where to take his stand after having so suddenly removed from under them the old ground on which they had so long, and so at their ease, stood together. He found her perpetual presence in this life of his mind, and the greater freedom of their intercourse there, satisfying enough almost to make up for the lack of her more occasional physical presence in the old life at home.

Although Austin was not hearing from Miss Saunders, he was hearing more and more frequently of her, and in a way that gave him increasing pleasure. Wallace appeared to be fast developing an enthusiastic friendship for her. From his letters, his father judged that the young man was spending most of his leisure time in the hospitable sitting room of the superintendent of nurses. Inarticulate in the expression of feeling as father and son were to each other, bred as they were in the bashful tradition of their race, they were frequently emboldened to say more on paper than they could ever have brought out face to face. Austin certainly wrote these days to his son with a voluminousness and a freedom inspired by the confidence that his letters were read aloud to the person to whom he most desired to express himself. Wallace, obviously puzzled and flattered by his father's unwonted attentions, responded with a fuller self revelation than his reserves had ever before permitted, and Austin gathered that his son's feeling for Miss Saunders was neither the mere hero worship of the young, nor the fluttering of a new-fledged instinct trying its wings and tentatively perched on something of the familiar maternal aspect before its veritable flight. It was rather the beginning of a real and permanent friendship, a communion of ideas, and on the young man's part, Austin could see, the development of ideas, by contact with a mature but fresh and original mind. Austin realized that it was a wonderful experience for the boy to know so soon and so

well such a woman, and it pleased him that his son should, to some extent and in so different a way, be taking his place. But the sense of these new relations served also to make him hug to himself more closely, and with a deeper and warmer conviction, the certainty of his own exclusive possession of her whole mind and heart. It was all very well for her to get what consolation for his absence she could from the presence of his boy, who doubtless reminded her constantly of him, since father and son were reported to be "images" of each other, but she had shown him that he meant to her something infinitely more and different.

How much and just what he meant to her, how much and just what she would be willing to take from him, and to give him, had become increasingly the subjects of his speculation. He knew her to be a woman who thought independently and unconventionally, with an unerring recognition of underlying realities, or of their absence, and he felt her to be strongly endowed with all the normal instincts for the love of men and children. It seemed to him a pity and a waste that she should live without so many of the human relations that enrich and dignify life. Why had she never married, he had sometimes vaguely and casually wondered. Now he wondered whether this could be laid at his door. Had she perhaps all these years cared too much for him to care enough for anyone else? What a woman she would be to love and be loved by!

Such reflections take a man far, and the time came when Austin felt that he was indeed in love with Miss Saunders, that he wanted her, body and soul, with all his mind and heart, with a passion that made the emotion of his youth seem pale and unsubstantial. His imagination, fed by the novels that he read in leisure hours to gain facility in thinking in the language that he spoke in the hospital wards, and in the pages of which he saw only various aspects of the woman who preoccupied his mind —

pictured her to him with an intimacy that he would once have regarded as beyond the line where a man stopped. But in this world where he now lived, a world still essentially French, but so narrowed down by death and disaster that there seemed room in it only for the great primitive passions of love and sacrifice, all social and intellectual barriers were leveled, all conventions looked alike to a generation pouring out its blood for generations to come, and the recognition of human rights. What of the rights of a man and a woman to their love for each other?

It was when matters had gone thus far with him that through changes in the staff, and an impending reorganization of the work, the need came for an able and experienced woman to take charge of the nursing service. Some of the surgeons wondered whether a first rate woman could be got from home, "Miss Saunders, for instance." It was agreed that Austin, who "knew her best" should write. Austin wrote a formal offer of the position with a detailed account of the duties involved.

Then by the same post he sent her a personal letter. He told her that he loved her, and he begged her to come to him. From among the thousand passionate things he had said to her, in imagination, he chose those that could be written, and he poured them out to her. He philosophized about life and death and love. He dispatched his letter unsigned, mindful of the censor and possible accidents of the post, but he knew that she would know.

And then in a few hours, and for weeks — it seemed an eternity — everything was blotted out by the shattering calamity that fell upon him. Graham was brought into the hospital, after a battle in the air, a crumpled mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh. For hours Austin watched the skillful fingers of his associates at work on his boy's body. He knew no one in the world could do the difficult task better than it was being done, not even

he with another subject, but they seemed interminably slow and unendurably clumsy. He could hardly restrain himself from snatching the knives and forceps from their hands, but he knew his own hands were powerless with excess of emotion. And then there came long weeks of fever and of pain, when the boy's life hung in the balance, and when he was kept for the most part under anaesthetics to prevent any unnecessary movement. In these weeks all the world seemed to Austin centered in that curly head lying so unlifelike and pale, with the blue eyes closed and the once laughing mouth drawn in pain.

And to the boy's father memories welled up into consciousness of other sleepless hours spent by the bedside of a little son sick with scarlet fever or diphtheria, unforgettable hours with his wife beside him, when they two were bound together by the indissoluble bonds of a common love and a common anxiety. Tender thoughts of their earlier life replaced the criticism of his recent mood, and the strength of their tie seemed equalled only by the strength of the hold on their hearts of these their children, who made them indeed and forever one.

These weeks of suspense were as aging as years to the father, but finally the balance seemed weighted, though ever so slightly, for recovery. And when the conviction finally came that life was assured, though with what physical losses was still in doubt, Austin was almost too habituated to anxiety, and too exhausted by grief, to accustom himself readily to the great relief.

All the time, and increasingly as his absorption in his boy lessened, Austin was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling in the background of his mind — a sensation like an indigestable substance that will be neither consumed nor expelled. It was the thought of his imaginary love and of the letter that gave it the living body in which it had escaped into the world, and flown on its errand across the ocean. Phrases from the letter flashed before his inner eye and sickened him. Yes, he had actually said

that, and presumably he had felt it at the time. What would she think of it? What did he think of it? What had become of his passion? Had the experience with Graham burned away the remnants of his youth, like a forest fire that consumes the green foliage and leaves only bare and blackened branches in its train? A vast disgust of himself seized him, a mental nausea jaundiced his world. And he awaited the American post with a mixture of eagerness and apprehension.

Finally it came — her answer, and the first words reassured and comforted him: "Dearest friend, the formal letter that I am sending you will explain why I feel that I must stay here, much as a foreign post tempts me. As for the rest — I am refusing that, not because I do not want it, but because there are other things that mean even more to me. You know you and I could never do anything 'on the sly' — that would be unendurable to both of us, and would make us unendurable to each other. It has always seemed to me that the lying and deceit that are inevitable in unacknowledged relations between men and women must degrade them in their own eyes, demoralize them most by forcing them to violate every instinct of sincerity and truth and to pretend to be what they so well know they are not. And to be together publicly would hurt too many we love, to make it possible for us to continue to love each other. Naturally perhaps I think first of my own family and my own friends. My parents could never understand and never face such a thing. How could I make them suffer such extremity of pain and shame as this would mean to them? How indeed could I be happy having made them unconsolably unhappy for all the rest of their lives? You have a mother living, and you know best what you mean to her. And your family — your boys. There we meet again. My interest in your son is quite another affair from my feeling for you, but of its kind it is almost as absorbing, and I think it is in some ways more important for all

three of us. I care too much for you and too much for him to be really tempted to do anything that would hurt you in his eyes. You know — no, you don't know as I do — how he adores you — and respects you. But, dear, there is no getting away from it — he thinks of you as old, and me too, much as he likes me, and though he knows I am some eight years younger, as primarily your contemporary, 'an old friend of father's.' It would be with a kind of disgust and disillusionment that he would face the idea of our thinking of ourselves and of each other as, alas, we do, incurably young as we are! O, my dear, isn't our first duty to him and what he represents? And it is not only our duty, it is our greatest privilege and joy. After all, isn't the greatest interest of the middle aged in the next generation? Isn't that the only really and completely satisfying interest that middle age has? Children, it seems to me, are the realities of life — love is just the shadow they cast before or after. They can cast no shadow for us, dear friend."

Yes, she was right, as she always was. There was no life for them in love, but there was their friendship, thank God, which, now that this fever had passed, might be again as it had been before.

We have not printed the foregoing contribution merely, or even primarily, because it is an unusually good and suggestive story. Being desirous of becoming what Whitelaw Reid used humorously to call *The Tribune* — "The Great Moral Organ," we have no space for fiction merely as such. We could not resist Mr. Colton's little masterpiece in number 16, but ordinarily we can use fiction only to point a moral.

And indeed the foregoing neat bit of it we use for that purpose: not, however, so much for the obvious moral it contains, as for a less obvious but vastly more important one that it does not contain, and for the hanging on of

which, and even for the criticism involved in so doing, we have received the author's gracious permission.

In the story are drawn two characters, intelligent and high-minded, exposed to the greatest of temptations. The man was saved by an external circumstance — one boy's sickness, and the woman by her mother-like affection for the other boy, with a little help from realization that social penalties are apt to weary out any love which society does not sanction. But these exceptionally intelligent people do not show the slightest consciousness of the principal reasons for self-denial; and the worst of it is that, in drawing them so (and this we consider one of the merits of the story), the author has drawn them true to life, as generally manifested today; or rather, the worst is that such is our present life, and of course its literature, to a degree perhaps never known before.

The *what* that is meant by our "such," has two aspects, and although they appear in the work of highly moral and intellectual people, we must crave to be allowed, partly to facilitate our exposition, to treat them as moral obliquity and intellectual stupidity.

Of course all obscene literature has these qualities, and literature has often been more obscene than today; but never while it has observed the externa lproprieties has it been so tolerant of — would it be too much to say: apologetic for, or even advocative of? — unchastity and marital infidelity. This does not appear only in erotic fiction, generally mercenary, or even in fiction of literary consequence, but also in works that are intended to be philosophical and even ethical — not only in Mr. Chambers and Mr. Wells, and their like, but in Ellen Key and her like, and in those who have tried to put a touch of pathos (which we do not begrudge) but a touch of dignity also, in their prize phrase "The Unmarried Mother."

Even did space allow, it might be superfluous to go farther into the moral side of the matter, especially as that may better be approached through the intellectual

side — which is: that all the "freedom" that we have been alluding to is sheer stupidity, and stupidity of a kind especially trying to the patience just now: for it is of the same nature as pacifism. The insistent passions of vigorous manhood, and not seldom of vigorous womanhood, are very trying; and perhaps the greatest source of human misery is in some forms of conjugal brutality or even incompatibility. But they are all inevitable results of imperfect evolution — among the unwed, mainly of the imperfect evolution of society, which does not yet make marriage generally early and easy; and among the wed, of the imperfect evolution of the individual, in health, efficiency, self-control, patience and the higher qualities generally. In the present state of human nature, all this is as inevitable as war; and to advocate sneaking out of it by unchastity or infidelity or reckless divorce, is as absurd and as disastrous as to advocate sneaking out of defensive war by pacifism.

And here comes in the fundamental point: control of sexual passion is as essential to civilization as is resistance to aggressive war. Long before John Fiske pointed out the part in the development of high intelligence and character played by long infancy, with its necessary close and protracted parental care, the family was recognized as the cell with which civilized society is built.

That truth is doubly demonstrated in the fact that a people's degree of civilization can be gauged by its degree of monogamy. The avowedly polygamous nations are not in the running at all. England has always held her own, France under the dissolute reign of Louis Napoleon fell at a touch, and since Germany got her parvenu wealth and power, the monogamy and the civilization of her upper classes have been going to the devil together. There is no reason why she should not yet be happy with reduced population, but to keep up the numbers essential to the brute side of her strength, she is already reverting to the promiscuity of the beasts.

Every sexual indulgence outside of monogamy is a step in the same direction, and away from that ideal love which Nature has been evolving from animal love during the ages in which she has been evolving men from beasts — the love which is not only the highest human attainment, but the chief inspiration of the other high attainments, and immeasurably the greatest source of happiness.

Nature is inflexible in her law that sexual love should accompany this love only in monogamy. Among all her mysterious dispensations, none is more certain than that. History repeats it over and over again, every mature person's observation has included it, and the most approved fiction has always recognized it, as illustrated even in the story we have under comment.

And now a final word in reversion to the moral aspect of the case. The test of morality most approved by reason and experience is that an individual act must be one that would be without harm if committed by everybody in substantially the same situation as the actor. Inasmuch as promiscuity would be the destruction of civilization, any act tending toward it is immoral, and so of course is any literature counseling or condoning such an act.

In many cases keeping up to the moral standard is hard, and there are ten times as many as there would be if people would keep themselves out of temptation, and a hundred times as many as there would be if so much of the literature of the subject were not merely immoral, but stupid.

THE SHORT-STORY BACILLUS

IS not that what is the matter with our literature, and all the more surely because we do not recognize it?

It is no easy matter to speak against the American short-story. As a nation we have implicit pride in it. One doubts if it ever receives its share of blame for the present low level of our fiction. If we do not write good stories, we consider ourselves at fault, not our privileged form of narrative. In our own estimation we have played the short-story false, perverted it through our lack of skill. Not for a moment do we dream that it has perverted us. It has been the undoing of our fiction, and yet our faith in it as an art is undiminished.

We have felt that it was our special contribution to literature, that our mission was to build upon the work of Poe, Hawthorne, and Bret Harte. For years we watched with satisfaction the growing efficiency of the form; we pointed to its trimness, and adopted condescension towards the "amorphic novel." In our zeal we analyzed short-story plots, we classified them, discussed all the means by which the writer could plunge into them and through them and out of them, every device calculated to persuade their characters to the hard job — so rarely accomplished — of living, every secret of surprise and suspense. And always we were cautious, anxiously aware of our own inadequacy. The short-story was, we felt, so succinct, so swift of movement, and any guides to it so insufficient, that even the most competent would hesitate before it. So we set college classes to study it, that they might at least have the discipline of its neat processes, — and every year we published a new text-book on it.

We are still publishing new text-books. The last one is only a few weeks old. Even the war can not stop their propagation! These recent books are, however, different

from our earlier efforts. The days of high attempt to formulate an art for the chosen few are passed. The art has indeed been formulated, but not for the chosen few. Even the undergraduate has now turned professional, and the latest manual claims it can make him succeed. The writing of the short-story, its advertisement affirms — quite correctly — is not only an art but a trade, and as a trade can be mastered with perseverance and good instruction, like any other. A little practice, and even feeble authors attack plot with deceiving confidence. Their story goes through the movements with an air of propriety; it has the approved subjection to climax; it follows with scrupulous care the fad of turning characters inside out for perusal. In fact the well-trained short-story writer needs two requisites only: a plot which he can handle as expertly as he can his automobile, and a problem. Then with his theme speeding towards the winner's line, we lean forward in our seats and read to the finish. His tale has "pep," as we say; we breathe satisfaction and give him easily-gained place among us.

Our short-story has acquired so many of the externals of good writing that it has dulled us to what good writing is in itself. Every year our taste, it would seem, is becoming more eccentric, and we are becoming more complacent with its eccentricity. That which is plausibly efficient must, we feel, in all reason count for something. Nor are we in a mood to be hypercritical: we take a pardonable interest in our own problems and are willing to pay attention to almost any one who will talk about them. If *Puss in Boots* and *The Lilac Sunbonnet* were written today, they would scarcely escape the rights of woman, or pause in the contemporary race for plot exit. The short-story has become an obsession with us. We like our poems to be short-stories made shorter and set to metre, or better, with Mr. Frost, *vers libre;* we like our novels to be short-stories made slightly longer, and our plays short-stories put on the stage. We can recall only with effort

what we were like before we acquired the short-story habit. Fiction which is not of it is hard for us intellectually to appropriate. We marvel at the meandering length of *Jean Christophe;* we are fast forgetting our beloved Dickens; we show not even decent surprise when Mrs. Atherton tells us she cannot read *Henry Esmond* because it begins five times in the first five chapters, and even then, we infer, does not, in her estimation, get started.

Whoever thinks us responsive to any great variety of art interests simply has not faced the issue squarely. We do not wish authors to experiment in fiction, nor will we — and here is our crime — have anything to do with them while they experiment. We play as intimate a part in the delicate battledore and shuttlecock of rejected manuscript as do the writers and editors more obviously concerned; and if authors wish their work accepted they must use the quick type of plot which we have sanctioned. American stories of whatever length or purport must be after our own excited fashion.

In all fairness, why do we not put to test this devotion of ours to the short-story's specialized plot? Is it, for instance, the part of common sense to insist that novels as well as storiettes be written according to its short scene and its sharp climax, or that authors, however various of talent, adapt their material, however various, to this same short scene and sharp climax? Must our wish for the truncated or the distorted in narrative always be satisfied? Apparently we have not noticed that Katharine Fullerton Gerould is the only writer of marked distinction among us who seems to find herself at home with our plot, nor have we stopped to consider that her facility may come not from any merit of the short-story form itself, but rather from the accident that a person of ability is interested in the flamboyant. If she should attempt the Sunday school story, one feels that it would become at her touch exotic, an East Indian product grown of a strange trick of the mind. But because a "diabolically clever"

writer can make good narrative style coincide with a study of the distraught, other clever writers may not be equally successful. In Poe's day not all authors were expected to perpetrate murders in the Rue Morgue. Today we are less considerate of preference. A person who meditates is warned to step lively; one who indulges the inconsequential Trollope chuckle is thought frankly *non compos*. The whimsical belongs to the light essay. Sauntering is out of place in fiction; the traffic of our story must not be blocked.

One wonders what genial reminiscent Irving would have done in these brisk thoroughfares. Would he have exploited the Bracebridge home and blazed a quick white way to its door, chased off the little Christmas choristers, and let loose some other business within its old walls? — and since we no longer do him the honor of reading him, let us at least pay him the tribute of thinking that he wouldn't. Instead he might have turned with so many of our men of letters today to research work, and written perhaps a serious *Knickerbocker's History of New York* — doubtless a valuable contribution, but a queer trick played with our literature.

If one stops to think about it, our silly loyalty to the short-story must be playing many queer tricks just about now. It may well be crowding out of fiction literary cartoonists like Simeon Strunsky. Hampered as they are by their talent for picturesque reflection, what is there open to them here in narrative? One fancies a still more lamentable trick was played with O Henry. It looks as if he would never get credit for being anything more than clever. His skits of stories were turned off prodigally for our amusement, their wisdom and witty perspective giving incongruous value to the plots, cheap as they often are. He was our nicest jester, and we never thought of his doffing cap and bells and turning Lord High Chancellor. We should not have encouraged him in the act, and we

need not now pretend that we should have done so. We do not encourage any one.

What, pray, would John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett have done had they had to take their chances among us? Would they perhaps have turned psychologist with William James? or would they more wisely have fled the country with his brother? Of course the work of Englishmen and plenty of it, we like to boast, is published in America. But it must first, we insist, have reached acknowledged success. We should grant scanty sustenance to a young Bennett, whatever his promise. If any one among us has the hardihood to write a novel, he must at least also have the grace to make it brief. Not for a moment would we adopt Mr. H. G. Wells's opinion. He writes: ". . . the novel by comparison [with the short-story] is like breakfasting in the open air on a summer morning. Nothing is irrelevant if the writer's mood is happy; and the tapping of the thrush on the garden-path or the petal of apple blossom that floats down into my coffee, is as irrelevant as the egg I open or the bread and butter I bite." We like his blithe view, but the majority of us would rather not participate. We do not care for breakfast in the open, and we prefer with our coffee the customary newspaper to the prettiest of petals. If the novel is to be tolerated by us, it must, with the short-story, be expeditious. We have to be at our office at nine.

Fortunately the Englishman does not have to be at his till eleven. Fiction is still written in the English language by a country which recognizes the value of leisure in art. Mr. Britling could scarcely have grown to a personality with us. He required time and space, and we should have granted him neither. An American author would not have dared start a novel without more definite story incident in view. He would have planned a quick sequence of events, and have governed the action of his characters by that sequence. Mr. Britling is not to be so governed. The erratic man lives along after his kind and works things

out as he goes. Even Mr. Wells's usual straining after the indecent to some extent fails; his hero is bigger than the facts of the story. Our own busy plot might be all very well, provided it gave room for anything else: for the average character needs plenty of room. Mr. Britling required a lordly sweep for the turning of his machine, and even then, one seems to remember, he ran into a hedge.

After all, is not our emphasis on plot somewhat without reason and almost without precedent? It is a truism, although we have schooled ourselves to ignore it, that plot has never yet been the distinguishing mark between good literature and poor. Considered extrinsically, from the point of view of pure incident, the story of Bathsheba Everdene or even of Clara Middleton would make fine copy for yellow journalism. One seems to have heard too that the plot of a book rarely stays in mind, that what survives the reading is the pleasure got from the individual scene, from the way a thing chances to be said in the individual line. One keeps the impression that it was subtle or witty or wise, that the scenes held the attention. Many bits in Mr. Wells's novel so linger with the reader. There is the meeting at the station to which Mr. Britling came "in the clothes that had happened to him when he got up." There are the almost classic night thoughts, which never could have found place in a story of more exact determination. No author would plan for these long hours in a close plot. They wouldn't run by schedule: once started they would not be easily stopped; nor would a carefully timed and expected instant get them started. In our exaltation of plot we seem to forget that the successful scene — the scene which remains clear-cut far longer than the story which gives it birth — frequently comes by chance. It is as if we believed an author could foretell his moments of greatness, and therefore could pre-arrange in a nicely adjusted plan the space appropriate to the merit of the various events of his story. As if Thackeray on approaching the scene between Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne had

consulted his notes, and with poised recollection said, "I now give three pages to my master-stroke!"

The older novelists are not, to differ point blank from Mrs. Atherton, undeserving of admiration. Those sturdy adventurers into uncharted fiction at least placed the emphasis in story-writing where it belongs, — on the handling of the individual scene. Plot was not for them the *sine qua non* of writing, nor was their chief concern to make theme, characters, and situation develop it. Luckily they had not happened on the axiom that a theme rolled at proper speed through any situation will gather to itself a plot. In consequence they did not hurl it into the first scene, rush it relentlessly up the hill of the climax, and pitch it with the roar of explosion from the crest. A theme introduced into the quiet community of Jane Austen by no means makes a to-do or shortens the chat over the teacups. Fielding, to be sure, juxtaposes with thorough satisfaction his good so-called bad boy and his bad so-called good boy, but never did writer make less use of his theme to hasten his story. With him and with his successors the movement of plot is frequently so moderate, effect follows so haltingly, if at all, on cause, that the pleasure of the novel depends on its scenes. The business of any one moment is not exclusively to lead to the next; of far more importance is what gets said by the way. The writer may not always employ himself to the profit of his tale, but now and then, amid the story aberrations, he may employ himself very much to the profit of the reader. Dickens's Pip flashes out, "Indeed when I knew her [his extraordinary mistress] better, I began to think it was a mercy she had any features at all, so very blank and high was the dead wall of her face." With the words the reader's intuition is complete.

To our American quick narrative, the good line, more especially the good scene, does not often chance. The writer has to know so well where he is going and how soon he must be there, that interest shifts: the end becomes de-

sirable, the leisure of wayside detail almost unknown. The scene of the average American story has now become so short that it is rarely actuated before the plot has hurried on. The characters are analyzed — most certainly! — but they are given little time to think or act in any sustained fashion for themselves. In fact everything is done for them except to allow them time in which to live. Shall we never realize that they must pass through that first necessary moment of birth before they are subject to dissection? — that no amount of telling what they are like avails unless they exist? An American automaton may go through a depressing number of psychological antics without once over-stepping his own nonentity. Furthermore — and this is something one doubts if we ever learn, so firm is our belief in works — he may follow the fullest of stage directions without once catching breath of his own volition; may dig his cane into the earth nonchalantly, inadvertently, spitefully; may speak artfully, remotely, obliquely; may in general be seen and heard adverbially, throughout the entire story. He has been known to wipe his spectacles fifty times, and still leave the reader unconvinced that the matter has been well attended to. What we seem to feel is that the analytic paragraph, the descriptive phrase, are all any character has a right to expect; that he should learn to live on these, and consider himself fortunate in the present day of strict economy. Real things must happen, good story incident. He must not stop for inconsequential chat.

In short we seem unaware that a narrative may have all the momentum which an up-to-date theme and up-to-date methods can give it, and yet of itself be dead-weight, at no instant of its course authentically quick. Turgenieff and De Maupassant, we are accustomed to assert with pedagogic confidence, wrote by the close plot; but we quite overlook the fact that Turgenieff, at least, was wiser than we. His story, concise as it is, is never packed. It reaches its end soon, but it does not hurry to that end. Its scenes

are long and fully actuated; its characters are granted time to be human. We quite overlook the fact, too, that it may in part be length of scene which puts Turgenieff's stories out and away ahead of De Maupassant's. There is always the doubt, of course, as to whether the great Frenchman could have made a real man had he chosen to give himself the opportunity, but certainly his short quick scene did not encourage him to experiment. Again, even more blindly, we overlook the fact that length of scene may at present be responsible for Europe's rating of Russian fiction above American. Much as one would dislike the Russian scene to come among us, it is better adapted to narrative than is our own. Our work loses sight of the scene in the story; Russian work loses sight of the story in the scene. Of the two we have rather the worse of the bargain.

The outcome seems manifestly unfair: for one doubts if the Russian writer is really better than the American, or for that matter, if the English writer is better. Both Edith Wharton and Margaret Deland began by handling the individual scene with vindicating reality. Their work, different as it was, had the knack of projecting itself unaltered into the reader's mind. Both, however, have steadily, if slowly, shortened the scene, in concession to the ever growing excitement of plot, — and both have lost by that concession. If any one is inclined to doubt our short-story's power to blight, let him read *The Coming of the Tide*.

ATHENS AND BERLIN

MUCH has been said about the antithesis to Christianity of Germany's recent — if no longer present — philosophy. But it is significant that the moral ideas of the Prussians have been no more unchristian than they have been unhellenic. Berlin is as remote from Athens as from Bethlehem.

In our modern western civilization have coalesced two great streams of morals. Paganism, with its noble Justice, and Christianity, with its radiant Charity, joined forces at the time of the Renaissance. Of their combined riches we are the plutocratic heirs. Our amazed horror of Prussian thought, today, springs from the realization that it has denied the whole brilliant inheritance, which converged from Greece and Palestine, and was held in trust for the Occident by the Roman Empire. Germany has rejected those standards of conduct which we have valued in either classical or Christian civilization, and has seemed to derive her motives — however camouflaged by a modern vocabulary — from the northern barbarism which even mighty Rome could not draw into the radius of her law and order.

The purpose of this paper is to choose, suggestively rather than exhaustively, a few salient illustrations of the moral differences between the modern Hun and the ancient Hellene.

A contemporary has well stated Germany's treble moral offence. She showed herself unprincipled in the first instance by making war, in the second instance by the conduct of war, in the third instance by her mode of defense of war and lawlessness. Of these three elements probably the "conduct of the war" most closely unites all of us in horror and detestation. Our moral sense has been deeply shocked by the inhumaneness of the Germans. It has not seemed to us to be the sporadic brutality which

is known in all nations, noisome offspring of evil passion, waxing lusty in the heat of battle. Rather it has forced itself upon us as the expression of an idea, even the outcome of a characteristic. By their unparalleled atrocities the Germans have certainly denied the Christian ideal of mercy. But, in addition, they have rejected a quality which, a thousand years before Christ, was already conspicuous in the Hellenic race. It is by cruelty that the Germans have most obviously cut loose from the trend of western progress, and allied themselves with that Hunnish barbarism which once existed in the untamed districts north of the Mediterranean, and knew neither the exquisite humaneness of Greece nor the evolved and constraining law of Rome.

Out from a surrounding darkness the Greek race emerged radiantly into history, holding humaneness aloft like a torch. Hellenists have made a great point of this uniqueness of Greece. "No other nation," said Ernest Myers, speaking of Athens in her maturity, "has ever before or since known what it was to stand alone immeasurably advanced at the head of the civilization of the world." And Gilbert Murray calls Hellenism, at its birth, "an outpost, a small, white-hot centre of spiritual life in a world of effortless barbarism." When every tradition and precedent in the world pointed towards the pitiless enslavement of the weak by the strong, the Greeks appeared over the edge of history, with a society conspicuous for humane considerations. Their development never swerved from this general road, until in classical Athens there was evolved a society which, to an amazing degree, emphasized the worth of man, apart from his physical strength or worldly accretions.

Let us, for a moment, look at Berlin and Athens from the angle of their home manners.

In Prussia it has not been pleasant to be an inferior. Either physical or social weakness involves the risk of exploitation. We are told authoritatively that for years

patients in German hospitals have been used callously "in the cause of science." The arch-Prussian's brutal theory of woman's uses is too well-known to quote, and, in spite of the modern German feministic movement, the treatment of women in Berlin still abounds in contemptuous implications. Most of us have shuddered at the Prussian way of speaking to a servant. All of us have resented the Prussian officer's sabre-cut across the face of the Alsatian cripple. Even those of us who in the old days were friends of Germany used to acknowledge that *Grobheit* — a harsh rudeness — flourished on the streets of Berlin. That was why we went oftener to Munich.

In Athens, on the contrary, it was not a harsh fate to be an inferior, whether cripple, or slave or woman. Interpreters of Hellenism have proved to us in detail that the Greek treatment of women and slaves, although offensive to the modern theory of political rights, was an immense advance upon the Orientalism of the surrounding world, and the index of a deep-seated racial humaneness. Women in Athens were excluded from much that the modern woman demands or receives, but at the same time a superb conception of the nature and function of the "weaker" sex dominated the religion, art, and literature of the most gifted men in history. Athena — neither Apollo nor Aphrodite — was the divine counterpart of the Athenian state, the incarnation and the expression of the wisdom and strength and grace of the city of Athens. When we turn to the slaves, we find the same improvement upon preceding beliefs. Within the ancient world, "in Greece alone men's consciences were troubled by slavery." By the time Athens was the proud mistress of the Ægean world it was said by amazed contemporaries that on her streets one could not tell the difference between a slave and a free man. Slavery was at least partially cleansed of its moral error by the courtesy and the gentleness with which Athenians usually treated those who served them. The treatment often went beyond kindness and became delicate

and graceful. For example, when the poet Agathon gave the dinner at which Socrates inaugurated the famous conversation on love, he said to his servants: "Play hosts for us today. Arrange the dinner as if we were your guests." Evidently his slaves seemed to him not wholly excluded from the ministry of that Eros whom he toasted as "the pilot, the helper, the defender, the savior of human intercourse." Granted that pagan Athens was no more free from the illusion of master and man than Christian states have been, we must at least acknowledge that no other city in history has done more to soften the situation by an appreciation of the human being in the servant.

Furthermore, this kind of appreciation, outside of slavery, made Athenian society perhaps more truly democratic than any we have constructed. Among the free citizens caste was practically unknown. In the marketplace, under the clear skies of Athens, statesman and sausage-seller met on an unobscured equality. Not even a victorious general would have been rude, much less arrogant, towards a crippled cobbler. Pericles himself, as completely aristocratic as any Athenian could be, seems to have exemplified the fine manners as well as the genius of his country. Plutarch tells this story of him: "When a vile and abandoned fellow loaded him a whole day with reproaches and abuse, he bore it with patience and silence, and continued in public for the despatch of some urgent affairs. In the evening he walked softly home, this impudent wretch following, and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language; and as it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home." [1]

When Pericles, in delivering the commemoration address over the first dead in the Peloponnesian war, justified their death by showing the character of the city for which they had made the sacrifice, he picked out for honorable

[1] The translations in this article are taken from well-known English renderings of the Greek authors.

mention the delicate *bonhommie*, the radiant openness of Athenian intercourse. "There is no exclusiveness," he said, "in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another." Contrast with this a recent description of the Germans, in a sane and objective discussion of their mind before the war: "The German has by temperament a more than ordinary readiness to suspect an evil will in those with whom he has to do, to think that somebody is wanting to get the better of him, to put a slight upon him." The Englishman who says this, with a proper caution against his own inclusive statement, can also quote a German as corroborating it: "The German is . . . offendible, vindictive." The result is suspicion abroad as well as at home. "A nation which exhibits such characteristics in the relations between man and man at home is naturally disposed to regard other nations chiefly as potential enemies." The final outcome was our world-war.

But let us retrace our steps to humaneness in its more specific sense, in its contrast to cruelty and frightfulness. The ability to feel pity for helplessness was not only Athenian but Hellenic, and is reflected in many stories of Greek life. One of the most enchanting of these is told by Herodotus of some Corinthians who could not kill a baby because it smiled at them. We cannot help wishing that they, rather than the Germans, had been let loose among the children of Belgium and France. The story is deliciously human in its picture of the inconvenience of being soft-hearted. But, as an actual fact, this natural humaneness of the Greeks was greatly prized by them. Athenian literature — without Athens Hellenism would have been almost mute — threw emphasis upon it and raised it to the dignity of an ideal. It was regarded as a part of that precious civilization which was superior to the barbarism of the rest of the world. The history of Herodotus, in its main sweep, is an epic of the opposing civilizations of Persia and Hellas. If any particular anecdote is not true

to the historical instance, it is at least true to the standards in defense of which the Greeks were willing to fight the Persians. We may, therefore, linger over one story which contains the essence of their humaneness. Here is the result when war is upon them. Pausanias had just won the decisive victory of Platæa, which saved Hellas from Xerxes. A certain violent islander, from Ægina, came to him, "and counselled him to do a deed of exceeding wickedness. 'Son of Cleombrotus,' he said very earnestly, 'what thou hast already done is passing great and glorious. By the favour of Heaven thou hast saved Greece, and gained a renown beyond all the Greeks of whom we have any knowledge. Now, then, so finish thy work, that thine own fame may be increased thereby, and that henceforth barbarians may fear to commit outrages on the Grecians. When Leonidas was slain at Thermopylæ, Xerxes and Mardonius commanded that he should be beheaded and crucified. Do thou the like at this time by Mardonius, and thou wilt have glory in Sparta and likewise through the whole of Greece. For, by hanging him upon a cross, thou wilt avenge Leonidas, who was thy father's brother.'

"Thus spake Lampon, thinking to please Pausanias; but Pausanias answered him: 'My Æginetan friend'— note the personal courtesy of the general — 'for thy foresight and thy friendliness I am much beholden to thee; but the counsel which thou hast offered is not good. First thou hast lifted me up to the skies, by thy praise of my country and my achievement; and then thou hast cast me down to the ground, by bidding me maltreat the dead, and saying that thus I shall raise myself in men's esteem. Such doings befit barbarians rather than Greeks; and even in barbarians we detest them. On such terms, then, I could not wish to please the Æginetans, nor those who think as they think — enough for me to gain the approval of my own countrymen, by righteous deeds as well as by righteous words. Leonidas, whom thou wouldst have me avenge, is, I maintain, abundantly avenged already. Surely the

countless lives here taken are enough to avenge not him only, but all those who fell at Thermopylæ. Come not then before me again with such a speech, nor with such counsel; and thank my forbearance that thou art not now punished.'"

If Prussia was our barbarian, mutilating and crucifying our dead, who among us was as clear-cut against reprisals as this ancient Greek?

Now let us go on in Greek history to an episode of a larger kind, authentic, untinged by poetic glamor. Thucydides describes for us an interesting instance of popular humaneness in Athens under national provocation. It occurred in the Peloponnesian war, and thus belongs to a period when the finer spiritual life of Athens was showing signs of decadence. She had tasted of ambition and empire, and her vision had been dimmed. And, yet, in dealing with a revolt within her empire, she recoiled from an act of wholesale cruelty. Mytilene had rebelled, and had dealings with her enemies. In their indignation the Athenians determined to put to death not only the ringleaders, who had been arrested and sent to Athens, but all the grown-up citizens of Mytilene, and to enslave the women and children. The Athenians sent off a trireme with an order to their commander on the island to carry out the decree at once. "But on the following day a kind of remorse seized them; they began to reflect that a decree which doomed to destruction not only the guilty but a whole city was cruel and monstrous." An assembly was again summoned and the question re-submitted to the whole people. Cleon, the demagogue of the day, and the "most violent of the citizens," spoke in contempt of the sentiment of pity. "I have remarked again and again," he began, "that a democracy cannot manage an empire, but never more than now, when I see you regretting your condemnation of the Mytilenæans." And the end of his long speech has the true Prussian ring: "Do not be soft-hearted at the sight of their distress."

In opposition to this a speech was made by Diodotus, who held that magnanimity is the best policy. "Pass sentence at your leisure on the Mytilenæans whom Paches, deeming them guilty, has sent hither; but leave the rest of the inhabitants where they are. This will be good policy for the future and will strike present terror into your enemies. For wise counsel is really more formidable to an enemy than the severity of unmeaning violence." The motion of Diodotus prevailed. Now this argument of expediency may not be the highest. Having acquired an empire, the democratic Athenians were more bent on retaining it than on the pursuit of an idealistic justice. But the fact that to be merciful appealed to a popular body — the assembly comprised all the citizens — as politically wisest and best, proves the continued existence in the Athenian mind of an appreciation of the worth of humaneness. Furthermore, in the discussion which ended in the victory of Diodotus, we may assume that many were less influenced by the idea of expediency than by the "remorse" which had seized them after the wholesale condemnation of the Mytilenæans, and which had been responsible for the fresh referendum. Surely, many citizens felt an honest relief in the outcome for Mytilene.

Ten years later, to be sure, Melos fared worse. After successive revolts and hostile attacks from these islanders, the Athenians finally put to death all who were of military age and made slaves of the women and children. The poison was working in the Athenian state. But Thucydides, who tells this story, begins, at its close, upon the tragic history of the Sicilian Expedition, by which Athens was adequately punished for every crime she had ever committed. Grim and direct, he lets events express his judgment.

Furthermore, we, with the wider survey of posterity, know that this moral blunder was a sporadic one — a *crime passionel* — in no wise the outcome of a reasoned philosophy. Nor was the general decadence during the Peloponn-

nesian war destructive of the roots of Athenian character. In the fourth century the citizens of Athens, shorn of imperialistic sovereignty, exercised still their old sovereignty in the concerns of beauty, goodness and truth. The old humaneness, which had adorned Greeks at their appearing, and which had never suffered any general obscuration under their material ambitions, blossomed afresh in the teachings of poets and philosophers, and in a social life distinguished by courtesy, kindness, and exquisite tolerations.

In this epoch Socrates clearly anticipated the golden rule, and Plato denounced the massive inhumanity of those potentates in history who have used uncommon power to betray whole cities, to bring whole peoples into slavery. Such "multi-murders" are the result of a belief that might is right. Plato and Socrates were in the van of the thought of their own day, but among the leaders of modern Germany we listened in vain for clarion warnings against the rottenness of a power that is used for evil. On the contrary, the identification of might and right belongs to the tripartite moral offence of Prussia. It is her "defense of war and lawlessness." How any such conviction impressed a practical Athenian statesman may be seen from the horror which it caused in Demosthenes, when he detected it in the Macedonian king: "Never, never, Athenians, can injustice and oath-breaking and falsehood make a strong power. They hold out for once and for a little; they blossom largely in hopes, belike; but time finds them out and they wither where they stand. As a house and a ship must be strongest at the lowest parts, so must the bases and foundations of a policy be true and honest, which they are not . . . in Macedon." But the denunciation of Plato has the grandeur of poetry. "In the day of Judgment" — so run his solemn words — "when souls are naked, the Judge of all may happen to lay hands on the soul of some great king or despot who has no soundness in him, but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have

been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of all deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinency, and despatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves."

This passage may well serve as a sign-post toward a still further element in our Hellenic heritage. The Greeks possessed a quality which the Germans have never possessed on its intellectual side, and which on its moral side they have trampled under foot in their theory of supermen and their identification of themselves with these imaginary masters of the future. From any such megalomania the Greeks were saved by the sense of proportion, their sane temperance, their moderated harmony of mind and heart, ambition and insight. They called this quality "Sophrosŷne," and, with Gilbert Murray, we make futile efforts to translate it as Temperance, Gentleness, a tempering of dominant emotions by gentle thought, a spirit that thinks and is patient, that saves and not destroys. Its importance is a commonplace. Merely to have heard of the ancient Athenians is to have heard of their ideal of Moderation and of its outcome in their intellect, their conduct, their art and their politics. Bestowed upon them as a natural dower, it received for them a religious sanction from the Delphic Apollo, the conscience of Hellas, the god of reason, the light of life. It befitted every age and station. The Athenian school-boy was admonished to show temperance in his speech and gait and clothes. When young people married, their fathers and mothers reminded them that they must seek happiness through a wise soberness. The brilliant rule of Pericles was praised as one of moderation. "Under his guidance," Thucydides adds, "Athens was safe and *reached the height of her greatness.*" This verdict history has confirmed and enlarged. Even

the bodily death of Periclean Athens did not bring to an end a greatness bastioned on saving, rather than destructive thought.

The thought which destroys, which might have demolished both the temporal and the spiritual sovereignty of Athens, was known to the Greeks as Hybris. It was that insolence which seemed to animate those who yesterday were in control of Germany. In Athens it was regarded as the most ruinous blight that could fall upon character. No people is ever free from this danger. Hybris does, indeed, tempt one and all. But, while the leaders and prophets of Greece continually lifted their voices in warning, all the voices of Germany — at least all that were listened to — from throne and university and pulpit, seemed only to drive an infatuated nation farther and farther along the way that leads to destruction. Infatuation, the Greeks believed, was the progenitor of insolence. A recently expressed judgment of Germany is completely Hellenic in temper: "The origin of the present catastrophe is the temper of the German people in A. D. 1914 — the craving for vague, splendid things, the unquestioning credulity with which they were ready to follow their rulers into a prodigious adventure." Æschylus would have expressed the same idea by saying that Infatuation, "invincible, unholy, wild," begat Insolence, and Insolence begat Ruin.

In Athens the dread of Hybris was as pervasive as the admiration of Sophrosŷne. The soldier and the athlete and the artist were urged not to be insolent. The national aspect of the danger, the risk of a whole people going insane with ambition, haunted the mind of Æschylus, poet and soldier, patriot and prophet. Athens was exposed to Insolence at the close of the Persian wars, when she was garnering the rich fruits of a deserved victory. Her spiritual danger began as her physical danger ended. Pericles, when his day came, met the risk, as we have seen, by the positive cure of a moderate régime. The genius of his

artists and the intellect of his thinkers followed the same path. To the older Æschylus had fallen the task of rebuking and warning. Immediately after the Persian war he began to admonish the brilliant, gifted, ambitious people of victorious Athens.

The note is sounded in one of Æschylus' early plays, *The Persians*, which commemorated the amazing defeat of the invaders of Hellas. He had fought both at Marathon and Salamis, courting a death which, as we now know, would have meant an irreparable loss, not only to the genius of his own race, but to the inheritances of our western world. By a divine chance he lived through the war, to serve the ages. While Athens was still vibrant with the thrill of victory, he proclaimed that only righteousness and justice gave worth to victorious armies, and that insolence will surely propagate a country's ruin. He makes it clear that the Persians were conquered by reason of their defiance of the gods, and the inference is near that divine punishment awaits all overweening people—themselves included.

The poet's clear conviction on this point is reënforced by the *Agamemnon*, written two decades later. Here he thinly disguises his warning by making it refer to the Achæan heroes as they return from the Trojan war, but it is, in reality, his condemnation of a contemporary scheme of greed and imperial expansion on the part of the Athenians. The Trojan war, Æschylus tells the Athenians, started because the Trojans (like the Persians, like the Germans) committed

> The reckless crime. Its vaunts upreared
> Breathed over-plus of war, nor feared;
> At naught its hand was stayed.

Their conquerors are urged to avoid a like sin:

> What brings no bane, let that content.
> Wealth bulwarks not the insolent;
> Whose out-thrust foot Great Justice spurns
> And her high altar overturns
> Him God will shun.

Great Justice! To her triumph over Insolence the greatest of Greek poets dedicated the greatest of his dramas.

Now, in carrying out this purpose, Æschylus gives a profound and individual interpretation of a farther idea, which was, in varied forms, characteristic of the Greeks, and which, obviously, has been discarded by the Prussians. This is that strength is merely bestial and unworthy of the human race, unless it be accompanied by wisdom. Wisdom is no synonym for science. Physical science has been admirably defined as unmoral, as capable of wearing "the livery of either heaven or hell." Science in itself is merely a form of power. And, like all power, it must submit to wisdom's guidance. This conviction of the Greeks lay deep. Their legends often portray brute force overcome by a wisely directed intelligence. The idea was often expressed in their sculpture. One has only to remember the battles of Gods and giants carved with especial joy and artistic elation after the mind of Greece had laid low the huge body of Persia. Æschylus made it quite clear that this dominant wisdom was not mere knowledge, but the other part of Justice. If man does not see this for himself, God teaches him by suffering. Do not persist in unjust dealings, the poet says to his city, otherwise through suffering you will have to learn wisdom. Zeus beneficently has made this his abiding law.

With such a trumpet blast we are, finally, summoned to a conception of the reality of God in the life of man and the life of the nation. In Æschylus a superb monotheism is adumbrated. Zeus, the incarnation of Wisdom and Justice, who cannot be confined within a name, is already emerging, above the limiting horizon of the poet's age, and foreshadowing the more perfect apprehension, in Plato, of the Divine Mind, stripped of the vesture of polytheism.

The Greeks, by insisting upon the prime dignity of man, introduced into the world a humanism which counts among their richest gifts to history. But this never meant

that they denied the existence of powers beyond their own. On the contrary, in no nation has there been less general atheism than in intellectualized Athens. The religion of the Athenians was not a distinctively personal one, abundant in some individuals and meagre in others. Rather it was "social-political," a religion "in which man's attachment to the divine powers is rooted in his corporate life, in the economy of the household, the tribe, the city." The Greeks had no genius for religion as a thing apart. Among them never appeared either an Isaiah or a St. Francis. But every single form of their many-sided genius had a religious sanction. Nothing whatever — not government, nor business, nor education, nor athletics, nor art, nor philosophy, nor science — lacked a direct connection with divinity. Christianity has only too often divorced the powers of man from the power of God. Hellenism never failed to see them as counterparts of each other.

Therefore, in the popular conception, the national characteristics of which we have been speaking were enjoined by the gods. You must be humane, because Zeus is the God of Pity. You must be temperate, because Apollo warns you against the fatal defect of "too much." You must avoid being insolent, because Nemesis, the minister of the gods, lies in wait with divine retribution. This pervasive religiousness ran the gamut from the polytheistic concreteness of the masses to the passionate righteousness of Æschylus and the pure idealism of Plato. It included the piety of Herodotus and the rationalism of Euripides. And it included also the reasonable, dignified compliance of Pericles with the dignified and reasonable religion of his city.

To this humanistic religiousness there was no parallel whatever in the religious fanaticism of the house of Hohenzollern. Upon the belt of the German soldiers was engraved *Gott mit uns*. And yet, in the strict sense of the words, Berlin has been godless. Heine knew what would

happen when materialism culminated in Germany. His extraordinary prophecy has lately been disseminated among us: "Christianity has in some degree softened the brutal German lust of battle, yet could not destroy it. And if ever that controlling talisman, the cross, breaks down, then the savagery of the old warriors, the senseless Berserker rage, about which the northern poets sing and say so much, will spring up once more. That talisman is rotting and the day will come when it will pitiably crumble. Then the old gods of stone lift themselves from the refuse of the ages, and rub from their eyes the dust of a thousand years. And Thor finally leaps up with his great hammer and shivers the Gothic cathedrals."

Certainly in Prussia the cross of Christ has seemed to be crumbling. But it is also true that the light which has streamed upon the world from the Acropolis of Athens had ceased to shine there. If a dual judgment from these spheres of morals is to be passed, Berlin will fare better at the cross than on the Acropolis. Christianity bides her time, with mercy in her hand. Hellenism can only warn of an on-rushing Nemesis.

Even as these words are written, the clouds of battle part, and Nemesis stands revealed.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN THE SMALL TOWN

I

How Not to Do It

BEING the possessor of two dogs, I contribute annually four dollars toward the maintenance of our public library — the amount of my dog tax. I believe the library is not entirely supported by the canine population, but they are its chief prop. The same is true of surrounding rural communities. We all have public libraries, for is it not a hallowed tradition that American democracy is built upon the joint foundation of the free public school and the free public library? There would be a great hue and cry if anybody rose in Town Meeting and moved to transfer the dog tax to the highway fund, or in some other way withdraw support from the library. The foundations of the State would rock, and a flood of saving eloquence would be unloosed. Yet, for all I can see, we would actually be much better off, materially and spiritually, if the several hundred dollars annually spent upon our library had for the past half century been judiciously applied to the foundations of our roads.

For this statement, I shall be accused of gross materialism. I can only answer by calling your attention more specifically to our roads and our free public library, and to the fact that we all use the roads, and very few of us use the library. We use the roads because we have to, though most of them belong to a prehistoric period. No such compulsion exists in the case of the library, so we escape it into the comparative modernity of the newspapers. During the long winter, our roads are for the most part impassable to motors, not being broken out after the storms, so that a farmer or milk producer who adjusts his summer schedule to motor transportation has to readjust

it to the speed of horses laboring through drifts. Milk collection by motor truck becomes impossible, and each farmer has to hitch up and spend from one to four or even six hours a day in the biting wind—most of it time needlessly wasted. As soon as the snow melts, the mud sets in, for the only stone road in the township (which has been settled for two centuries) is a State highway cutting a corner. This mud lasts usually for a month at least in the low places, making motor traffic still impractical and greatly slowing up even horse traffic and reducing the carrying capacity of the team fifty per cent. For less than six months our roads are tolerable, then the autumn mud sets in, and soon the snow again.

Now, the economic drain of such road conditions is real and, in the aggregate, stupendously large. The spiritual aspect is no less real, but intangible. (To be sure, the economic aspect is intangible to the average Yankee farmer!) The psychological effect on a boy of that daily winter grind into town with a load of milk, facing a cutting north wind, bucking drifts, suffering in every bone; and the effect of those unspeakable days of wallowing through March mud, each trip reproducing the struggles of a mired gun crew on a retreat—he *must* get his milk out!—is one of deep, subconscious discouragement. Bad roads have driven as many good boys from farm to city as any single factor. In this day of cheap motor cars, the proverbial isolation of the farmer and his family need not exist. It continues largely because of bad roads, and roads improperly maintained. The total effect is distinctly injurious to the entire community — to the nation.

That is the evil bad roads do; they have made the farmers poor and kept them so, they have made the young folks discontented and driven them away, they have bred poverty and discouragement. Now, in all honesty, what have our boasted public libraries done of good to balance it? If you are familiar with any rural public libraries, think it over. Perhaps you know a different sort of library

from any I have encountered. I hope so. But my experience of rural public libraries (and some of them were not so rural, at that) has been of a leathery-smelling room, open once a week for an afternoon, or maybe twice a week in summer, where from a few hundred to a few thousand odd volumes, most of them worthless, stood about, presided over by whatever anæmic village spinster most needed the job, and almost exclusively patronized by children looking for stories and women looking for the same thing. Occasionally somebody may drop in to consult the dictionary, or a high school pupil may nose out the encyclopædia, or a member of the woman's club may seek material for a "paper" on "Beautiful Switzerland," amid a great fluster of search by the anæmic librarian. Recently, of course, there has been added a demand for books about the war. But that the badly equipped institution, stocked by one knows not what haphazard method, really answers the requirements of a true library, or in any way justifies the expenditure of the annual dog tax upon it, that it repays in service to the community one tithe of its cost or justifies our pride in this "great American institution," is, when calmly considered, quite unbelievable. It may be that the average small American community wouldn't know how to use a library if it had one; but it hasn't got one; so nobody can prove it. It might conceivably learn, if it had the opportunity.

I was once connected, for a brief time and in an advisory capacity, with a small-town public library. My connection terminated because the acidulous spinster who was the secretary of the library board, refused to send me notices of the meetings. However, even that feature of the experience was illuminating. It was this same spinster, by the way, who once discovered a copy of "Pam" on the shelves, and removed it to the fireplace with a pair of tongs, and who, later, cancelled the library subscription to *Life*, because she deemed that magazine immoral. It may have been my remark that the library didn't need a

comic paper while it had such trustees which caused her to cancel my name on her mailing list!

But the president of the board, in this case, was a man, and a man of wide knowledge. He was also a summer resident only, and a man of affairs. He had periodic fits of ambition for the library, however, and in one of these decreed that all the dead wood should be weeded out, to make room for new books. Of course, a small public library should carry no dead wood. Nothing but the unquestioned classics should be kept permanently on its shelves, for its purpose is to serve the present.

Each member of the advisory committee was assigned a certain section of shelves, and told to turn down such volumes as he (or she) considered proper candidates for the discard. My attention was first turned to science and agriculture, and I found that scarcely a book on modern chemistry, electricity, engineering or agriculture was to be found. Instead of a complete collection of government agricultural bulletins, there was not a single one. There was no book on pruning later than the '80's, no book on farm engineering or sanitation, no manual of concrete construction, so essential to the modern farmer. In short, the library was not in the slightest degree equipped to serve the practical needs of some thirty or forty per cent of our male population. When I got through with this section, there was hardly a book left standing, except a copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, presented to the library thirty-five years ago.

The philosophy shelves held chiefly dust and bound volumes of *Godey's Lady Book*. There wasn't a volume of psychology in the lot, not a single work by William James or John Dewey. Anyone seeking an explanation of pragmatism would have searched in vain. In the allied fields of sociology, political philosophy and medico-psychology, the shelves were equally barren. I hardly expected to find *The Ego and His Own*, but I had supposed that in these turbulent modern times a seeker for light might have gone

to the library and learned the difference between syndicalism and socialism, for example, or how England is solving its housing problems, or something about the doctrines of Freud. However, there was only *Godey's Lady Book* for 1861 to answer these questions — which, I sometimes suspect, is the source employed by the editor of the *New York Times*. The whole modern woman's movement, including her political freedom, was similarly ignored. (The aforementioned secretary of the board is an ardent anti-suffragist, by the way.) I didn't turn down many books in this section; there was none to turn.

The next section contained the religious books. There were hundreds of them, upstanding in serried rows. Evidently nobody had played the censor here, so I decided they must also belong to my province, and I fell upon them with unholy glee. Shelf after shelf groaned with the weight of dead sermons; and nothing is so dead as a dead sermon, not even the proverbial door nail. Every minister in the town for generations had evidently munificently presented to the library all the books he didn't care to pack when he heard the "call" from some larger parish. I upended these dusty and desolate tomes in fistfuls; they fell before me like massed soldiers before a machine-gun battery.

But suddenly, in their very midst, I came upon a book already turned down — the only one among the hundreds. Could it be that some other member of our committee had been here before me? I took out the discarded volume to see what it was. And then I sat down and laughed. The book was Cardinal Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Dear old Miss M——, daughter of a missionary to foreign parts, grand-daughter of a local Puritan divine, with her gray curls and her little dog, she it must have been who had combed the religious section, without the most innocent conception of the utter uselessness of all these dead sermons and mouldy commentaries, but with a sudden indignant shock when she found among them the classic

of the apostate! I could see her face, with its thin New England lip line growing straighter still, as she turned down the one volume of permanent value on all the shelves. So I stood it up again, after I had made sure of my facts by inquiring of the librarian, and went home to ponder on that much vaunted institution, the American public library.

Things have improved in that library somewhat since, thanks to an energetic and intelligent woman on the board. The poor librarian has been forced to card index the collection, a special desk has been provided for high school students, and such books as the shelves contain which bear on the topics they are studying are set aside for their use. The stock periodicals, of a strictly "harmless" sort, are spread on a reading table, though a seeker for anything but the conventional organs would be disappointed. The library, however, is still far from rendering anything like the maximum of service the community has a right to demand, and the bulk of its annual acquisitions are presented to it by summer guests who, departing, leave behind them novels on the library shelves.

What are some of the services a library should render? In the city of Newark in 1917, 6,600 new books were acquired. Of that number 1,404 were classed under "Useful Arts," 1,097 under "Sociology," 749 under "Literature," and only 392 under "Fiction." During the same year, 1,170,034 books were circulated, of which 51 per cent. were fiction, 7 per cent. sociology, 5.6 per cent. useful arts, 6 per cent. literature, and so on. In other words, 81,900 works on sociology, from a rich and varied collection, circulated in Newark, and this number, though only a fraction of the more than 500,000 volumes of fiction that circulated, was considered by the purchasing librarian as the more important. To come from an industrial city of the size of Newark to our little rural township of 1,800 souls, we find the most pressing present problem that of agricultural methods. But does a single farmer consult our public library for help? Does a single farmer's wife? No.

There is no help there. There should be the latest government bulletins, there should be works on pruning and spraying, cattle diseases, farm sanitation, soil and seed tests, and so on. The national and State agricultural departments should look to the library to gain circulation for its publications, and the farmers should look to it for aid and information. A well conducted library is an extension school, a people's university, a store house of reference. The average rural library is a distributing point for the over-Sunday supply of cheap "Boy Scout" books and chocolate-drop fiction.

Take another crying opportunity for service. In every community such as ours at least once a year, and probably two or three times a year, an amateur play is presented, by high school pupils, and others. To secure a play, those in charge send off to some firm which publishes "plays for amateurs," and from a descriptive catalogue of dramatic horrors picks something with the required number of acts and characters, and with scenes that can be adapted into the one moth-eaten "interior" set with which the town hall is equipped. The result is something to make Melpomene weep. Yet there are today scores of excellent plays far better adapted to amateur production than those unspeakably trashy and trivial ones now produced; there are books which list and describe them, which tell how to "coach" them, which describe in detail how to achieve sets by simple means that will make us forget the ancient town hall "interior"; which will, in short, put our amateurs on the way to accomplishing something really worth while and learning something about true creative art in the process.

But does our library contain any of these plays, or the books about them? Not a one. Does our librarian know how to secure them quickly from some library where they are available? Hardly. She doesn't know they exist. Our amateurs don't know they exist. Even Lady Gregory and Dunsany are names unknown. At a point of vital

coöperative connection between the library and a communal activity which depends utterly on the printed page, I venture to say there isn't a rural library in all our region prepared to be of the slightest assistance, or even with the vision to see that the opportunity exists.

I am perfectly willing to contribute my share toward the support of Miss Sally Willis, our librarian, and toward supplying Mrs. Arthur Titus and her daughter Jane and her young son Sammy with the works of Robert W. Chambers and whoever is the Horatio Alger of the present day; but I also believe I have a right to demand that if Mrs. Titus reads Chambers at my expense our Congregational minister shall be able to read Bertrand Russell or John Dewey, and get a weekly peep at the *New Republic* and the *Survey*, to which his princely salary does not enable him to subscribe. He is quite as interested in such things as Mrs. Titus in the fiction of Mr. Chambers, and I cannot help believing that it is far more important to the community that he, and a few men and women like him, keep abreast of modern thought than that Mrs. Titus gets her weekly injection of literary dope. The active, inquiring, speculative, flexible minds in any community are relatively few, but of incalculable importance. They are the essential yeast of progress. Any public library, I care not how small, which does not supply them with at least the top cream of contemporary works showing the drift of world thought on the great subjects now engrossing mankind, is not a library at all. It may vaingloriously call itself such, but it does not deserve the title. The public monies spent upon it are largely thrown away. Its first duty is not toward the women looking for fiction to pass the time away, but toward the perhaps relatively few inquiring minds seeking real information and help — in business, in household improvement, in all sorts of artistic endeavor, in self education, above all in the problems of politics, sociology, international relations, labor, war and peace. Until our rural libraries can meet such demands, nay, until

they can not only meet them, but help to *create* them, they are no object for pride, but quite the contrary.

Three things have got to happen before any such change as we have suggested will be possible. The communities have got to vote their libraries money enough to buy new books and subscribe to a few really important publications; the anæmic spinster type of librarian has got to be got rid of, gossip and knitting and all; the larger, better equipped and more forward-looking city libraries have got to co-operate. All three things are admittedly difficult. Your average rural voter is perfectly sure the free school and the free library are the bulwarks of American democracy, but he wouldn't raise a teacher's salary or increase the library appropriation, because that would raise his taxes. The bulwark that was high enough for his father is quite high enough for him. To get rid of the anæmic spinster librarian in favor of some person with knowledge and vision means both a ruction in the social life of the village and the discovery of a person with knowledge and vision willing to be the librarian. Finally the coöperation of the larger city libraries, while it is even now often freely extended, is practically of little use, because the larger catalogues are not available, the local librarian is ignorant, and the only way to secure a book from the more or less distant city, by mail *via* your local library, is to know in advance what you want. Until descriptive lists of new and important books which can be thus secured are sent out broadcast to the small libraries, possibly by State aid, the results are bound to be more or less negative. And even that is a poor substitute for the book itself, its title staring you provocatively in the face from the "new books" rack. The psychology of vision plays an important part here.

I am aware that real librarians the country over are awake to conditions, and even our anæmic spinsters have recently been coaxed into "conventions," where they hear such strange words as "service" and "sociology," and

find some man rejoicing more over the twenty times the plays of Sophocles have been taken out in three years than over the total circulation of his shelves. Yet the rural free public library still remains, in our part of the world, at least, a travesty on what it should be, and in an awakened community could be, and we continue to squander the dog tax on a dead tradition.

II

How to Do It

(By another author)

"If our public library were closed," I asked the librarian the other day, "how many people would be affected?" About two thousand, she told me, and that, of these, over half were children. Of the adults, as I know, and as she admitted a moment later, perhaps half, again, use the library only occasionally and trivially. I suspect, therefore, that to all but about ten per cent. of the 12,000 people of our Ohio town, it is a matter of rather small moment whether a place be provided where they can come in touch with books.

In resources, our library differs little, I imagine, from others in cities of this size. We have about 8,000 books. Except for the income from a small legacy, our expenses are met by a tax levy which for the past five years has given us an annual average income of $1,600. Less than a fifth of this has been used for books and magazines. The rest has gone for administration and for the upkeep of the building — an old re-modeled church that serves our purpose well enough. A not illiberal man, a college man, said to me the other day: "If the money you use for a library were spent on the schools, we should be better off." But I think he was mistaken.

The small town library can claim even less kin to the great storehouses on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and on Copley Square, than can the country store

to Macy's or Altman's. The big city library is a mine of world's knowledge, ready to be fashioned into a thousand forms that will influence men's opinions. But, though I've spent many days in the stacks of great libraries, I have never thought of them as in any way very directly influencing the opinion of the cities where they are. Yet this, it seems to me, is the most substantial reason for the existence of the library in the small town.

Let an incident, slight though it be, illustrate what I mean. Just before dinner the other night, I dropped into our Library, and noticed one of our clergymen reading the *Atlantic*. A few minutes later he came up to me and said, "Here's something that makes my blood boil. He says we ministers are sleeping at the switch." The next day, at the weekly luncheon of our Chamber of Commerce, we were discussing a phase of food regulation. The same clergyman arose and spoke a stirring warning to us, and especially to the clergy, some of whom sat near, for a better realization of our war duties. Fifty of the best men in our community went back to their work places that day with a new zeal—inspired by the pages of the *Atlantic*.

Early in the war, we foresaw the part our Library might play. We placed Cramb, Lord Bryce, Beck, Chéradame, and others as their voices were raised, where they could speak to all who would listen. Many did: for the books were in constant demand. Who can say that the large over-subscriptions which our town and county gave to the loans, to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., and indeed to every war effort, were not due, in some way, to the leaven of these books?

It is worth noting, too, that the circulation of the Library's volumes is rarely the measure of its influence. This was shown only the other day by *Christine*. Some years ago I used to spend a good deal of time with men whose business it was to know that, though a book may cause much discussion, its sales may be very small. What *Christine* "sold" country wide, I don't venture a guess.

I could make a very good guess what it would have sold here but for the Library's stock, and this is at most one or two copies. Those, however, who took the book from the Library — some one will always take any fresh cover — spoke of it; not a few who heard of it and couldn't get it at the desk, bought it; and thus the number of its readers was multiplied tenfold.

But the moulding of opinion hasn't been with us only a war effort. It is a policy which we have followed in our purchases of books for many years. Without, it is true, any absolutely rigid rule, we have tried to buy first what I call, though I admit the word is repellant, books of inspiration: those which make for character and achievement. Of course, I don't mean books of the Marden type, those which have this avowed purpose. These books fail almost as completely as the letters of a stock market tipster; and for much the same reason: for few men who have made a success in any field have had the time to stop and tell others how. I mean, rather, biographies, memoirs, letters, — real records of the game where it has been well played. Thus, I count the most valuable book we bought last year, aside from some of the war books, was Pyle's *Life of James J. Hill.* The life of Hill is the most significant literary output I know of the last half century's striving for commercial greatness. It is as typical in its field as Lincoln's. It is the triumph of ability, nerve, and imagination, unassisted by wealth, position, or even the ordinary advantages of education; it is a sermon on loyalty, good faith and right dealing in commercial affairs. The practice of publishers to issue biographies like this in handsome two-volume editions is, however, a tax on funds so limited as ours, and naturally restricts our purchases.

In our program we place histories in the same class. There are few years of American history without inspiration: most of them are overcharged with it. Very recently I've been re-reading Irving's *Washington.* How paltry our problems — even in this year of 1918 — seem beside his!

Will they measure greater a century hence? What new faith we must have in ourselves in their solution! But histories, even to thoughtful readers, are waste places, to be entered only for a specific quest; and hence when a library has provided a few of the better ones, it can do little more. For good monographs, written with verve and authority, such as Colonel Roosevelt's *Rough Riders*, we are always seeking; but it is surprising how few the lists contain.

A much more important group of books, in the economy of ours, as of every library, are those which I fancy I may as well call the books of recreation; and here, it may be thought, any idea of community betterment must be forgotten: for we come to the eternal problem of every librarian, fiction. But this isn't true. A small town needs nothing so much as vision — vision to see that clean streets are better than dirty ones; green grass plots better than raw earth; that music, and manners, and golf, are a sensible part of life. Books that even faintly set one thinking about such things aren't negligible. Nor are those that help a tired woman to forget for a few hours babies and dishes, and a man the details of his office or store.

Better perhaps than many who come in contact with books and their readers, I know something of the viciousness of too much novel reading. For a number of years I've watched the output of a circulating library of fiction — not, I may add, our public Library. I know the effect of reading a novel a day, or two or three a week. Too much novel reading blunts a man's or woman's effectiveness, just as certainly as opium or any narcotic that softens realities, and hence the power to combat them. But because this is so, is no reason why the novel temperately enjoyed hasn't a place in the work-a-day world of which I am writing. I think it has, and I am not now referring only to the novel which is supposed to be a part of the world's literature, or the novel of purpose.

Every library must, of course, have the former; and

every year we try to add a few to our list. But we prefer to buy or to rebind Meredith, Jane Austen and Henry James, rather than George Eliot, Dickens or Thackeray, because we like to make our shelves unexplored fields rather than familiar. The familiar ones people are more apt to have at home. We also try to buy, as they come out, the novels of men and women whose pages may sometime be a part of the world's literature — Kipling, Conrad, Bennett, Mrs. Wharton and Miss Atherton. This duty fulfilled, we gladly turn to what a professor of literature in Columbia, now distinguished, in the days when we used to trudge from the old college at Forty-ninth Street, with bundles of themes under our arms, used to call "good yarns."

Our pole-star when we are buying books of this kind is, I'm willing to admit, Henry Harland. Of Harland it can be said, as it is sometimes said of artists of another kind, he has everything, — style, charm, color, story, and some of the most delightful people who have ever owed their existence to type. He is, moreover, unfamiliar enough to be an almost unfailing resource to the librarian asked daily for a "good book." The Harland of the *Cardinal's Snuff Box* and a couple of other novels is, to be sure, a fairly well known man. Not so many know his shorter stories, especially that one story which when it came out in the *Yellow Book*, so many years ago I've almost forgotten, I thought the best short story of its kind I'd ever read — *The Invisible Prince*.

As Harland learned the trick, just as Stevenson (it is evident enough if you'll but compare a paragraph of Sidney Luska's with one of the later novels) it is somewhat remarkable that so few, no one seriously that I know, have tried to ape him. A story almost as good for our purpose as Harland's, and one I'm not at all sure he wouldn't have been glad to have written, is J. A. Mitchell's *Pandora's Box*. Another story which neither Harland nor Mitchell could, or possibly would, have written, is Leslie

Moore's better known *Peacock Feather*. I name these not because their choice infers any especial knowledge of literary values, but because they represent the type of book which, frankly, we are glad, when the chance offers, to put on our shelves. We like, in a word, novels that we can proffer with some confidence that we shan't be met with the retort: "Oh I've read that"; those which are returned with a smile, indicating, we hope, something of the cheer they have given.

Books of travel we also think of as books of recreation. Naturally we try to have a few informing and fairly recent books about other countries. But as they seldom leave the room except when some one wants a few facts for a club paper, we hold them in scarcely more respect than the merchant holds the bolt of cloth that stares him from season to season. Books of a journey, the personal experience in foreign lands, are another matter. Of these we've found none better for our purpose than those of Harry A. Franck — Franck of the uncounted footsteps in so many parts of the world. Franck is never tedious, except when he tries to be instructive; and hence, ten, twenty times as many follow his journeys, as our records show, as those of a more reflective traveller.

With another great class — the literature of knowledge — the natural sciences, the fine arts, political science, philosophy, sociology, we trouble very little. The simple reason is we cannot. The man who wants the latest statistics on strikes isn't appeased with a book on social insurance; and the woman who asks for one on Botticelli finds one on Raphael not even a substitute. With a few standard general treatises, the small library must have done — the larger city library, too, for that matter, as I've more than once learned. Not long ago, in search of something on a phase of taxation, I ventured a journey to Columbus, a city of 250,000, with a library of 90,000 volumes. Here I found a few more titles than we had, but nothing in point; and I was little more successful at the State Library at the

capitol. With a vision of what the cards in the old Astor Library would have revealed, I gave up. So, I fancy, must any inquirer, even in large cities, who wants to go a few steps beyond general works. The average library can only meet the demands of one who wants a book; not, except by chance, one who, beyond some limited range, wishes a special book. For this reason it has always seemed to us that the essential thing is to get the reader into the library, and then to try to provide him with something that will stimulate him.

It is to this end that we use our periodical tables. They are our bargain-counters — to lure the passer by. We try to make them just as bright and inviting and catholic as possible. This year our list runs from the *Theatre* to the *Nineteenth Century*. We take the London *Illustrated News*, a New York daily, all the critical weeklies, and the better monthlies. Every year we try experiments. We drop old journals, and try new ones. So far as we can, we try to avoid magazines which most of our readers are likely to see anyway; and to offer them what they are not apt to find at home. *The Nineteenth Century* is one of our present experiments. Few read it; yet we believe it is of value for our visitors at least to know of the existence of a periodical that will print several pages of William Watson's verse as its leader — a periodical of the type our publishers have never been able successfully to imitate.

Most of the efforts I have described, and the results, are intangible compared with a tax levy. Measured by the numbers reached, the influence is perhaps not great. But measured by other standards, the public library can, if wisely directed, be made, next to the church, the schools, and the newspaper, the greatest force in any small community.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REFORM

WORDS have their fashions no less than clothes, and the title of this paper couples a word that is very much *à la mode* with another that is quite out of date. Yet reform, like good wine, "is a good, familiar creature, if it be well used," and if it has fallen into some disrepute with certain people, this is perhaps because it has never been popularized by the psychologists. It is like *carbohydrates* or *proteins*, or *vitamines*, on which we have been nourished all our lives in blissful unconsciousness, quite content to let them get in their beneficent work on our poor bodies, and asking no questions as long as we got our three meals a day and digested them. Now, under the stress of the times, these ominous sounding words intrude themselves at the breakfast table, they infect the small talk of the dinner party, and we are beginning to be a little tired of them. But though we may stop talking about them, we cannot do without them, and the same is true of reform. Perhaps reform would be more popular if reformers did not talk so much, for in reality reform is a very familiar, wholesome process of our daily life. The dairyman re-forms the milk when he separates the cream, and feeds the skimmed milk to the pigs. The architect re-forms the rocks when he cuts them out of the quarry and combines them into the arches of a cathedral. The compositor re-forms the type when he distributes it in the case alphabetically, and he re-forms it back again when he combines it into words and sentences. In short, to give a simple definition of a process which pervades all nature and all art, we may say that to reform means to form anew. This is sometimes done with the object of restoring a form which has been lost, and sometimes with the object of improving a form which has been found to be faulty. The former is usually a conservative reform. Its purpose is to eliminate abuses which have

grown up in the course of time, and to go back to a lost ideal. It is in this sense that we speak of reforming an inebriate and restoring him to his pristine sobriety. Reforms may also, however, be radical, when they involve substituting a new type of government, or a new law, for one which has been found to be outgrown. Thus a tariff may be reformed, by either raising or lowering it in order to adapt it to new economic needs.

Reform usually implies maintaining the essentials of the structure, or the institution, and merely changing its outlines or its shape, or the relations of its parts. Reform is, in short, evolution, and therefore contrasted with revolution, which involves the destruction of one edifice in order (sometimes) to build a better one in its place. The overthrow of the Ancien Rêgime of France in 1789 was called a revolution because it did not try to maintain either the name or the character of the monarchy.

Some countries have been characterized by revolutions, some by reforms. The mercurial character of the Greek mind, its artistic desire for the perfect, inclined it naturally to revolution. The Greek would have beeen dissatisfied with the half-way compromises common in Anglo Saxon development. Somewhat the same has been true of the political changes in France, which have generally proceeded *per saltum*. In England, on the other hand, reform has been the rule, and even such movements as the expulsion of the Stuarts, in 1689, often called a revolution, was, in fact, a reform. The Great Charter was not an overturning of the monarchy, but a reform in its functioning. The revolutionary movement of the Commonwealth is one of those exceptions which prove the rule, for it was short-lived and was soon followed by reaction. Throughout the whole of English history, reform has been recognized in fact; since the dawn of the nineteenth century it has been domiciled in our vocabulary, and political progress has been punctuated with reform bills, while reform in general has its social center in the Reform Club of London. The habit

of accepting reform as the normal method of political progress has, of course, been greatly strengthened by the discovery of the law of evolution. Evolution through the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, implies slow reforms. The tail of the monkey was shortened to the coccyx of the *homo sapiens*, not by the twisting-off process of revolution, but by the nibbling of reform from generation to generation.

In the United States, as in Great Britain, reform rather than revolution has been the rule. In our strictly political history, we have had no revolution at all since the revolutionary war, and that was a revolution only with regard to the mother country, not with regard to internal relations. In our social development, the only change that could be called a revolution was the change which took place when slavery was abolished. This was distinctly a revolution in the economic institutions of the South; for it involved, not the reform of the evils of slavery, but the eradication of the institution itself. Otherwise, reform has been the rule, and it has been by reform that gradually we have improved our land system, our currency system, our banking system, and even our tariff. Nevertheless, it seems to be a fact that in the United States the word "reform" is not, on the whole, a popular slogan. In contrast to the English Reform Club, the New York Reform Club is a relatively unimportant organization.

There are several things which may account for this difference between the American and the British attitude towards the word. The United States had, in the first half of the nineteenth century, an over-dose of reforms which dealt mainly with moral or social problems rather than with political. Dr. Graham wanted to reform our food, and his kinsman, Dr. Graham Lusk, describes him, in the words of another kinsman, as "long, lanky, Sylvester Vegetable Graham, leanest of men." We have had dress reform and divorce reform and drink reform, and all kinds of reform relating to personal matters, so that many hard-

headed business men, when they think of reformers, see in their mind's eye a group of long-haired men and short-haired women. Professor Commons says of the decade of the forties, in which many of these reforms were agitated: "It was the golden age of the talk-fest, the lyceum, the brotherhood of man, the hot-air period of American history."

There is another reason for the contrast between the two kindred countries. In Great Britain most of the political abuses have been connected with survivals of the past, such as the persistence of feudal rights without corresponding obligations. The control of the rotten boroughs by the old Whig families, the undertaxation of land, the retention of antiquated forms of voting, designed to keep political power in the hands of the gentry, are all examples. In our country, political and social abuses have been more commonly connected with economic progress. Our land grabbers have not been the descendants of a landed aristocracy, but they have been self-made men of the get-rich-quick type; our political bosses have often been more at home in the saloon than in the *salon* — affiliated not with the peerage but with the beerage; our corporate abuses have been connected with men who, whatever their faults, were supplying the needs of a new country in the way of transportation, or factories, or banking facilities. Hence the reformer appears to them in the light of a spoil-sport. He sits at the feast of prosperity like Banquo at the table of Macbeth, shaking his gory locks at the successful business man, and the successful business man believes in good faith that the reformer wants reform merely because he cannot make money, and must do something. He calls him a "knocker," and gives him as his symbol a hammer.

Reform always means a contest with those who are interested in maintaining the *status quo*. It signifies friction and loss of momentum. Sometimes it even results in violence and in ill will. If we could discover any regularity

in the mental reactions of those interested for and against reform, it might be possible to minimize the friction, and reduce the losses. Let us attempt an analysis of the situation with this end in view.

The trite saying, "History repeats itself," reflects the popular belief in the existence of certain general laws of historical change, but this vague statement does not mean anything more. It no more proves the existence of such uniformities than certain popular sayings regarding the weather prove meteorological facts. It may be true (but it isn't) that "if it rains before seven it will shine before eleven," but the meteorologist wants statistics to convince him that it is so. Similarly, in trying to discern certain general uniformities in political and other reforms, we must analyze tendencies and cite cases. If any such uniformities can be discovered, it is clear that they may be of considerable practical importance. If we know in advance what mental attitude is likely to be produced by a certain condition, we may at least temper its evils, just as the movement for mental hygiene endeavors to forestall insanity by influencing in its early stages any mental aberration that may show itself, or as the farmer, knowing the psychology of the pig, realizes that he can back him into a crate more easily than he can drive him in. The main points are, then, first to find out under what conditions a demand for reform is likely to arise; then to see if we can generalize regarding the mental attitude of the reformer and of the anti-reformer. Then it will be necessary to trace the degeneracy of reform into its opposite. While most of our examples will relate to political reform, there is so strong a family resemblance between all reform movements that they will inevitably illustrate reform in general.

I

The Stimuli of Reform

The situation which creates the need of reform is usually one in which those who enjoy rights either lack the eco-

nomic power or the ability or the inclination to use them wisely. In other words, there is a dislocation between privilege and efficiency. This is sometimes brought about when the under-class grows in economic strength more rapidly than the ruling class, but without having political privileges. It then desires to make its power count. Thus the big merchants and middle class plutocracy got control of the government in England in the eighteenth century; and now the wage receivers seem to be in a fair way to demand increasing political power with their improved economic position. Often the demand for reform comes as much from a failure in administration as from a lack of power. It was the bad government of King John which brought about the revolt of the barons; it was the bad government of the old régime which brought in the French Revolution. The Protestant Reformation was as much a reaction against the social and financial policy of the Papacy as it was a demand for a reform in doctrine: if the Pope had not resorted to the sale of indulgences for the purpose of getting money to build St. Peter's, it is quite likely that the Reformation might have been deferred many years. In more recent times it was the corrupt administration of the Czar which led to his fall. Sometimes a single flagrant crime is the immediate occasion of the reform. Thus the murder of Garfield by a disappointed office seeker, though it did not originate the demand for civil service reform, did much to stimulate the enactment of the Pendleton Law in 1883.

To turn from political to economic reform, we have an illustration of the divorce of right and efficiency in the abuses of the joint stock company. In principle the joint stock company is an ideal organization. It is absolutely democratic, inasmuch as each owner's vote is exactly proportional to his interest, and the interests of the stockholders are safeguarded by the stockholders themselves. On the other hand, the danger that these interests will be so pushed as to militate against the public interest is safe-

in such a relatively small matter as the prohibition of the use of poisonous phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. It is before us now in opposition to the prohibition by amendment to the federal constitution of alcoholic drinks.

This is so familiar a feature of political controversy in our country that the States' Rights doctrine is now commonly associated with reaction. But the reformer should, of course, not allow himself to be prejudiced by this fact. The federal power is unquestionably subject to great abuse, especially when in the Senate or in the revision of the Constitution the vote of the smallest State can offset that of the largest. It is conceivable, too, that the Federal Government might want to undertake some bad policy which could be blocked by the rights of the States; moreover not a few reform movements have been initiated by the States. Indeed, one of the incidental advantages of State autonomy is that under it many experiments may be tried out. But in general it is true that important reforms can best be carried through by the larger political units. This is partly because the larger units have as a rule more absolute power, and more efficient administration. It is also due to the fact that reform which only takes place in spots is always weak and liable to be swamped by the prevalence of anti-reform in surrounding areas. Thus a no-license town cannot well keep sober if it is surrounded by low license towns. It would have been utterly impossible before the Civil War for a single southern State to abolish slavery. A State which tries to maintain high standards of labor legislation finds itself hampered by the competition of States with low standards.

When the stand-patter is not able to deny the evils which the reformers criticise, he often holds the reformers responsible for those evils. Before the Civil War the slave-owners claimed that the persistency of slavery was due to Garrison and the other Abolitionists, and that if the institution had been left alone, it would have been reformed by the southerners. An able southern statesman has re-

cently maintained this thesis in a book. But the evidence is all the other way. The whole course of slave legislation in the South was in the direction of confirming, not reforming, the institution of slavery. We find a similar argument brought up with regard to the liquor problem, when the prohibitionists are made responsible for aggravating the evils which they criticise. There is often this modicum of truth in such contentions, that an active reform movement almost always stiffens the resistance of those who are opposed to it. But some sober judges claim that in both of the instances cited, the violent reform movement did not begin until all prospect for reform from within had vanished, and the tide was setting towards the consolidation, not towards the elimination of the abuses complained of.

Another element in the psychology of the stand-patter, which recurs with remarkable frequency, is the tendency to accuse the reformer of hypocrisy. When the Abolitionists were showing up the evils of slavery, Calhoun and other southern statesmen retorted by pointing out the bad conditions under which factory hands lived and worked in the North, and charged the Abolitionists with being hypocrites. When civil service reform began to be effective, the spoilsmen sneered at it as "snivel" service reform. The liquor interests inveigh against the temperance reformers as holier-than-thous. In fact this charge returns so frequently that it has stimulated an inverted hypocrisy, which is often as far from reflecting the real life of the individual as is the traditional hypocrisy of the Pharisee. There are not a few people who are so afraid of being thought better than they are, that they go to the other extreme and affect to be worse than they are. If hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, inverted hypocrisy is the tribute which virtue pays to vice. The amateur politician likes to seem to be one of "the boys," even when he has little in common with them. The clergyman is pleased to be taken for a layman; a really temperate

man may affect the manners of the barroom in order to show that he is a good mixer; the scholar sometimes poses as a sport.

The insider almost always has one advantage in argument. He is usually better informed regarding his fixed interests than the reformer. The slave owners before the Civil War knew a lot about the social incidents of the slave system which the Abolitionists did not know. The spoilsmen know a lot about practical government which the civil service reformer, as such, does not know. They appreciate the difficulty, when you have selected your good man, of getting him to serve. Hence, the insider is apt to despise the technical blunders of the reformer, and to regard him as visionary and unpractical. On the other hand, the insider is often blind to the broader aspects of the question, because he sees so much of the details, and in particular of the loss which would come to him from reform. This has been a striking characteristic of the insider in our public service corporations. Many of them have been so successful in overriding public opinion, that they have over estimated the indifference of the general public. They have not taken to heart Lincoln's: "You cannot fool all of the people all the time."

Enough has been said to show that in all reform movements, whatever the immediate question, there are certain typical mental attitudes. As soon as the slogan of Reform has been sounded, the experienced psychologist can predict with a fair degree of confidence that certain characteristic groups will show themselves on each side of the controversy, and that in the action and reaction of the attack and the defense, certain types of argument and rejoinder will be used.

IV

The Decadence of Reform

When reform has accomplished its end in whole or in part, it often creates its own vested interests, its own

prejudices, its own conservatives. The reform movement of one generation then crystallizes into reaction into the next. Thus the high tariff imposed as a means of carrying on the war of emancipation became a patriotic fetish, and as such was cleverly utilized to build up big fortunes. The greenback, even after economists had exposed the evils of inflation, was regarded by the people with a certain sentimental affection. The very shibboleths of reform came in time to stand for the opposite of what they originally meant. The doctrine of *laissez faire*, when proclaimed by the French economists of the eighteenth century, was a watchword of progress. It advocated the free play of commercial enterprise in contrast with the paternal and irritating regulations of a meddling government. In the course of a century and a half it has become the heraldic motto of vested interests. In the eighteenth century it meant "Let us alone to push our business into remote parts of the world." In the twentieth century it means "Let us alone to enjoy the profits of capitalized privilege."

Individualism has undergone a similar transmutation. The chief advocates of individualism are now at one of two extremes. They are either the representatives of corporations whose entire power comes from united, and not individual, effort, or they are the representatives of organized labor, denying to the individual the right to bargain for his own wages. The labor leader sees nothing inconsistent in advocating on the one hand collective bargaining and the closed shop, and claiming on the other hand that legislation for the benefit of the wage receiver is an interference with his individual liberty, and a violation of the fundamental principles of our government. The promoter resents any attempt to regulate public service corporations, as an invasion of individual rights, even when the corporation itself is built upon a collective grant.

This tendency of reform to harden into reaction, is aided by the fact that the individual reformers, as they grow older, naturally tend to become less receptive to new ideas.

The story of their past achievements becomes a legend which they revere, and they cannot always realize that what was real progress in their youth, no longer meets the needs of the times in their old age. Professor Dicey says of Southey that "it was easy for the philanthropic Jacobin of 1794 to develop into the humanitarian Tory of 1830. It was natural for Whigs to see in Southey a weathercock which, having turned rusty, had set up for a sign post." Not a few political leaders of the present day who claim to be sign posts, might on closer view prove to be merely weathercocks turned rusty. George Bernard Shaw, in *You Never Can Tell*, has satirized this tendency by introducing an English family which, having left England to settle in Australia when Herbert Spencer was the great radical of the day, returns to England only to find that as ardent Spencerians they are back numbers. Charles A. Dana began in Brook Farm, and ended not far from Wall Street.

Is it necessary and inevitable that abuses should run to extremes and refuse to curb themselves? This is the crucial point of our whole study. If those who enjoy power or privilege must inevitably abuse their privilege, and refuse to reform themselves, then they are bound to be subjected to a serious jolt. If, on the other hand, they could realize that whenever a system has become established, abuses will grow up as inevitably as barnacles will fasten themselves upon the hull of an old ship, then they might perhaps emulate the prudence of the mariner, and occasionally put the ship of privilege into dry dock to be scraped. Every law which has been passed, every reform which has been carried, is liable to develop abuses or faults which were not realized in the beginning. If the reformers could constantly maintain an open mind, reform might then be a steady, quiet process instead of proceeding by jerks; and revolutions, with their reigns of terror, would be supplanted by quiet evolution.

No general rules can be laid down by which we can tell

infallibly whether a given reform movement is strong or weak, good or bad. Many reforms, desirable in themselves, die young for lack of vitality. The infant mortality of reforms in the United States would be tragic were not many of them so comic. Again, what seems like a reform, and what is, strictly speaking, a reform, may be a reform backwards rather than forwards. It may mean reaction, not progress. Discussion is the best test of the value of a reform, and to resist a movement by force is like weighting the safety valve: it may precipitate an explosion and revolution may result instead of reform. There are not a few cases in which the whole course of history has been changed and vitiated by resistance to an important reform movement.

We have a striking illustration of this in the history of slavery in our country. The evils of slavery were recognized in the eighteenth century by the leading men even in slave-holding States, and both Washington and Jefferson condemned it on principle. Anti-slavery societies were established in those States, and Judge Tucker of Virginia proposed a plan according to which the children of all slaves born after a certain date should become free after reaching their twenty-first year. This would have been a reform of the institution of slavery which would ultimately have led to its abolition. But the advice of far-sighted people was not taken, and under the influence of vested interests, slavery came to be regarded by leading statesmen of the South, not merely as a necessary evil, but as an ideal institution, the very discussion of which ought to be suppressed. The Civil War would have been avoided, if reform could have been accepted in time. The history of Germany since 1848 illustrates the same thing. If the liberal movement, which aimed at reform rather than at revolution, had been carried, Germany would probably have been for half a century a constitutional state. She might have been saved from both radical socialism and Junkerism.

The open mind and the open forum are the best safeguards against both radicalism and reaction; and unless all signs fail, the post-bellum period will be one in which it will be particularly important to recognize and reform abuses before they run to an extreme. In fact some abuses are already showing themselves, often camouflaged as patriotism. The excitement of war is sure to be taken advantage of by special interests. These are as likely to be radical as conservative, but as long as they are special interests and do not represent the commonalty, the people as a whole will have to be on their guard, and apply the ounce of reform in time to avoid the pound of revolution.

KANT AND THE MILITARISTS

HOW can the man who, in a century which gave much thought to the subject, wrote the outstanding document in favor of permanent peace and a league of nations, be the spiritual leader of the greatest warrior class of history? How can the man who insisted that it is never justifiable to use another person merely as a means to gain ends for one's self, be the philosopher of those who use men by the millions as pawns in the game of conquest? Nevertheless, the militarists claimed him. They appealed to him in their effort to win the moral approval of the German people for militaristic imperialism — as the inspiration and justification of the militarist program. From the emperor down, there was constant reference to Kant's central moral doctrine — the categorical imperative. All the while, however, it remains a fact that Hegel and not Nietzsche or Kant is the philosopher of militarism. The militarists found Kant useful, that is why they claimed him. But if the devil can quote scripture, the militarists can quote Kant. We do well, therefore, to go to Kant himself to study the relation of his moral philosophy to such projects as those of Imperial Germany.

In a letter to a friend accompanying the first considerable narrative of his discoveries in the supersensible realm, Kant writes: "About a year ago I reached a point of view that, as I flatter myself, I do not require ever to change, though of course it needs to be extended. By means of this all kinds of metaphysical questions can be tested, and, as far as they are answerable, can be decided." This "point of view," which was Kant's greatest discovery in his transcendental journeys, is his distinctive contribution to philosophy. And the essence of it is this. Man belongs literally to two worlds. As an ordinary, every-day self he is sojourner in the world with which he daily bumps elbows,

the world of houses, streets, lakes, fields, people, and so on. But as a deeper, more ultimate self he is citizen of a world quite different from this, a supersensible, a supernatural world. Moreover, as citizen of that other world he is creator of this one; that is to say, he gives it some of its most ubiquitous qualities. And Kant was never weary of showing how we find things in the world of our experience because we have first put them there to be found. Every human being, for instance, finds things spread out in space, and experiences them one after another in time. This is because as a transcendental self he has given the world this spatial and temporal form. So the scientist discovers laws of nature because as a transcendental self he has made nature so that there are laws to be discovered. With this doctrine in general we are not now concerned. It is the application of it to the moral life which is germane to our problem. In applying this "point of view" to morality, Kant gives prophetic formulation to a conception of right and wrong which was to take shape in the soul of Germany in the century following his, a conception which, betrayed by the intellectuals into the hands of the commercialists and the militarists, yesterday threatened the civilization of the western world. In his ethical theory, therefore, we must seek the answer to the question why Kant plays the double rôle of giving expression to the highest moral aspiration of an idealistic people, and of sanctioning the insatiable thirst for power of a ruthless warrior class.

According to Kant, all men recognize two distinct kinds of obligation to act. We know we ought to do certain things because we desire certain consequences, and we know we ought to do other things regardless of consequences. We say, for example, "I ought to put aside some money, for I'd hate to be dependent when I'm old, like so and so." That is, the obligation is not absolute, but conditional; it is incurred only because we have previously adopted a program which implies it. But there is also an

unconditional obligation, as the obligation to tell the truth. Men know that they ought to tell the truth, not because it pays, but because it is their duty. And this unconditional obligation to act from a sense of duty regardless of consequences is Kant's famous categorical imperative. This is the real ought, the other is a pseudo-ought. This is the ought in truth, the other an ought in word only.

Now Kant was perfectly convinced that all men acknowledge themselves to be under obligation in this unconditional manner. Indeed, the monitor in the human breast called conscience was for him one of the two transcendent wonders of the world we live in, the other being the stars at night. And from this fact — the universality and finality of conscience, as voiced in the categorical imperative — he makes some most interesting and, it seems to me, tragic deductions.

For one thing, if men recognize an obligation to act from a sense of duty, and duty alone, this proves that morality is other-worldly in its origin and nature. How does it show that? Because nothing in the world of nature can account for such a conviction. From the world of nature we can learn what is, what has been, and what is to be, but never what ought to be. Take natural science. From the observation of natural phenomena (Kant would say) we may learn that the acorn-kernel of the white oak tastes sweet while that of the red oak tastes bitter; that three million years ago the horse was hardly bigger than a good-sized cat, with five toes on each foot, instead of one; that thirteen thousand years from now our north pole will point to big blue Vega, instead of to Polaris, and then it will be much colder on earth in winter and much warmer in summer than now. But no amount of investigation could ever lead to the discovery that the white oak's behavior is more ideal than the red oak's; that it really wasn't right for the horse to lose most of its toes; or that it is immoral for Vega to supplant Polaris. Morality has nothing to do with nature, and so cannot be discovered there.

What nonsense! you say. Of course, no trace of moral quality can be discovered through the study of things; but what about the study of people and society? No, Kant would reply; there is no help in that direction either. History, sociology, psychology are as helpless in this matter as physics or astronomy. Of course, if the sense of duty were a mere subjective feeling, it might be accounted for, say, by psychology, or physiology. In that case, however, it would no longer be duty, but a name for the way Tom, Dick, or Harry feel; and duty, when it ceased to be felt, would cease to be. Which is exactly what men will not admit. A man's duty is a man's duty, whether he acknowledges it or not. Or if the sense of duty were the feeling of social pressure, it might be accounted for, say, by the conditions under which men live. But this again is impossible. The conditions under which men live do indeed make certain lines of conduct seem advisable, expedient, wise, or the reverse, but they cannot make them moral or immoral. And this, Kant holds, is clear from the fact that any obligation arising out of the exigencies of life is a conditional obligation — one that may be confronted with the question: Why ought that to be done? Take the person who says: "I ought to be putting aside some money for a rainy day." Obviously he is obliged to do this only if he objects to becoming dependent upon others. And if when asked why he should not become dependent upon others, he replies, "Because that would be shifting to other shoulders burdens which are properly mine;" that is not a final answer. He may be asked, "Why not?" And so on without end. Nowhere in the world of concrete life do we reach an act, or an object, or a person, or an institution which commands by inherent right. It is always a derived or borrowed right. The obligations imposed by the exigencies of life are all conditional obligations. Well, then, since the study of nature yields only facts but *no* obligations, and since the study of society accounts for *conditional* obligations only, there is either no *categorical*

imperative at all, or it has a source other than the world of sense. But categorical imperative there indubitably is. Hence, the law of morality is the law of a world above nature.

Now this super-mundane origin and nature of moral obligation draws after it consequences of the most far-reaching significance. From it Kant's inexorable logic deduces the conclusion that the criterion or test of moral conduct can have no reference to objects or interests of every-day life. If the categorical imperative is by birth and allegiance other-worldly, so is its mother-tongue. And in this case there can be no transfer of allegiance and no learning of a new language. Kant was assured, as many people still are, that if the moral standard loses its other-worldly reference, it ceases to be moral, whatever else it may be. That other world, however, is not a world of things, but a world of forms, types, principles. Therefore a test of morality which reflects that world must be a pure principle or rule of conduct unaffected by the objects or acts through which it gets realization. Just as logical validity is solely a question of conformity to certain rules of procedure, and not at all a question of what the argument is about, so moral validity is agreement with a certain formula, and has no reference whatever to the conditions under which the formula is applied. Morality has to do with the soul of conduct, not with its body, to say nothing of the clothes it may temporarily put on.

Kant deploys all his immense resources of learning, of logic, and of exposition to enforce this idea. He cannot reiterate it enough. There is but one thing in the universe, he insists, which has absolute value, value in and of itself. Everything else is only relatively good. And this one supreme good is a disposition or will that looks with proud disdain upon human inclinations and desires, that holds itself aloof from all considerations of human weal or woe, and is inspired solely by reverence for duty. Granted that such purity of will is unattainable on earth, or if attained,

cannot be maintained. Nevertheless, it is enjoined as an ideal upon every rational being. And in the surrender to this ideal man realizes the highest spiritual achievement possible on earth, and does the only thing a man can do which is justly deserving of praise.

This is not all that Kant said, but it is all the militarists cared to use, which is our excuse for going no further into the theory.

There is no doubt that this is an appealing doctrine to a people who, like the Germans, are predisposed to sacrifice concrete goods for the mystical satisfaction which comes from the sense of loyalty to intellectual abstractions. And who will deny that there is something noble and sublime about this doctrine? Whom do we detest more than the man who does right for what he thinks to get out of it, and who are the great heroes and heroines of history but the men and women who did right for right's sake, not counting the cost?

A noble doctrine! Yes, but as dangerous as it is noble. And for this reason: However purely formal we may make duty by definition, duty as we meet it face to face in actual life is always embodied in conduct. And conduct means consequences. No matter how much a man may act without *regard* to consequences his actions will *have* consequences, and these consequences will have a bearing upon his life and the lives of others for good or ill. This being the case, what is the social effect of the doctrine that man realizes his highest self when he turns his back upon consequences and reverently follows duty for duty's sake? Well, for one thing, it means the substitution of a blindfolded morality for a morality with eyes; and for another, which is the inevitable corallary of the first, the surrender of man's best impulses into the hands of those who have the intelligence, the power, and the will to define the duty and to exploit it for their own ends.

Such is the relation between Kant and the militarists. They seized and exploited the opportunity which his phi-

losophy offered them. Nothing could be better adapted to their need than the prevalence among the people of a sense of duty which asks no questions. That is why the philosophers of militarism dwell upon the sacredness of the categorical imperative, and then go on to show that militaristic imperalism is its visible embodiment, for which therefore, as for a good beyond price, every individual must sacrifice all he holds dear.

Take Treitschke. Nothing could be wider apart than the political and national ideals of Kant and Treitschke. For Kant the future organization of nations is a fraternity of republics engaged in friendly rivalry to work out man's great destiny on earth. This, in Treitschke's view, is a perfectly meaningless abstraction. He lost his temper whenever he referred to it. To him the be-all and the end-all of the state is power, and "he who is not man enough to look this fact in the face," he said, "should not meddle in politics." Nevertheless, when it comes to showing that this is not only "in the nature of things," but in the nature of duty; that might is also right (a doctrine which men do not find it easy to accept), what does he do? He falls back upon Kant; and by the use of a kind of logical magic he identifies national honor with the categorical imperative. National honor is the "sublime moral good" which has something about it "in the nature of unconditional sanctity," and which thus "compels the individual to sacrifice himself for it." That is why the thought of war lifts up his soul. That is why he is sure that "God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race." For war, don't you see, horrible, gruesome war, is the categorical imperative in uniform!

This exploitation of a people's idealism, evident enough in Treitschke, is transparently clear in Bernhardi's widely read volume, *Germany and the Next War*. Bernhardi, a cavalry general, and writer of books on technical military subjects, is a disciple of Treitschke, and his philosophy is that of his master. But he presents it in an elaborated,

popularized, and contemporary form, thus leaving less to be inferred. It is well known that the whole book is a pæan of war as the God-given means to the realization of German supremacy. Nothing can be more open or frank than Bernhardi's declaration of the intrinsic superiority of German civilization, or more straightforward than his insistence upon not only the right, but the duty of Germany to impress her civilization upon the world. The argument, however, with which he backs up this view is by no means so familiar. Quite naturally, too. Men are not inclined to spend time examining an argument intended as a proof of their moral and intellectual inferiority. It is an argument, nevertheless, with which it is important that we acquaint ourselves thoroughly, for only by so doing can we at all appreciate the subtlety and the strength of militaristic philosophy, and prepare an effective weapon for its destruction.

The great law of life, says Bernhardi, is struggle; "supplant or be supplanted," as Goethe put it. Between individuals or groups within a nation, this struggle is restrained and regulated in the interest of social welfare, because behind individuals and groups "stands the State, armed with power, which it employs, and rightly, not merely to protect, but actively to promote, the moral and spiritual interests of society." The situation, however, is quite different as regards the relation between States. For "there is no impartial power that stands above the rivalry of States, to restrain injustice, and to use that rivalry with conscious purpose to promote the highest ends of mankind." Consequently, on this larger stage things must be allowed to take their course; "each people must play its own part and promote its own ends and ideals." And this again is in the very nature of things. Between nations any "dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war." "Any action in favor of collective humanity outside the limits of the State and nationality is impossible."

Nor is it merely impossible; it is also immoral. Immoral? Yes, immoral. Because in lunging on over the prostrate bodies of other peoples, jaws set, dripping sword in hand, the aggressive State not only gives expression to an irresistible biological law which listens to no logic and responds to no appeal. It does that, but it does more. It realizes the high spiritual end for which it and indeed the world exist, — "the moral education of the human race." When we fix our eyes upon "the idealism of the main result," Bernhardi assures us, "the brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely," and we see in the relentlessly aggressive State an object of supreme moral grandeur.

His reasoning is as simple as it is startling. The state which knows no law but power is made moral through the fact that it compels its people to be moral. For what is true morality but blind renunciation of all personal interests for the sake of duty? In any other kind of state men will be petty and selfish. The French, for example, have their doctrine of natural rights, the English their theory of utility, while the Americans demand a return in cold cash. With all of them it is a question of driving a good bargain. Thus they are materialists, time-servers, one and all. And the reason is that the French, the English, and the Americans look upon the state as the servant of the people, not as their master. The German master-state, on the contrary, demands of its people unswerving loyalty to Kant's "gospel of moral duty." In Germany more than in any other state on earth (it is interesting that her only rival is Japan) life is organized upon this great principle. That is why the German state is the greatest moral institution on earth. And because in Germany it is not enough just to talk about the transitoriness of the goods of life, but their transitoriness must be deeply *experienced*, the German State, which demands this, is the earthly incarnation of the moral force at the heart of things, and the ambition of Imperial Ger-

many is the temporal manifestation of the will of the eternal God. That is to say, washed in the blood of its people, redeemed by their sacrifice, the ruthless state is changed from monster to divinity.

All this shows, of course, the Kantian drift of Bernhardi's philosophy. And the more one reads him, the more central one discovers the categorical imperative to be. He urges reforms in popular education. Why? Not enough emphasis is put upon the gospel of duty. He finds fault with the church. Why? There is too much emphasis upon dogma, and not enough upon duty. He points out the imperative necessity of establishing a state-controlled press. Why? So that the "moral healthiness" of the nation may be safe-guarded against "epidemics of ideas" which are subversive of the gospel of duty. For the same reason he issues a warning against the tendency to carry labor reforms to such a point that work shall no longer be a moral discipline but a joyful exercise. Every change which makes for the physical vigor, and thus for the efficiency, of the toiler must be encouraged, but great care must be taken that work remains toil — that it is done from a sense of duty. It must never become a satisfaction in itself nor a means to other satisfactions. For only if work is done from a sense of duty, is it moral and does it forge men, which is the object of work. Even the factories and workshops must be temples to the gospel of duty. That is why Prussia, the product of hard economic conditions, and not a fertile Rhine province, was divinely chosen for the great task of leading Germany up to the unrivalled conception of life which Kant taught her. And what Prussia has done and is yet to do for Germany, Germany has done and is yet to do for the world.

The same philosophy, obviously, lies back of the utterances of Emperor William. Take for example a quotation from the newspaper report of the message sent by him to the vice-president of the Reichstag, following the opening of the last spring drive on the western front. "The complete

victory," he said, "fills me with gratitude. It permits us to live again one of those great moments in which we can reverently admire God's hand in history. . . The heroic deeds of our troops, the successes of our great generals, and the wonderful achievements of those at home, have their roots in moral forces, and in the categorical imperative which has been inculcated in our people in a hard school."

In a word, then, Kant's moral theory is a book of checks, made out to bearer on demand, signed by the blind sense of duty, and good for whatever amount the holder may have the will to write in, and the power to collect. The militarists took possession of the checks, and they have had the will to write in and the power to collect amounts which stagger the imagination. Is it all a collosal self-deception or the depth of perfidy? It is not easy to say. When one sees the flagrant fallacy of Bernhardi's position — that the program of militarism is irresistible, and yet that everyone should do his best to see it through; that the state must be aggressive and powerful in order that duty may be the supreme end of life, and duty must be the supreme end of life, in order that the state may be aggressive and powerful — one can hardly believe that Bernhardi is himself unconscious of its weakness. Still, he appears so evidently sincere, so fanatically sincere indeed, that hypocrisy seems out of the question. And after all, is it possible to set a limit to the degree of self-deception which is possible when the mind is dominated by a rampant idea? In either case, however, the tragedy of such idealism is so stupendous, the cost of it to mankind so enormous, that the one great task of our time is to do our utmost that it shall have an end.

For this purpose we engaged to defeat the great military organization in which this idealism had objectified itself. And now this stupendous task happily is done. But a decisive victory for mankind demands a deed more difficult still. We must meet and vanquish the moral

philosophy back of this militarism. We must rout the doctrine, although it was given classic formulation by so great and good a man as Immanual Kant, and has its roots deep in the convictions of mankind. We must free men from the belief that the only true morality is hyphenated-morality, — a morality which, while it operates in this world, owes its allegiance to and gets its authority from another. We must free men from this morality not because it is illogical, nor because it is ignoble, but because it is a tragic mistake, a mistake which inevitably leads to the selfish exploitation of the many by the few. Duty for duty's sake is a noble concept, but concretely it means blind obedience to a program outlined by someone else. Right for right's sake is a noble concept, but concretely it turns out to be right for somebody's might's sake. Let it be recognized that there is no categorical imperative, that every duty is conditional, and must justify itself experimentally in terms of human welfare. Then moral aspiration will be related to the greatest enterprise that engages humanity — the creation of a social order which shall encourage, rather than thwart, the realization of man's unsounded possibilities. This I take to be the gospel of democracy, as contrasted with the gospel of duty. Democracy implies a morality which finds its criterion and its authority where it finds its problems; a morality which operates with and for, and not merely upon, the inclinations and desires of human nature and the conditions and institutions of social life.

Above the battle of arms, then, another battle was in progress, a conflict betwen the gospel of duty and the gospel of democracy. This conflict is not over now that the screaming shells are silenced. On the contrary, it may now begin in earnest. "With the coming of peace," as Arthur Henderson said, "the world will enter upon an era of revolutionary change to which there is no parallel in history." To many people a new world-order as the outcome of the war is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Many others expect a better state of affairs to follow the great strife as naturally as spring thaws out of winter. The great majority of us are still to be convinced that a more worthy society, nationally and internationally, is neither impossible nor inevitable; that it will come if we apply intelligence and will to its creation, and won't if we don't. Very many people believed it unpatriotic to talk about this during the war, and even now there are not a few who would prosecute or persecute those who insist upon pushing this question to the front. But what is implied in such a position? It is implied that the gospel of democracy is as formal and empty of content as the gospel of duty. Shall we admit that? How can we admit it with the statements of President Wilson, of the British Labor Party, even of the Russian revolutionists, before us? How can we admit it when we remember the pledge we made to those in the field? No, our fight for democracy is not a fight for a word. And while no one knows fully what our great struggle is to mean, we know at least that it is to mean a nearer approach to the richest total of good for all. We know at least that the gospel of democracy, as against the gospel of duty, demands a place in the sun for every man, woman, and child, "heathen" or "civilized," and for all peoples great or small. Not that everyone shall have an equal share of material goods, but that each shall have a reasonable — that is a realizable — chance to make his life a satisfaction and a joy. Not that all fishermen who set out upon the sea shall return with equal catches, but that when evening comes even the poorest may row home with golden oars.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE WITH MRS. VERNON

HERE is perhaps the most remarkable experience known to me in the annals of Psychical Research. It began with the first sitting of my friend, Dr. X, with Mrs. Vernon, on January 4, 1918.

Remarks in square brackets, unless marked Ed., are by Dr. X. M = Medium. S = Sitter.

Sitting of January 4th, 1918.

M: I hear the word *Penury* — someone is reduced to penury and is worrying over it. I feel very sad. [Note the sensitive's sharing the communicator's sensation, a frequent experience. Ed.] But there may be a better outlook hereafter due to some rearrangement. They show me a piece of paper, which they unroll so that the memorandum of the rearrangement can be put on paper.

I hear the word *Atonement. Intervention* — a good plan foiled.

The *distress* is so apparent. Somebody is a *Pathfinder*, trying to straighten this matter out. He must be keen, as wise as Socrates, and as resourceful as the Huns.

I can't make out the word: it is like *Ambrosia.* Someone (a man or woman, I can't tell which) is drinking out of a glass replete with — (the word I hear sounds like *Remorse.*)

Souvenez-vous de —— mon —— revenir (no, that is not the word. I can't make it out.) Laissez-moi empêcher un catastrophe. Trente ans enveloppé dans la nuit de doute, je me présente sans reculer un mot de mon évidence. Testez: essayez par mon service. Je voudrais vous dire que votre patience est merveilleuse. The speaker's air and attitude is not that of one of our class, but that of someone who had been in your service.

He seems to have a great respect and affection for you.

[Translation]

[Rest assured that I have you in remembrance. Allow me to prevent a catastrophe. Thirty years enveloped in the night of doubt, I present myself without holding back one word of my evidence. Make a test: make a trial by my assistance. I desire to tell you that your patience is wonderful.]

S: Is the communicator living or dead?

M: Oh, I think the communication comes from a dead person.

"Je me retrouve, surtout à cause des environs existants, à mon occupation au temps jadis. Il faut que vous restiez, si je puis le dire." In saying this his air is that of one who does not wish to be presuming. "tourmenté peutêtre, mais développé par circonstances. Il faut que vous y restiez." While respectful, the communicator's manner of saying this is very earnest, as if he were deeply interested in you.

[Translation]

[I find myself again at my old occupation, above all because of my present surroundings. You must (if I may say so) remain, . . . tormented perhaps, but developed by circumstances. It is necessary that you stay where you are.]

M: I see some one turning the leaves of a book, and stopping at a certain sentence: "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

J'ai fini.

[I have finished.]

M: He said that the sentence quoted "carries his meaning better than he could give it to you in French through me, the medium."

He seems to have a great affection for you, and the

respectful attitude of a servant deeply interested in your welfare.

Notes by X.

The opening communications in English conveyed nothing of significance to me.

Towards the close of the sitting, it suddenly dawned on X. that the communication fitted his former chauffeur, Charles Réallier, whom X., about eight years ago, brought over from France. He was in X's employ in this country until the war broke out in 1914, when he was suddenly called back to the French army. Early in the war he was desperately wounded and received honorable mention and a medal. About two years before this he had married in this country a woman of French birth with whom he lived in the garage at X.'s country home. A few months after the war broke out she followed him back to France, where she has supported herself by needlework ever since. X. has had letters from both the wife and husband, irregularly. They have been in "Penury," and X. has from time to time sent them money, besides paying the premiums on Réallier's life insurance here. So the date, January 4, 1918, of the above communication is worthy of note. The hope that "there may be a better outlook hereafter due to some rearrangement," may be construed as a reference to the life insurance, and the "piece of paper," the policy.

Réallier's opening expression, if it be his, in the French part of his communication — "Souvenez-vous de mon souvenir" is an idiom which X. has several times used in his letters to Réallier.

The quotation from the Bible (Canticles II. 17) was not recognized as such by Mrs. V. until X. remarked it. X. will endeavor to ascertain whether Réallier has been in the habit of reading the Bible in English, which is not altogether unlikely.

The tone and attitude of Réallier, in the above communication, agree wonderfully with his relations with X.

Both X. and his wife have had a sincere personal affection for Réallier.

It is some time since X. has heard from R., and he was not in the least in X.'s mind until towards the close of the French part of the above communication.

After the sitting, Mrs. V. told X. that although she had studied French years ago she had not kept it up, and that this is the first time that she has had a communication in French. In several instances while taking down the French words X. was obliged to spell for himself according to the sounds because the sensitive's knowledge of French was insufficient to say decisively whether the word uttered was, for example, a participle or an infinitive.

Only when X. was making a fair copy of his pencilled notes in his own home an hour later did it occur to him that a word about which Mrs. V. was doubtful (revenir) was evidently "souvenir"; and it was still later when X. recollected that he had often used this French idiom in his own letters to Réallier.

At the moment when the communication changed from English to French and a few words had been spoken, Mrs. V. suddenly exclaimed: "Why! this is the first time they have ever spoken to me in French."

[There are not a few instances of mediums speaking and writing languages which they did not understand at all. Ed.]

With reference to the sentence "after thirty years of doubt," etc. I did not know his age, but after the sitting I learned that he was in his thirty-first year. [He began doubting early! Ed.]

I never knew him to go to Church or to make any expression of religion. Now, "on the other side," he looks back and declares that during thirty years he was "enveloped in the night of doubt," presumably as to his personal persistence in life beyond the grave. But apparently by his own present experience this doubt is now removed; and he wishes me to test and try out the ev-

idence of his present existence which he is submitting to me.

If all my above inferences are justified, one point remains to be cleared up, viz., where Réallier insists that I must stay where I am. I happen to be involved at present in two separate situations, to either of which his remark might be applied. It never would have occurred to me to imagine him cognizant of either of these two matters; nor is Mrs. V. in the least aware of them; and, farther, neither of these matters was in my mind while Réallier was thus speaking to me. Indeed, it was not until some time after the séance that I even conjectured what this remark of Réallier's might possibly refer to.

Sitting of January 8th, 1918.

[Note the long words above and below, and compare the remark upon them in my first sittings in Nos. 18 and 20 of this REVIEW. Ed.]

M: A symbol comes. I see someone digging in hard earth, shoving shovelfulls aside. He says he is preparing "for my funeral" . . . he says: "The permanent intrenchment of my body, in contrast to the temporary intrenchment that I have endured."

I see now a flock of quite large birds. I can't understand the meaning of this symbol. As nearly as I can detect the meaning of what he says, it is that "these birds perform some service, and prevent conditions from being quite as bad as people think they are."

S: Are you sure they are birds?

M: I can't quite make out what they are. They seem to have feathers: to be white. I see water and rocks. They look somewhat like seagulls. It is a difficult one — this symbol.

Remainder of sitting about other matters. After the pause one or two communicators, who in life had nothing whatsoever to do with R., appear upon the scene.

Notes by X.

If my interpretation of the previous sitting proves to be correct, then what follows in the first half of today's sitting, January 8th, supplements the other.

The first paragraph appears to be a striking contrast between R.'s grave — and the temporary trenches which he had had to endure, first in France, and subsequently at Salonika. The bird picture is equally striking, if, as I conclude, it refers to the carrion birds coming from the sea at Salonika as merciful scavengers of the bodies still unburied. But till now I merely knew he had gone to the army stationed NEAR Salonika. I never thought of him as exactly at, or near, Salonika; nor as in the trenches there. My last information was that he was a despatch-bearer.

Subsequent references, not reported, to "repair-work" and "damage," and a little later a reference to a "tool-chest" and the demeanor of a "carpenter" fall in exactly with Réallier's business. He may be trying to remind me of the large tool box which he had in the repair shop of my garage.

Also a reference to the transgression of some rule whereby there was an "inadvertent overturning" may well be applicable to an automobile accident due to somebody's "carelessness and temper" during a violent storm, as is tersely described in the communication. A word "Omar," about which Mrs. V. is doubtful, feeling that she does not get it correctly, may not have been a proper name at all. Recollecting that in the previous séance R. had part of the time spoken in French, and that Mrs. H. has not kept up her French so as to be fluent in it now, X. conjectures that the word which R. was trying to get through, but which Mrs. V. failed to catch, was *Orage* — a storm. This would exactly agree with the reference to the weather which was made in the same connection.

Sitting of February 1, 1918.

M: They show me a traveller's case that folds up and rolls, for the purpose of carrying about.

I keep hearing *Automobile*. It's puzzling.

I still see a man kneeling, and rolling things up in his case, preparing to go away. He attracts my attention to his shoulder — something about his shoulder. I can't make it out. They'd better let it up, and give me another one. I can't make this out.

It's jumbled up. So many want to communicate.

Souvenez-vous de mon souvenir.

[Rest assured that I hold you in remembrance.]

He points to his shoulder.

S: "Which shoulder?"

M: I can't say now. I might make a mistake. He is facing me. I think it is his left shoulder.

I see capital *R:* I remember you said his name was Réallier.

He says: "J'ai traversé la vide, bouleversé et agité que je sois. Je veux vous remercier" — pause.

S: "De quoi?"

M: Pour votre intérêt.

["I have crossed the void. Overthrown and agitated though I be, I wish to thank you." Pause. Sitter asks: "To thank me for what?" Answer: "For your interest."]

M: I saw a big blue light over there then.

S: Is he dead?

M: It does seem to me that he is dead. "Pour ma femme. La poitrine etait blessé, et je n'ai pas pu respirer. Alors —" ["For my wife. My chest was wounded, and I could not breathe — thereupon —"] He shrugged his shoulders, and there's a blank.

He is trying to make me understand. He says: "Les signes signifiants se prouvent." ["Significant signs carry their own proof, or prove themselves."]

S: "Ask him his name." (No notice is taken of this question.

M: "Las des Allemands!" ["Tired of the Germans."] I hoped it would mean the Germans are tired; but that's what it was: "Las des Allemands!"

He shows me a large *A*. I don't know that it is a capital; it may be a jumbled sequence of letters that I am getting.

Now I see the Automobile again. He wants to show that he was a chauffeur. I can't get it; it sounds like *Allumette*. *Allumé*. *Illuminé*. There are two l's in it. No, it's *Allu* — something — as if there were a matchbox that you would remember. *Des Allumettes*. ["Matches."]

He shows me shavings, shingles, something scraped off. It's a test he is trying to get through, and I don't quite understand.

I see a fine, long Carpenter's Table and Tools. He says: "Do try to tell Dr. X. how I enjoyed that place, and loved it. . . . There was everything there."

He says it's so slow speaking French that now he shows me this big tool place. He shows me the shavings. "C'est moi," ["It is I,"] he says over and over again.

S: "Is he dead?"

M: I think he is. I never can be sure, but I feel that he is here now.

He seems to say slowly in English: "I will never return." I can see that he feels very sad about it.

S: "Tell him that I miss him, and am very sorry.

M: The controls are translating for him.

He says his successor is all right, but not quite "fidèle comme moi." Perpetuez mon nom â votre souvenir. Au revoir." ["Not quite so faithful as I was. Perpetuate my name in your recollection. We shall meet again."]

The controls say he will come again. But he feels badly. I get the impression of almost bursting into tears. He has gone away.

F — a large F. I don't say it is a first letter. It sounds like Frank.

Notes by X.

In the first sentence of the French part of the above communication the word "Souvenir" is now given definitely by the communicator, whereby my conjecture that "Souvenir" was the correct word instead of "Revenir" is confirmed.

Throughout the remaining French part, as before, the style and idioms are truly French, and not such as the sensitive, Mrs. V., would have been capable of producing.

I always had in my automobile a matchholder for cigars; the reference to "Allumette" is correct and natural.

I had a workshop in my garage, and Réallier took just such delight in it as was above described. Before I brought him from France he had been a mechanic in an automobile factory, and never in his life had he had at his disposal such a workshop as I provided for him.

Since Réallier left me I had not formulated in my mind such a judgment as is given above of the relative qualities of Réallier and his successor, my present chauffeur; but, now that the communicator had made this comparison, I recognize that it is just.

Between the sitting of January 4th and February 1st my wife received from Réallier's wife a letter dated 32 Avenue d'Alsace, Auch, Gers, France Jeudi (Thursday) December 5th, 1917, in which she says: "It is a long time since I have any news of Charles, and I begin to be disquieted about him." The last letter that I have received from Réallier himself was dated the 7th of October, 1917. I knew that, early in the war in France, he was wounded in the chest.

Our readers are familiar with the device of indicating an indistinct letter over the telephone by giving a word of which it is the initial, *e. g.* "B. in Boston."

This is a favorite way of Mrs. Vernon's ostensible controls, only the words come to her out of a clear sky, with

no explanation, and sometimes it is only by studying them and putting their initials together, that she pieces out the intended words. One or two letters thus given — perhaps the first and the last — sometimes appear to open the way for giving the whole word; for example, the name Butler in our No. 20.

Now at the present sitting the name R.E.A.L.L.I.E.R. was spelled out in that way. The process was longer than seems to justify quoting in full, but it's worth while to notice that the double *L* was given in reiterations of the word Hollander, words *beginning* with double *L* being apparently too unfamiliar (only Welsh proper names, so far as we can recall) for the control's use.

Sitting of February 5th, 1918.

M: Recueillir les implements (or instruments — I am not sure which). Il est — (It's still the toolchest). Les choses sont en désordre. Il faut y regarder. ["Rearrange the tools. He is — The things are in disorder. One should be more careful of them."]

He turns now to English: "He is neglectful."

I think he feels his successor is neglectful. He wants you to look to the toolchest that he was so fond of. "This fellow doesn't care for the tools as he did," he says.

Penetré par un clou. Le caoutchouc etait déchiré, et je suis resté. ["Pierced by a nail. The India rubber was torn and I stopped — to make repairs."]

I think he is trying to recall an occasion — pour raccommoder. He is trying to recall an occasion when he stayed by the roadside so long. It took him so long that somebody overtook you that you knew, "picked you up." J'y suis resté si longtemps. ["I had to stop a long time."]

I don't think this is very identifying, but it may lead up to something. It seems to have been abroad — in France — was he abroad with you? Just now he turned my attention to the picture which my son painted from memory of a place in France — the picture which is on

the library shelf yonder. He doesn't say it was that place, but he points me to that picture in order to show me that the occasion he is describing was in France, not in America. I had been thinking that it happened to you in America, but he wants me to understand that it was in France.

S: A quel endroit en France? ["At what place in France?"]

M: He shows me a *V*. It begins like Verdun, but it is Versailles.

That is the name of the place that comes to me, though I was thinking of you as at your country home. But they turned my head to my son's picture yonder.

He mops off his forehead. It is so hot. He works hard over the thing. It was before the days of modern appliances. He had to pump, and got very hot. Somebody overtook you — some friend. Whether they took you up, I can't be sure. But it was some friend of yours, I think.

S: I can't remember that anybody took me up.

M: I am not sure they did. But he wants to say that he was never so long attending to a tire. He says that in the French I got it wrong: the French confused me. You walked on and *he* picked you up.

S: Très bien. Je me rappelle ça. Etions-nous seuls, lui et moi? ["Very well. I recollect that. We were alone, he and I?"]

M: No, I think not. He is trying to show me some ladies who were with you — two women.

S: Did the ladies go ahead with me? or was I alone?

M: I have to wait for him to accumulate force. [This is frequent with the controls of the trance mediums. It is the first time I've met it in an account of a vigilant medium. Ed.] He will tell me something. He is working it out.

S: Who were the ladies?

M: He shows me a woman walking down the road, who turns around.

S: Who was the woman?

M: "Madame."

S: But he doesn't say *who*.

M: "C'était Madame." ["It was Madam."]

S: Qui donc était l'autre dame? ["Who, then, was the other lady?"]

M: It's confusing: whether one of them came back because of the heat. They separated. They did not walk together. He is trying to get it through. It is very difficult. The two ladies started down the road, but because of the heat one turned back.

"A cause de la chaleur une des dames s'est retournée." ["One of the ladies turned back on account of the heat."]

S: Laquelle des deux s'est retournée? ["Which one of the two turned back?"]

M: "Madame." ["Madam."] I think he is going to try to say something now about the other lady.

Is there an *S*? — *S* as in Susanne, but that is not the name.

S: There was a second name. Can he give the initial?

M: He is giving me names. He wants me to get it.

S: Ask him about his present existence.

M: "Je remplis mes jours —" ["I fill my days."]

He is trying to get the name again. Was his wife ever in your wife's employ? He says something about a maid — your wife's maid. He just pushed over that word with great effort.

"Evanouie" — she vanished — has gone. I can't connect it up.

Now an *L*. It sounds like Louise or Louis. He has got so much material there that I can't get it straightened out.

S: Ask him to tell what he is doing now: his present existence.

M: "J'apprends les routes ici." ["I am learning the roads (routes) here."]

S: Does he know me now? Does he see what I am doing?

M: "Je vois clairement, mais je ne puis pas vous approcher sans l'aide d'une psychique." ["I can see clearly, but I cannot approach you without the aid of a psychic."]

S: Can I do anything for you?

M: Non, merci. C'est fini pour moi. Ma femme restera avec ses amis et ses parents en France. ["No, thank you, all is over for me. My wife will stay with her friends and relations in France."]

S: Ou donc? ["Where, then?"]

M: He can't tell me definitely the place — in France, of course. I wonder what the *L* meant that time; and an *M*.

S: (to Mrs. V.): Please don't you worry. Take what he is able to give you, and be contented with that. Otherwise you might spoil the communication.

M: And he said something about a maid leaving, that he wanted to give as a test. Why can't he give it to me? He shows me an *M* again. He is trying so hard to tell me somebody's name. I don't seem to be able to get it.

I think he is going away. You feel the stir in the air when they are going to communicate. He will come again. But I think somebody else is going to communicate now.

]This "stir in the air" is a frequent experience. Ed.]

Note by X.

Several years ago X. with his wife and a cousin whose first name was Sophie, made a trip with his chauffeur Réallier in his automobile to Versailles and vicinity several times. On one of their trips a tire burst and the chauffeur was obliged to replace it with another into which air had to be pumped with the old-fashioned hand-pump, which was very laborious. Réallier always spoke of X.'s wife as "Madame," and her cousin as Mademoiselle Sophie.

Sitting of February 12th, 1918.

M: They say:

Let Scranton [Dr. X.'s nephew killed on the trolley. See this REVIEW No. 18. Ed.] speak again. Scranton brought Ravallier — wasn't that the chauffeur's name?

S: [Mrs. V. shows that her version today of the chauffeur's name does not seem quite correct to her. Although in a previous sitting she pronounced it correctly, throughout today's sitting she gives it every time as Ravallier, instead of Réallier.]

M: Scranton is trying so hard to get the identifying thing, and yet, between us, we don't seem to make it.

They show me a trolley-car. It is not an automobile at all. I thought it would be an automobile.

Scranton and Ravallier are there together, very anxious that Scranton should be able to get something through. . . .

Note by X

The trolley accident here referred to was mentioned at length in the record of my sitting in Boston with Dr. Hyslop and Mrs. Chenoweth in 1915. But I have a poor memory for such details, and I could not be sure what the hour mentioned was when Mrs. V. asked me this question today. Even yet, several hours afterward, while I am dictating this transcription of my notes, I am not able to recall definitely what the hour was, according to the Boston record. I will refer to that record hereafter. Meanwhile this cross reference by Mrs. V. and by the communicator through her to my totally different sitting in Boston more than two years ago with another sensitive is remarkable, as with Mrs. Chenoweth in Boston automatic writing was used, whereas Mrs. V., the present sensitive, is clairvoyant and clairaudient.

[This case regarding Scranton is treated in our No. 16, p. 413ff. Ed.]

He says again: "This is Scranton." He wants you to know who he is.

He is trying to initiate Ravallier in the things over there, and make him feel more at home. They are together over there. That is strange if he did not know Ravallier on this side. But they are together now. There was some reason why it would be all right that they should appear to you together now. They don't tell me what it is but they say it is a good reason.

Sitting of February 26th, 1918.

After other topics, about the middle of the sitting came:

M: It's different now. I see *S*. I am always afraid of letters. They tell me *S* as in Smith, Snyder — a lot of names all begin with *S*.

S. says the Pathfinder [a name for X.'s chauffeur. Ed.] is here — the chauffeur. *S*. was for Scranton. Scranton again and the Pathfinder are together here.

It's so hard to take the French message.

Mademoiselle est partie. Avancez ses gagnes. ["Mademoiselle is gone. Advance her profits."

Oh! these French messages puzzle me so. I don't like to take them. Who is this Mademoiselle? Have you any idea?

S: No.

M: Le départ de Mademoiselle — ["The departure of Mademoiselle."]

Somebody's maid had gone. I don't make it out at all.

[With this should be compared the previous reference to a maid in the sitting of February 5th.]

It has to do with a domestic of some kind. The Pathfinder usually does better than this. He'll have to do better, but he is trying his best.

"Chapeau." "Scrappeau" — there's no such French word.

Have you used up an automobile, an old car that he playfully called Mademoiselle? — worn out, discarded. This is the worst message I ever had from him.

He and Scranton are trying to give a test. It might be —— Yes, it relates to——, a trip to —— something. I don't see what Mademoiselle has to do with it.

[Note by Dr. X. The name of Dr. X's country home was thrice given correctly here.]

"Perennial" — yearly, he says. That was the quickest answer I ever got. It was like a flash. It is something in relation to a perennial trip to —— [Note Dr. X.'s country home was here named by M.] Scranton put in that word Perennial. Somebody goes to —— first.

"Le départ de Mademoiselle." ["The departure of Mademoiselle."] — that's all I can get. You can't imagine who Mademoiselle is, can you?

S: No.

M: I can't make it out at all.

La soeur. ["The sister."]

If I could make it out, it might be an obscure test.

L, he tells me.

(Final note by X. to sitting of Feb. 5th, p. 65. At the opening I asked Mrs. V. whether she would not like me to follow the example of many, as mentioned in the reports of Sir Oliver Lodge and others, to offer a short prayer before we began the sitting. Mrs. V. replied that she herself always offered such a prayer secretly in order to protect herself from evil influences, and that she would be very glad to have me now offer a prayer with her. I answered that I too had frequently used a short mental prayer before my sittings. Thereupon I said aloud the P. B. Collect "Direct us, O Lord," etc. Then the sitting proper began as usual.)

M: I hear French, but I haven't got it straightened out.

La lumière — pénétrée — le trou — pendant ma maladie. ["The light penetrated — the hole — during my sickness."]

I think he is puttng a religious aspect on it. He is very serious.

J'ai changé d'avis, et je suis devenu plus spirituel; et maintenant je suis heureux de vous dire que je suis monté plus vite à cause de votre instruction que plusieurs d'autres — à cause de votre exemple. ["I have changed my opinion and I have become more spiritual; and now I am happy to tell you that because of your instruction I mounted more rapidly than several others — because of your example. Because of your avocation."] It gave me insight, he says — Votre avocation.

I see capital *S*. Scranton again, I think. Scranton brings him. They always seem to come together.

Scranton m'a soutenu, ["Scranton sustained me"] he says. He tries to make me understand that he has been very good to him.

Il est si gentil, généreux ["He is so nice — generous"] — has given him so much of his time, he says.

Il ne parle pas ma langue couramment, mais c'a m'est égal ici. ["He doesn't speak fluently in my language, but here that makes no difference."]

He says you might perhaps say, How did they get on? since he did not speak French well, though I of course had learned a little English.

That is just a little pleasantry thrown in. He smiles.

These long French sentences are so involved to me, it makes it so hard for me.

Caste ne vaut rien ici sans spiritualité, et les plus intelligentes gonflès (Is there such a word? Mrs. V. asks) avec le égoism, restent — leur égoism ["Caste is of no value here without spirituality and the most intelligent, swollen by their egoism, remain — *their* egoism, not *his* egoism."] (He corrected me. *Leur* égoism, not *le* égoism, he says. What does it mean?)

S: Go on. Don't confuse him.

M: Superlativement (Is there such a word?) désenchantès avec leur environs — sans spiritualité. ["Superlatively disenchanted with their surroundings — without spirituality."] Now he puts it in English, so that I can

surely understand. He says that without spirituality they don't get on. He is quite philosophical today, isn't he?

Alors je vous présente mes compliments à cause de vos renseignements. ["In that case permit me to compliment you on the information you gave."]

Do you understand that? It's something like that.

Et Scranton m'a aidé beaucoup. ["And Scranton has helped me a great deal."]

S: Would Scranton like to speak to me?

M: Oh, yes. Always, he says.

S: Très bien, quand vous avez fini, qu'il parle. ["Very well. When you have finished let him speak."]

M: C'est bien. J'ai fini maintenant, et Scranton vous addresse. . . ["All right, I have finished, and now Scranton will address you."]

[Scranton.] *Ravallier* is dead, he says. He knows how it would interest you to find out that Ravallier is dead, he says.

Note by X.

Taken as a whole, this sitting seems to me impressive, for, in connection with the previous sittings, it not only contains evidential items, but there is a remarkable play of personality both in my chauffeur, Réallier, and in my dead nephew who purports to appear with him. Even the fact that Mrs. V. today gets my chauffeur's name again slightly wrong — Ravallier, instead of Réallier — is significant. In the sitting of this series, on February 12th, which was the first time that Mrs. V. got the complete name at all (hitherto all she got was the first letter *R*), she uttered it Ravallier, saying, "*Scranton* brought Ravallier — wasn't that the chauffeur's name?" Thereby she showed that she was conscious that she did not have the name quite right. In the earlier sitting of February 1st Mrs. V. did get it right: for she said, "I see capital *R*," and then she added: "I remember you said his name was Réallier." But in today's sitting she gets clairaudiently the name every time slightly wrong, Ravallier;

and when the sitting was over and she was in her normal state of mind she again spoke of my chauffeur as Ravallier. All this is good testimony as to Mrs. V.'s honesty.

My nephew's reappearance in this sitting gives incidentally some items of new evidence. As usual, throughout these sittings, his password Scranton is used as if it were his name, although in the sitting of February 12th he took pains to say that he used Scranton as a password for identification, not as his proper name. In these sittings Scranton and my chauffeur come together as if they had known one another on earth, but until today I was not aware that during their lifetime they did know one another. My wife knows nothing of my sittings with Mrs. V., but today, without disclosing to her the reason of my question, I asked her whether my dead nephew had ever been in our country home. She answered that he came there twice in an automobile which our chauffeur took care of in our garage during his stay.

The French communication to-day is so remarkable that I must again mention the fact of which Mrs. V. has repeatedly assured me, that these sittings of mine are the only cases in which communications have ever come to her in the French language. Notice the polite quip — the retort, quick as a flash and in the idiom of a true Frenchman — which is addressed by my chauffeur, not to me, but to Mrs. V., the sensitive. A moment previously Mrs. V. had said to me apologetically: "These long French sentences are so involved to me, It makes it so hard for me. . . . He is quite philosophical today." To which the chauffeur replies, with a touch of irony quite equal to her own, yet with perfect courtesy: "In that case, permit me to compliment you on your success in conveying my messages." Certainly neither I nor Mrs. V. is capable of inventing that passage. I can almost see my dear Réallier, doffing his cap to Mrs. V., while he expresses himself in the idiomatic French of that last phrase. In this phrase the word "renseignements" leaves

it just a bit doubtful whether he means that he is complimenting Mrs. V. for the information which she has been giving to *him*, or for what she has conveyed to *me*. Here, if ever, there is the play of a vital personality and a touch of what the French mean by "spirituel" — that peculiar Gallic quality — for which Mrs. V. is not sufficiently proficient. Under all these circumstances, is not this extraordinarily veridical?

And how lifelike is the transition from this mood in regard to Mrs. V. to the characteristic manner of a deferential French domestic, faithful to the family, which Réallier manifests when he speaks to me of my nephew as being "so considerate and generous of his time"; or again when he says, "Scranton has sustained me, has been very good to me. Difference of station (caste) is of no account here without spirituality."

Notice also my chauffeur's spontaneous anticipation that to me, his and my nephew's imperfect knowledge of French and English, respectively, might be a stumbling block in their account of their present ability to understand one another. Certainly there was no telepathy here from my mind to my chauffeur's mind, or Mrs. V.'s mind, since the objection which my chauffeur purports to be meeting was not in my mind at all. I had taken it for granted all along that the difference of tongues on earth will be no hindrance to spirits in the world to come.

Sitting of Tuesday, March 26th, 1918.

I don't see why I get so much French. I get French again. How strange it is: for you are the only one I get French with.

"La Fillette" — No, "Lafayette" — prend garde — des portes de Paris. Affirmons maintenant que les Allemands n'emporteront jamais leurs canons plus près de Paris. Cherchez à fond (No, I think it is au fond) des Générales pour la clef de la mystère. Cette retraite ne

tiendra pas longtemps. ["Lafayette is guarding the gates of Paris. We affirm now that the Germans will never bring their cannon nearer to Paris. Make a thorough search of the Generals in order to ascertain the key to the mystery. This retreat is not going to last long."]

M: It's difficult for me to get it in French: for I've never done this for anybody else.

S: "Who is speaking?" [No attention paid to the question.]

M: Quel importe le terrain? ["What difference does the ground make?"]

Interlocuteur Francais. ["The French interlocutor."] [Evidently an answer to X.'s previous question.]

S: "Qui donc?" ["Who, then?"] No attention paid to question. [Communicator continued in order to finish previous sentence.] Qui mérite le titre d'auparavant. Is there such a word as that? "Messager." ["Who deserves the former title, messenger."] Is that right? It helps me if you tell me. [X. translated the entire French sentence, so far, to Mrs. V. and she continued.]

M: It's very hard to get it. It sounds like de *Sacramento — Messager de Sacr* — something. Was there in one of our wars a place called that? Where is Sacramento in our country?

S: In California.

M: "S." I can't get it. The Chauffeur was the Pathfinder. This man is a *Messenger*. It's not the Chauffeur, but it is a Frenchman. He is trying to give me the name of a place, but I can't get it.

Now someone says: Il se repose sous les — They show me high cliffs and rocks — a place that begins with this *Sacr* — something — that they are trying to give me.

He still is showing me that place with the cliffs and water. He lies there. He was a *Messenger*.

"S."

It's as if he might be a friend of the Pathfinder, but

that's my guess. They don't tell me so, but they show this place with the water and seagulls.

[The seagulls reminded X. of the sitting of January 8th.]

Now they give me the impression that it was a *Priest.* It ought to be *Messager du Sacrement* ["Messenger of the Sacrament."] — that was it. It ends with *T.* At last I've got it.

S: "Où donc?" ["Where, then."]

M: He answered me, "Where the Saracens fell." Would that be Salonika?

It was the controls who told me that he fell where the Saracens fell. It is a French priest, as I understand it. He seems to be connected with the Chauffeur — the Pathfinder. Réallier brought him. He had to be introduced into the circle. He wanted to give us just that little sort of a prophesy.

[It is worthy of remark that this time, as also in the last sitting, Mrs. V. got Réallier's name correctly, but this time she gave another word incorrectly — générales for généraux, unless the words were *du général.* But I did not like to interrupt Mrs. V. to verify.]

Sitting of April 8th, 1918.

M: [After much matter on other subjects] *E* and *Ravallier* have come again. That's so strange. Ravallier *must* be dead. There's the war again — they've taken it back to the war again.

[*Scranton* is *E*'s password, so that *Scranton* and *E* stand for the same person. Mrs. Vernon had now for the first time seen *E* and Ravallier appearing to her in company. It has been communicated to us in a previous sitting that it was *Scranton's* task to introduce Réallier to the communicating circle on the other side.]

M: I hear "Apparent reverses reveal the fortitude, — defensive of the French."

S: Who says that?

M: Ravallier is telling, but it's being translated for

celerity, they say, because you said you only had a few more minutes before you must go. I hear:

"Superannuated annals disclosed" — I don't know what that means at all — "the fact that the Hun's promiscuous barbarities result in defeat."

Then I just see an American Flag being waved by a man patiently, as if he would not stop.

[Here Mrs. Vernon remarked: "That looks like a prophecy"; to which X. answered: "And it may well be compared to the prophecy you communicated to me at a previous sitting." "Was there a prophecy before?" Mrs. V. asked. "Yes," but I will not tell either of you what it was." What X. had in mind was the passage in the sitting of March 26, where, at the time when the last German attack on the Western front of the Allies was just beginning, an "Interlocuteur Francais" purports to prophesy to X. "Lafayette prend garde des portes de Paris. Affirmons maintenant que les Allemands n'emporteront jamais leurs canons plus près de Paris. . . . Cette retraite ne tiendra pas longtemps."] ["Lafayette is guarding the gates of Paris. We affirm now that the Germans will never bring their cannon nearer to Paris. This retreat will not last long."]

Sitting of May 6th, 1918.

I see "Scranton" — *E.*

Now there's the French word, so it sounds like the chauffeur. "Renversé ["Upset."] — He's trying to tell me another word — It's very difficult. "et decapité" ["I upset and decapitated myself."] — Is there such a word?

S: "Yes."

M: Well, that's the word. "Je me suis."

[At this point Mrs. V. returned to her active mind and asked X. a question. Perhaps two minutes was occupied by our conversation. Whereupon Mrs. V. relapsed into her passive mind, and continued with the French sentence which she had left incomplete.]

M: *tué* — French is awfully hard for me to get this way. I'll try to get that word. I may not have got it right, but that's what it sounded like. To explain what he means he is showing me a person shot along the ground — rolled over — killed by his own momentum. "par la force de mobilité." He means this thing burst and shot him along. They impress on me that the bursting of shrapnel, or a shell, shot him along so that there wasn't much left of him. I don't see that a machine did it: it was a shell or shrapnel. I haven't seen an automobile till now; but I do see one now, as if the shell burst near him and shot him off of the automobile.

Now he stands aside for others —

We now reach the most remarkable part of this remarkable experience.

Réallier is not dead.

Dr. X. writes:

My last sitting with Mrs. V. was on May 6th. On May 8th, by letter from Réallier's wife (then in Southern France), my wife and I got the news that a letter from Réallier had reached his wife showing that as late as April 25th Réallier was alive with the French army whose port of entry into Greece has been Salonika. But I did not know or guess exactly where Réallier was, nor what he was doing. Again on October 11th, my wife had a letter from Madame Réallier (who was still in Southern France), dated September 13th, and saying that Réallier arrived in Lyons on furlough about that time. He was apparently in good health.

Note by the Editor

The affair was certainly not deliberately "made up" by Mrs. Vernon. Even if she had wanted to do it (which I'll vouch she didn't), she had no facts to do it with.

Impressions from living absent persons are not rare, but I know of no case to compare with this.

And why do Scranton and Réallier appear together and say the things they do?

The possibility has been suggested that some mischievous spirit has been enacting them, and telepathing his rôle to Mrs. Vernon. The reader will perhaps have his own impressions regarding that.

My guess as to Réallier is that his strong affection for Dr. X., and frequent meditation upon his experience with him, have been teloteropathically reflected in Mrs. Vernon's mind, and that the whole business has stimulated Dr. X., as sitter, unconsciously to reinforce the effect from Réallier.

What's your guess?

If you think that what upset of the spiritistic hypothesis there is in this case, upsets all other cases, your conclusion is premature.

Final Note by Dr. X.

The Editor's "guess" that Réallier's strong affection for "Dr. X. and frequent meditation upon his experience with him, have been reflected in Mrs. Vernon's mind," etc., does not seem to me to be well founded; for until Réallier actually appeared to communicate I had not for several months been thinking of him much, and Mrs. Vernon was not even aware of his existence.

[*I do not think that Dr. X's mind was reflected in Mrs. Vernon's, but Réallier's. See paragraph beginning "But while" in our No. 20, p. 415. Ed.*]

In France, just previous to his departure for Greece, he had been a despatch-bearer; so I still thought of him as going about in an automobile; and the idea of "the trenches" and the "seagulls," etc., was never in my mind at all in connection with him until it came through in Mrs. V.'s sitting. It was solely what came through Mrs. V. in these sittings that led either me or Mrs. V. to suppose that Réallier might have been killed; and I never associated Réallier with my dead nephew until they appeared

together in these sittings — where the appearance and utterances of both of them were true to their respective characters. At one point Mrs. V. expressly said in the sittings, in reply to my question, that she could not positively tell whether Réallier was alive or dead.

In the rest of the Records from which the Editor has made these extracts there is much else that should be taken into consideration; for it is equally true to life, although the circumstances and some of the actors are quite different.

The Editor has several times pressed me to offer a conjecture of my own in explanation of these extraordinary phenomena. But the most that I have been willing to reply is contained in the following suggestion offered in my letter to him dated August 8th, 1918:

When pressed to offer his own conjecture in partial explanation of the Réallier communications, Dr. X. mentioned that in view of the Doris Fisher case and others, and of comments by one of Dr. X.'s friends on the Réallier case, mischievous spirits had been suggested as a possible explanation of part of the phenomena. But Dr. X. has not adopted this suggestion as his own. Throughout the sittings it has appeared to him that several factors entered into the Réallier manifestations, and from the outset Dr. X. has not felt competent to offer as yet any explanation.

Dr. X, while correcting the proof of this article, noticed for the first time that, in the sitting of March 26, 1918, in connection with "the water and the seagulls," it is not Dr. X's chauffeur but a French priest, described as "a Messenger of the Sacrament," who purports to communicate. Thus it is not Dr. X's chauffeur, but the French priest, who, in this instance, appears as dead.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Wine-bibbers and the Pharisees

THE EDITOR, Shoreham, Vt.
THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW. Oct. 14, 1918.

My dear Sir:

A good while ago I decided that although a "really, truly" "poor country preacher," there was a certain amount of money I could not afford to keep. Two and a half dollars of it was dedicated to the vagaries and other things of the Review which is the child of your brain and heart. Many times since I have felt under obligation to you.

Almost above all else a "parson" needs intellectual and moral stimulus lest he forget that his true function is one of prophethood. I am always glad for anything that makes me thoroughly "mad," that is: righteously and otherwise indignant.

These are days of paper scarcity, and troubles for editors come on apace. But in these days of paper scarcity our Editor has some fifteen pages to spare. So he provides some smug sophist with them in which to elaborate an old and threadbare "argument" of the liquor profiteers. Let me arise to acknowledge my sense of deepest indebtedness.

This is a day of increasing "social consciousness" is it not? Are not men rather inspired by the very spirit of Jesus than devoted to a narrow and literal interpretation of his words? What then is to be said of the man who can seriously bring forward the fact that Jesus did drink wine as a determinant influence in the face of our impending social reform? The liquor profiteers themselves had given it up. Is it left only to the man who wishes to fortify himself in a selfish physical indulgence against the warnings of conscience which is increasingly alive to the social implications of a new age?

I am only sorry I must wait three months to know who is the fluent defender of the modern wine-bibber. It is peculiarly irritating to be aroused against some one unnamed and unknown.

Yours very truly,
R. BARCLAY SIMMONS.

His name and qualifications for the exegesis are given in our current notes on the contributors to the preceding number. [Ed.]

EN CASSEROLE

Our Emaciation

If our emaciated appearance this time causes you any shock, we hope you were somewhat prepared for it by the extracts from a recent letter from Lord Bryce which were published at the foot of the second advertising page of the last number.

We are probably more emaciated, at least in comparison with our previous embonpoint, than the other periodicals; because we have heretofore used thicker paper than they; and now the Government has reduced us all to paper of the same thickness, — or thinness.

Our current volume, so thin in contrast with the others — we hope all the others — in the set, you can hand down to your successors as an illustration of the sacrifices imposed by the war. Our sacrifices are partly illustrated, however, in the thickness maintained from the beginning of the rise in price up to the present volume, and they are by no means ended by the reduction in the amount of paper.

While we are making apologies, we may as well include one for some little suggestions of anachronism which may appear in this number because Peace came so near the time of going to press that it was not practicable to conform all the expressions with it. A quarterly's manufacture shares in its general slowness as compared with other periodicals.

Before we get too far away from the subject of paper, we wish to growl a mild protest at the Government which, while it cuts us down, leaves the country papers free to spread themselves to the size of city dailies, with vulgar, and often dangerous, advertising, and columns of gossip, gathered all over the State, regarding people whose names are not known outside of their villages and announcements of their coming to the towns where the papers

are published, as if they were leaders in important activities — all this being done to lead these people to buy these papers because their names are in them. To provide paper for the worthless stuff indicated, the Government not only thins periodicals of standing, but even all classes of books, including those specially intended for education. If a small fraction of the worse than useless stuff were cut out of the newspapers, there would be no need of interfering with the more important publications.

The Walrus and the War

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings!"

It is a commonplace of literary history that the poet who has the good fortune to be born at the psychological moment, so far as the relation of his special vision to his era is concerned, is assured at once of a high and conspicuous place in the regard of his own generation, while one of genius equally great, but badly timed, stands unnoticed in the crowd, or attains an undesirable distinction as an interesting, perhaps, but unconvincing sort of superlunatic.

This last unhappy fate has been that of the Walrus. His reputation, for fifty years, has been based upon the verses quoted above — which have been judged with apparent reason, as no more than incoherent ramblings of a distorted intellect, in sad contrast to the concisely logical common sense of the Carpenter's remarks. But the Great War has given the key to the mysteries of the Walrus' thought. He should have accepted the suggestion of the Oysters to "wait a bit," before he presented to the world that apparently unrelated group of subjects for discussion which bewildered his contemporary critics. For who

could to-day gather together seven themes more closely linked with one another by the conditions which the War has brought about? "The time has come" when the whole world is talking of just these things.

The town in which I live, while suffering like others for lack of certain things of considerable importance, is blessed with a never-failing supply of one commodity at least — shoes. The shoe store rises up to meet one at every turn. Indeed, since the town "went dry," it seems to occupy the conspicuous place that the saloon did in unregenerate days. And yet, in the midst of plenty, while wet as to feet, we must nevertheless "go dry" as to shoes, as well as drink, unless we would risk the likely chance of an old age on the "County Farm." And why is fifteen dollars asked where five was asked three years ago? — *C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?* — words which from the lips of an American shop keeper seem unaccountably to lack the inspiring quality they possess when spoken by the heroic women of France.

Some friends of mine have lately moved into a new and attractive house. I called upon them recently, on a blustering winter day. The feminine members of the family sat lined up along a radiator, garbed as for a windy day on the deck of an ocean liner, while the one masculine member was strenuously stuffing newspapers and crumpled pages of old "blue books" into the cracks about doors and windows on the northeast side. The room presented the appearance of a gigantic wasp's nest. Why must one seek defense against the season in this "looped and windowed raggedness," rather than in the neat conventional weather strip and storm sash? To the east and the west the building of ships for Uncle Sam goes on, while the "middle westerner," bereft of workers in wood and metal, must shiver unheeded, in the chilly blasts from Medicine Hat, and resign himself to the probability that his long-bespoken equipment for the winter will appear with the robin and the dandelion. *C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*

The War, too, was the ultimate cause of our attempt at a vegetable garden, in the face of many difficulties. Only a Homer among Walruses or men could do justice to the adventurous careers of the vegetables our garden produced — of the carrots which drank (copiously) of the fountain of perpetual youth — of the cucumber vine that turned into a Hubbard squash, and then tried to shirk its larger responsiblities by reverting to type when the fruit came — of the onion sets, which, reburied after a most uncanny bodily resurrection, flourished marvelously as to foliage and — completely disappeared, "root and all, and all in all" — *spurlos versenkt!* And the cabbages! These plants long gave promise of a normal life. One of them even began to "head." After a precocious start, the head, indeed, continued to grow but as did the little town of the Latin story-teller, "like the tail of a cow — backward." Its once plump profile grew more and more cadaverous, till it resembled to a disconcerting degree that of the crown prince of Prussia, and it withered into senility, adding its dismal testimony toward our own conviction at the season's end, that for a casual observer it might be hard to say whether culture or *Kultur* had been bestowed upon the garden where it grew. But — *c'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*

I regret the necessity of making the crown prince of Prussia the connecting link between Cabbages and Kings, sincerely hoping as I do that he may never attain the latter title, but the order of the Walrus' thought makes the connection inevitable. The question of the relation of these functionaries — Kings — to the present condition of the world is too obvious to need discussion here, and for more subtle elucidation may be left to the tender mercies of the historians of the future.

The relation of the Walrus' penultimate topic of discourse to the all-absorbing interest of our time is equally obvious, and indeed is hardly a subject for analysis. Who does not know now why "the sea is boiling hot"? Was it

not the submarine that brought even the cool-headed United States to the boiling point at last?

We now reach the last item in the Walrus' repertory. In prehistoric days a winged horse carried Bellerophon safely through his adventure with the Chimæra, and winged serpents drew the chariots of Ceres and Medea. Winged bulls would seem to have been familiar objects to the ancient Assyrians. But for the *Pig* with Wings the world has waited until the second decade of the twentieth century, when every week or so—

TEUTON SAUSAGES
FLY OVER
EASTERN COUNTIES

and

SAUSAGES FLAUNT
ABOVE
BATTLE LINES

The British Bull Dog himself might not disdain to "flaunt" in this capacity, in spite of the sinister traditional relation between the canine race and the sausage-machine in general. *C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*

But why the sealing wax, midmost in the Walrus' list as a thing of prime importance?. Let the first of President Wilson's fourteen peace-conditions answer, and point to the path that leads, sometimes by devious windings, yet unmistakably, back from all our woes and tribulations in the matter of Shoes and Ships and Cabbages, unnavigable seas and Winged Zeppelins, to the secret Sealing of covenants and treaties.

The Walrus' vindication is complete—*C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*

An Unpopular View of a Painful Subject

We have been somewhat surprised at seeing no comment in the press upon the Government's decision to bring home the bodies of our dead soldiers from Europe. We so little supposed that our people would feel about the matter so

nearly as the Chinese do and as the Egyptians did, that at first we supposed it was an undertakers' "job" at the public expense, and we remembered supposing the same thing after the Spanish war. But the silence of the press leads us to think that we must be mistaken.

Far be it from us to oppose the Government's taking the proposed action where the survivors wish it, and still farther be it from us to reason anybody out of such a feeling. But for our own part, if we have to face the test, we shall not want the thing done where we are concerned, and should not even seek the spot where Mother Earth performs her function, unless balked by some Egyptian trick.

There are certainly many who feel in this way, and even some who look upon the Government's contemplated proceeding with abhorrence. Therefore we do think that the Government should take the step only where the survivors request it; and we also think it the duty of writers who regard the subject as we do, to risk the unpopularity, if unpopularity be involved, of expressing themselves. And perhaps the foregoing opinions are not so unpopular after all: for since writing them, on polling eight people, we found them, to our great surprise, all agreeing with us.

And since the foregoing was in type, the papers have had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt, objecting to disturbing the remains of his son, and an answer from General March to the effect that the Government would always refrain from interference at the request of next of kin. Would it not be better if, as suggested above, the Government would act only at request of next of kin?

The Demagogue's Opportunity

Any man who studies the signs of these perilous times and notes the transparencies in the parades of discontent, can easily detect a similarity in the demands of the "downtrodden." Every group names its panacea by acclamation, persuaded that its candidate once elected will cure the sick world. Some say that society can never advance

until divorces are as common as wild strawberries, to which more timorous souls retort that tame strawberries are without question more wholesome. Others announce that until the vote is granted to the fair sex, unfairness will always mark modern politics. Still others are sure that the main cause of female depravity rests not upon luxurious motives and uncontrolled impulses, but upon the failure to receive more than three dollars a week. In art, too, a number of earnest workers have come to the conclusion that all human emotions are of equal value as material for creation, and that all previous masterpieces should be preserved only as dreadful warnings of the futile attempt to limit the field of art. In literary work the call for the timely, however formless the result, is insistent, and the reading public is taking to scientific treatises rather than to fiction.

How can a single cause produce such turmoil, such widely divergent forms of discontent, protest, and revolt? On the one hand an immodestly strutting individualism seems to be joining hands with the most self-sacrificing collectivism. We know, of course, that the group-idea is the motive power of the new machines of sentiment. The impetus of a given idea *en masse* is in inverse ratio to its permanent value. That is: the emotion of a single agitator directing the course of a series of evident facts through the yielding minds of undisciplined hearers, takes to itself the force of a resistless flood by the mere act of motion. Masses dealing with facts which they do not understand, demand action, not reflection. We are become a people who believe that the louder the noise, the greater the democracy. We have come into a new kind of liberty,—the liberty of an infinity of facts not yet interpreted and correlated. We are too young for our franchise, too impatient wisely to enjoy the taste of those fruits for which many an investigator has died untimely in his laboratory, and many a poet lonely in a crowded city.

In this confusion the demagogue has an unprecedented

advantage. There are abroad perverse egotists masquerading as socialists, provincial Irishmen willing to betray international justice because of their political wrongs, sensitive Germans eager to fetter the foster-mother to win the smile of a mother who abandoned them when they refused to be slaves, a Pope who advises the starving Belgians to condone the crimes of their wealthy mighty co-religionists, and finally university instructors and anemic "editors" urging in the face of an ennobling conscription, the defects of democracy and the desirability of autocracy. Horrible as the war has been, and desolating as the resulting revolutions may prove to be, a possible reason under heaven may grow from glimmer to gleam. Demagogues, be they sovereigns or "citizens", are equally traitors to the traditions for which we have been fighting. The pacifist jested over exemptions and slackers, and said: "There! the people don't want war!" Of course not, that is why we were in the war.

Some Mistaken Enthusiasms

Mr. Schwab has done splendid service in ship-building, and he could not have done it or his other big jobs had he not been a generous enthusiast. But enthusiasm sometimes runs away with the best of men, in fact generally selects them to run away with, and she and Mr. Schwab are just now engaged in such a little escapade. At the dinner recently and very properly given in his honor in New York, he said that he was going on building ships more fiercely than ever, and indicated that America is to be a great seafaring nation.

Well, thank you kindly, Mr. Schwab, but you must let us say, despite our repugnance from prophecy, that she is not, at least in any times that we are going to see. She may use your new ships most gratefully for a time in sending Europe the victuals of which she is just now in special need, and bringing our dear boys home, but when those jobs are done, she is going to sell those ships to the

people with small territory who have always done the world's carrying, and devote the money and the men to developing her own great lands and resources that are clamoring for development.

Possibly you may honor us by glancing at an article on this subject in our No. 10.

And after the foregoing is in type, along comes Mr. Daniels with word that he is going to make the greatest navy in the world. What for, O Josephus?

Is Academic Life Narrow?

THE contrast often drawn between life in college and life in "the world" is spurious. It ignores the fact that a college is just as indubitably in the world as is a factory. In a college a thousand men and women, some old, some young, some ignorant, some learned, some rich, some poor, some wicked, some saintly, some social climbers, some recluses, some plodders, some dreamers, some commercial, some frivolous, some intense, are drawn together from all parts of the world including Australia and the Hebrides, to try their wits at whatever form of competition they desire: athletic, scholarly, journalistic, social, administrative, æsthetic.

The chief difference between this community and a town of the same population is just that our college community is more varied. In what town of a thousand inhabitants could you have a Cosmopolitan Club where representatives of all the civilized nations of the earth congregate to share thoughts and customs? And in a given district within a city, the variety is even more restricted; not local, but merely financial reasons have drawn these people to the same street.

I am not playing with the abstract idea of a college community. As I write, I see before me in memory the campus of the university where I spent several by no means monastic years. Isolated? My relations with the people there were not only more intimate but far more diverse

than any I have elsewhere known. Out of the world? Here was the world in supersaturated solution—a veritable microcosm, wherein love and crime and politics and work and gossip and injustice and romance and tragedy flourished. Life and death were there, in gray, and purple, and gold; not only present but — and here's the point — visible to our eager senses. The New York apartment next to mine was raided as a gambling den last winter, and I knew nothing about it save through the morning paper. But in that more concentrated world of college, when a little Russian student of biology threw herself into the lake, our faces blanched with the nearness of mystery. A question of dormitory rights wherein we successfully opposed the president taught us self-confidence and tact. Sometimes our battles were for principles, sometimes for self-interest, as they have been since; but the issues were clearer, nearer, more open. We were not oppressed by the helplessness of the ordinary citizen under the remote management of professional politicians.

"But," says my friend the Anti-Academician, "the academic interests are more trivial; they are concerned with little and unreal things, instead of big and vital ones. And besides, your university was large — it is hardly a fair example."

I retort that the problems of human society are the same wherever found. A return to personal confession is the most practical way of proving the point. I taught in a new and small college of fewer than three hundred students. We felt ourselves to be missionaries in the hostile wilderness of conservative New England. A little band of visionaries bucking the world, we worked under the leadership of a man of far vision and implacable obstinacy — the sort of man marked out for martyrdom. He got it. I abandoned the "lost cause" and entered the business world of New York.

Did my interests thereby become less trivial? I am not one who cares for discussion for its own sake. In that little

college my words, my vote, had a direct effect on the greatest social problem of our age — the adjustment of individual freedom to social regulation. When I left, I became an individualist, not on principle, but because my relation to the state had become incalculably remote. I had nothing more real to box against than the punching-bag of my own thoughts. In those college years convictions were forged and tempered in the white heat of action. They grow cold and rusty now. Beliefs have no longer a social reference; they can no longer be either dangerous or beneficent. In the vast impersonality of the great city, the individual is thrown back on himself in hermit isolation.

I hold no brief for the continuance throughout life of the college way of living. If such a course were followed by all, the distinctive character of the microcosm would be lost, and college and "the world" would become strictly synonymous. No, we are given those few years in which to lead a life more intense than we are at all likely to find again. Because the world is there present to us in miniature we can reach out and touch every phase of it. Later we must slip into the rut — choose our groove, and leave other paths untraversed. Only once can we, in a fashion, experience all phases of life, mark all problems as our own. When we go out into our more isolated, narrow, trivial, restricted lives, we can carry with us the blazing memory of a vision, a sympathy, an opportunity at once more vivid and more universal — a memory of the life academic.

A Topic for the Times

Is it possible that a nation which responded so gloriously to the demand for its blood and life could not be trusted to respond with its wealth unless its taxation were levied in the petty driblets of postage stamps, theatre tickets, club dues, railroad fares and other petty annoyances at every turn? Or is the system of hunting for cracks and crannies in which to push taxation, simply a

stupid following of Colbert's dictum when the King, and not the people, imposed the taxes, that the best tax is the one which gets the most feathers with the least squawking? Now that the war is over, and taxation is to be rearranged, this question is worth serious pondering.

A Piece of String

TODAY as I sit cutting and rolling up long strings of bandaging for Red Cross Relief Work, I whimsically wonder if the training I have been receiving in catering to my husband's intermittent requests for "pieces of string" was not anticipatory in a degree of the demands that were to be made upon me now — in providing bandages to bind up the soldiers.

I married a "gardening" man — not so by profession, but by every innate instinct of his being. He loves the breath of the soil — to let it dribble through his fingers as he appraises its "growing" properties. He watches with keen expectancy for the first green shoots, and feels the wonder of reincarnation of plant life.

In this phase of his existence I am an alien. After vainly endeavoring to divert him into what seemed to me pleasanter paths for leisure time, I assiduously tried for several years to make myself share his enthusiasm, but joy of digging among roots, and watchful waiting for fruition came not to me. I am made of different clay — coarser, I think: for I do not fail to sense the peace and beauty of those rare natures that find their happiness in the simple yet arduous, labors of gardening. Perhaps my husband has found some recompense for my lack of response, in my appreciation of his triumphs in early lettuce and radishes, prize golden pumpkins and luscious melons, and still more in my unfeigned delight in the gorgeous masses of pastel-tinted sweet peas, flaunting yellow coreopsis and fragrant roses. We no longer discuss the difference in tastes — in fact the subject has become so attenuated in the moils of daily life that a mere "string"

is all that bridges the gap between his gardening proclivities and my more worldly desires.

Shall I ever forget his first casual demand for "string"!

I was entertaining afternoon callers — the library was cool and inviting, and I was daintily dressed. I remember I was wearing new, very high-heeled slippers.

"Kun'el" (our old black retainer dignifies my husband by the title) "Kun'el say he wants some strings to tie up dem termaters with, if you please Miss Jane."

"Strings?" I excuse myself and run blithely up the stairs, rummage among drawers and shelves, handing to waiting 'Cajah a ball of cord.

By the time I have resumed the interrupted conversation with my callers, anent the subtile intricacies of Emerson and the Over Soul I am again summoned.

"Kun'el say cord won't do, Miss Jane — he say — "

Just then my husband appears with his request for "just string — old rags that can be torn about an inch wide — any old rags to tie up my tomatoes."

He waits patiently while I again essay another flight — this time to the attic, remembering some old frayed dimity curtains, washed and laid by for future window polishings.

I come down triumphantly — half way — the next half, ignominiously, in a heap of tangled high heels, window curtains and ruffled feelings. This however is a mere detail, soon forgotten, if that had been all! But no, the elements too conspired against me, with beating, twisting rains and wind, snapping those dimity strings like cloud-wraiths. I explained as repeatedly and as futilely as de Maupassant's poor old Master Hauchecorne — but there were the prostrate, storm-beaten tomato vines, and my husband's accusing eyes — mute witnesses of my hopeless inadequacy as a gardening man's wife.

"Kun'el say he want some strings to tie dem cosmoses up — dey's jest a bendin' over with blooms — he say come look at 'em."

I clinch things this time by tearing long strips of perfectly good new muslin.

"Why this is brand new goods, ain't it honey?" says my husband. "No use to tear up new goods — just any old thing would have done."

That I cannot make strings "like mother used to make" I plainly see. My husband does not reproach me for a waste of new goods, but I feel my deficiency in thrift. Never before did I realize how many garden things need tying. My summer and fall were punctuated by demands for string. No sooner did I settle down to the peace and quiet of my domestic life than I was immediately roused again to provide strings for grapevines; strings to tie the celery for bleaching; strings to hold the vines back from the garden path.

"I'll remember next year," I grimly say to myself. But with the insousiance of youth and heaven-kissing hopes of perpetual marital bliss, I forget — until brought to earth — by a piece of string.

"He is going to *tie* me to the out-of-doors and his garden." I think ruefully, yet withal, happily. With singular reiteration 'Cajah voices my husband's message — a path is worn to my pet window by his faithful feet. "Kun'el say, Miss Jane —" and singularly unbelievable too, is my ever recurring flurried search for the desired article. It may seem to the uninitiate that the gathering together of a certain specified kind of string on a moment's notice is a mere bagatelle, but it isn't.

I am conscientious in wanting to fulfill all my wifely duties, so the fifteenth year of married life finds me busily tearing and laying in neat piles, lengths of string — not new — not too tender — almost human in their being just what my dear gardening man will want. I put them carefully in the tool-house, where they will be conveniently at hand, and settle down to a placid summer, thinking of the time when my "man" will crown me with laurel for my forehandedness.

"Kun'el say —"

"Tell your master," I say proudly, with all the smug complacency of the efficient housewife, "that he will find all the necessary string in a box marked 'string' in the tool-house." I dismiss him with a wave of the hand, glad that I can at last command his unqualified respect as a competent helpmate for his master.

"Jane," I hear my husband call, petulantly, "there ain't no string in the tool-house."

I go out with long, conquering-hero strides; step to the tool-house door — eyes diverted for an instant by my young son's kite wriggling up to unbelievable heights against the azure dome.

"See, mother, look, look! — yes (excitedly jumping up and down), yes, I used the nice strings on my kite — look — see it go!"

Alas! *Sky-high again* fall my hopes of ever being a wholly reliable purveyor of string to my good man. I querulously wonder why my son did not quote the inane addendum "I cannot tell a lie — I took the string," and I also wonder if he has inherited his father's propensity for this article.

Those were happy days though — trivial things were forgotten in the joys and importance of naming the last new baby — selling off the unused portion of land to send sons and daughters to college, and all the little paraphernalia of precious, intimate happenings that make up life's sentient routine.

But along toward the fall of each year I have a haunting feeling of impending disaster — of unfulfillment of duty, until I remember — "string — that's it — I must get John's string ready for him."

A little thing, a piece of string — yet it seems symbolical of my transition from youth to middle age. I might have soared too high among life's inconsequential things if I had not been brought down so repeatedly to the cool green earth of material verities. And now as I

tie up "Comfort Bags" with good stout string, and knit long strings of yarn into warm articles for our soldier boys, I listen with bated breath for news over the strings of shining wires engirdling our land, for messages from our young loved ones who have followed their kites out into the wide world war, and I can only hope and pray that the little strings and wefts of admonitory counsel I tried to instill into their beings will guide and balance their life crafts aright.

Some American Bolshevism

Mr. Gompers is insisting that wages must be maintained at their war level during peace. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it is impossible. During the abnormal conditions of war, wages became abnormally high. As the abnormal conditions are removed, wages will move to their normal level. They have been high at the expense of the state — that is to say: of capital: for capital virtually pays the taxes. So far as labor pays them, to devote them to keeping wages high, would simply be taking out of one pocket to put into the other. So far as they are paid by capital, they cannot be paid and abnormal wages paid too: to attempt to enforce these would simply be to drive capital out of industry and into foreign investment, and consequently to drive labor out of work.

It is desirable that wages should be as high as possible, but they can be higher than possible only for brief periods by the expenditure of capital, and that expenditure means later unemployment.

Can't people have sympathy with the working classes without its running away with their judgment? Certainly the cases where they seem unable to are depressingly frequent — depressing not only because unreason is itself a melancholy sight, but also because here it obstructs the greatest of causes — the uplift of the less capable man.

The Unpopular Review

No. 22 APRIL—JUNE, 1919 Vol. XI

THE GREATER ADVENTURE

WHY A LEAGUE

In times like these there is danger that, before a slow-moving quarterly can be put before its readers, the occasion for many of its utterances will have passed. Yet if there ever was a topic that justified taking that risk, it is the adventure of the League for Peace. Therefore we take the risk, with full consciousness of it, but with confidence in our readers' indulgence, and in their realization of such compensations as the slow quarterly may be able to give. [Ed.]

REACTING from the world's foolish satisfaction of a few years ago that another universal war was an utter impossibility, too many men and women have, with rather too little disquiet, accepted the philosophy which says in effect that the recent war *had* to be, that it came in the natural and *inevitable* course of events, as other wars no doubt will come, and that it could not have been prevented by any human means or foresight — in short, that wars having always been, must always continue to be, just as men scarcely half a century ago were convincing themselves, and resting satisfied in the conviction, that human slavery would always be because it always had been, and just as some good men and women of today still argue that the so-called social evil must always exist because forsooth there were stews in ancient Egypt. Man is not so powerless to relieve himself from the evils of his early savage state. We have power of discernment and of choice. We *have* progressed in many ways, and

nothing but cowardice or self-mistrust could prompt us to rest satisfied without farther progress.

The recent war did *not* "have to be." It came from wrongs that need not have been, wrongs deliberately perpetrated by men who knew that they were wrongs, and who ought to have known the inevitable results. It came from a structure of society, or rather lack of structure, which men knew was evil, and yet tolerated. It came from selfish ambition which all men knew existed, and yet against which they failed to make the slightest provision. It came because we talked too much of our twentieth century civilization, forgetting that civilization is not a mere matter of time and dates, but of what men *do* and what they *will*, and that from like causes come like results, whether in the twentieth century or the first.

There was a time when wars in Europe were, humanly speaking, unavoidable — that is to say, when they were conflicts of *peoples* fighting for lands to live in. To the German peoples dwelling north of the Rhine and Danube fifteen or sixteen centuries ago, it was a matter of life and death that they break the ancient Roman frontiers and find new homes inside Rome's dominions, whether because Huns and Slavs were pressing them out of their own ancient homes, or whether the growth of their populations, combined with their ignorance of the arts of life, had rendered their forests no longer sufficient. Here were wars waged by *peoples*, — aggressions indeed, and yet literally contests for a place in the sun. They were not conquests made for the glory of rulers, whose only part in battle was to reap the spoils of victory. Fighting was the order of the day, to be sure, but it was the clamor of the fighters themselves which formed the one recognized signal for war. So at least of the Germans, and for several centuries after Rome's fall, the history of Europe, filled with turmoil as it was, was nevertheless in a large degree the history of the movements and adjustments of *peoples*, whose constant strife was to that extent necessary.

Gradually, however, western Europe became settled. The northern migrations and invasions ceased, and the late invaders, now duly distributed, became quite content to abide where they were. Eastern Europe remained for a long time exposed to the inroads of Asiatic peoples, and doubtless unsettled even in itself; but since the Magyar invasion of Hungary, a thousand years ago, there have been no great and sudden changes in the distribution of European races. There have been of course colonizing movements, particularly those of the Germans eastward between the eighth and the fourteenth centuries; but these at worst have been the cause of only minor, localized conflicts. The great wars of Europe for the last thousand years, where not religious, have been due not to any pressure of peoples, not to any striving for "a place in the sun," but almost wholly to the ambitions of rulers, now become hereditary, court-plotting war-lords, no longer chosen leaders of peoples, but dwelling *apart* from peoples, and regarding populations merely as cannon-fodder to be spent in their rivalries for "glory," power, and extent of dominions.

No one, of course, would pretend to deny that rulers have often been moved to war by loftier motives than mere personal ambition. Some of the most warlike monarchs have been lovers of their countries, and zealous according to their lights to promote their people's welfare. Nor can anyone doubt that peoples themselves have commonly shared the feeling that all wars are "glorious" when successful. The interests of those who have controlled the destinies of nations have led them to exalt these things by every art and artifice. But indeed no people saturated to the core with the idea of life as a selfish pursuit of mine and thine can be expected to frown on any leader who promises to enlarge the national boundaries at the cost of a neighbor, and something nearly akin to true patriotism will always rally peoples around their very tyrants, whenever any war,

good or bad, is once embarked upon. Louis the Fourteenth did not call in vain on his exhausted people to save the country which he himself had first put in jeopardy. France, again, raised army after army for Napoleon; and the Social Democrats of modern Germany long stood by the Kaiser in a war which they certainly never would have chosen. Right or wrong, said an American patriot quoted by every schoolboy in our land amid the fervent applause of us all, right or wrong, I am for my country.

Along almost every frontier in Europe there have always been territories that may fairly be called debatable, in which the two races on either hand dwell intermingled, with part of the population drawn one way and part the other by the ties of blood and history. But the wars for these of the last thousand years at least have been almost wholly the work of monarchs, honest or dishonest, criminally ambitious or merely misguided, it matters little which. Peoples have been but sheep driven to the shambles.

As for the notion that the interests of peoples, even the most material interests, are ever promoted by foreign conquests, and thus that monarchs are serving their subjects when they wage successful wars of aggression, consider how greatly the yeomanry of England were served by the "glorious victories" they achieved on the soil of France in the Hundred Years War! Consider how much the people of Germany were served by the century-long wars in Italy waged by their Holy Roman Emperors to make a new German Roman Empire! A Louis the Fourteenth invades all his neighbors, declares very mountains to exist no more when they stand in the way of his thirst for empire, raises the French name to the highest pitch of "glory" . . . and leaves the peasantry bleeding and impoverished, with the first thoughts of Revolution in their minds. Napoleon follows his example. It is almost needless to mention wars waged by monarchs

to avenge some slight put upon their concubines, or wars fought merely to give some prince a chance to win glory in the royal game of battle. All these wars were certainly not inevitable in the sense of springing from any needs of peoples. After everything is said the great fact remains that at the end of centuries of wars, the *peoples* of Europe remained substantially in their places of a thousand years before. What changes there have been in racial distribution have come, with very few exceptions, through colonization into undeveloped regions or through peaceful, gradual assimilation.

The recent war in Europe was undoubtedly due in part to considerations extending beyond that continent to foreign commercial and colonial considerations, real or supposed economic needs of peoples, and to indisputable economic rivalries. The trading and capitalist classes of Germany were certainly at one with their military governors in the latter's ambition to dominate the world, and it is conceivable that the whole German people had become imbued with imperialistic doctrines. But what did the feelings of the people matter with the military autocracy? They may have wished war, they may have wished peace; but in either case it was not for them to decide. Economic pressure may or may not have brought the people to the point of seeking new fields of operation; the masses may or may not have wanted German control to reach from Bremen to Bagdad; but they were not consulted in the matter. The decision lay with an irresponsible autocracy which may or may not have given a thought to the people's needs or wishes. The people were simply a million-weighted weapon to be used for the purposes of the autocracy.

History for centuries was written as if it were merely a series of exploits performed as so many whims of princes. Then popular thought . . . always pendulum-like . . . swung slowly but surely to the opposite view, and history came to be regarded as a record of fatalistic forces before

whose progress no individual was anything. It is a false and degrading doctrine, though useful to kaisers.

Every individual great or small is a part of the forces at work in the world during every moment of his existence; and if his powers of leadership are great, or if his position is favorable, his opinions may become decisive for untold millions. So let us have done with the notion that the rulers of the world are but instruments of forces beyond their control, and that the evils they do are not their own. This is never the tone they assume in case of victory.

Yet it would indeed be far from the truth to suppose that even the most despotic war-lords are ever quite free from the atmosphere about them. Prejudices and traditions bind and limit us all. The aggressions of a Louis Fourteenth or a Napoleon cannot be read without reference to their periods, and the Prussian policy of expansion by force was certainly not original with the recent kaiser. And yet it would be sheerest nonsense to say that Louis the Fourteenth had no choice but to wage war on all his neighbors, and that Louis the Ninth would have done the same thing had *he* been king of France at the same time. Had Napoleon never been born, would someone else have kept Europe aflame for a quarter of a century in just the same way? When one speaks of Prussia's warlike expansion as a policy forced upon Prussian rulers from Frederick the Great to William the Second by any necessities or wishes of their peoples, let him reflect just what it is that has been expanded. It is not Prussia's people nor their freedom nor their happiness, but the rule and dominions of Prussia's kings.

If ambition needs "reasons," if wars need "causes," such exist at every moment. "To increase my Dominion by the Acquisition of my Neighbour's Countries," wrote William Penn, "there will never want some Accident or other for a Pretence." A secret memorandum of the German Government on March 19, 1913, said: "We

must allow the idea to sink into the minds of our people that our armaments are an answer to the armaments and policy of the French. We must accustom them to think that an offensive war on our part is a necessity.... We must so manage matters that under the heavy weight of powerful armaments, considerable sacrifices, and strained political relations, the precipitation of war should be considered as a relief, because after it would come decades of peace and prosperity." In the next year when a Servian boy killed an Austrian archduke, the ultimatum of Austria which precipitated the war was a transparent sham: for the Central Powers had long since determined to extend their sway through the Balkan peninsula into southwestern Asia, and the murder of the Archduke was merely the excuse for beginning.

Wars are *not* necessities. Sluggards speak of a "next war." No royal madness, then, no lust, no criminal ambition anywhere but it is our helpless obligation to sit (or perchance to stand, armed) and confidently wait for it to run amuck!

There is no escape from the situation that confronts us. Our choice is: an end to these wars of destruction, or the certain decline of the human race. War has been perfected. "As to methods and moralities, we must put them aside. Our aim is simply the success of the Fatherland." "International law! what is international law? It is nothing but the reckoning of other peoples on our stupidity."

The idea of leagues of states to prevent aggressions and secure their independence goes back for twenty-five centuries at least, and probably much further in eastern history. Wherever a powerful despotism has existed, neighboring states have had no other hope for continued independence but in such leagues. One of the freest and most interesting states of modern Europe, the Swiss Federal Republic, owes both its origin and its subsequent

growth to the absolute necessity of its several present parts (which were formerly distinct and which are still divided as to the race and language and religion of their inhabitants) uniting for defence against neighboring despotisms. Other European states and our own American Union were welded into one by the same considerations, while of course there have been many temporary alliances of European states to resist great aggressors. There have also been numerous alliances to enforce some general agreements of European peace: as, for instance, the so-called League of the Rhine formed by France and Sweden and several German states to compel the Holy Roman Empire to keep the terms of the Peace of Westphalia (1648); the League of Augsburg, 1686, adhered to by the Emperor, Sweden, and Spain, as well as by Saxony, Bavaria, and others to prevent the infringement of existing treaties then threatened by Louis the Fourteenth; the Quadruple Alliance of 1719 formed by France, the Emperor, England, and Holland to maintain the terms of the Peace of Utrecht; and the Holy Alliance of the despots of Europe to secure peace, *their* peace, against revolution after the infamous Treaty of Vienna (1815).

But these leagues were directed, not against all aggressors and not to secure universal safety, but, for the most part, plainly and simply to secure some selfish bargain or to guard against some specific danger. The League of the Rhine was formed by France and Sweden to compel the Hapsburgs to keep the peace; no restraint was put upon French aggressions, which had already begun, and which soon ran wild and threatened to upset the equilibrium of Europe all through the long reign of Louis XIV. The League of Augsburg was utterly inadequate to resist his power and yet it was so plainly directed against him that he was given a veritable provocation to strike at his enemies as quickly as possible. The Quadruple Alliance to maintain the Peace of Utrecht included the

late belligerents on both sides, but the treaty which it was meant to guarantee was merely a series of forcible bargains undoubtedly meant by one side to be but temporary. No thought was given to peace in general, and monarchs were left as free as ever to pursue their ambitions in weak Polands or Silesias. As for the so-called Holy Alliance, its object was indeed universal peace, but the peace of a universal sheepfold. The despots of Austria, Russia, and Prussia allied themselves to suppress throughout Europe all popular, national, or liberal aspirations. The Treaty of Vienna which they undertook to enforce was one made hideous by wrongs and injustices from which it is possible to trace every subsequent war on the European continent in the 19th century.

"Practical" men citing such cases as these, tell us that leagues of nations for peace have been proved by experience to be utterly futile. *Is* this the lesson of experience? Is not the very contrary the fact? — that not only are leagues for the common safety *not* impossible in a practical world, but that the several states of Europe have had again and again successively to unite to save themselves from destruction. The Protestant states and free cities of Germany united to preserve their liberties against the imperial pretensions of the Hapsburgs in the century preceding the Treaty of Westphalia. The common efforts of these states united with those of Sweden and France, were able to save central Europe at least from sinking beneath an Austrian despotism. In the following century the Triple and Grand Alliances formed by the neighbors of Louis XIV were able to hold his inordinate ambition in check. A Great Coalition of the nations of Europe prevented Napoleon from overmastering them all. And now when virtually all the free nations of the world aim to unite to protect liberty and democracy everywhere, is it impossible that they should accomplish generally what has been so often accomplished specifically?

In *matters which depend on human choice*, there are

no impossibilities. To declare that there are is to put humanity on the level of Carlyle's goose sitting imprisoned in a circle of chalk as if girt with an iron ring of fate. The question is what men will choose, and their choice has lately had such enlightenment and stimulation as never before. Men fail most commonly through lack of endeavor. "As far as I have taken cognizance of the causes of the many failures to which the efforts of intelligent men are liable," says Ruskin, "they seem to me more largely to spring from this single error than from all others, that the inquiry into the doubtful and in some sort inexplicable relations of capability, chance, resistance, and inconvenience invariably precedes, even if it do not altogether supersede, the determination of what is absolutely desirable and just."

A league of nations for the freedom of the world is something, as William Penn wrote long ago, which is *fit* to be done, which *may* be done, and finally which is *necessary* to be done.

What men have always dreamed of and worked at, and in spite of each failure, worked at again, seems predestined to ultimate accomplishment. Each failure furnishes new experience for a new effort. What we are working at now will do at least that much, and as it has in its favor tremendous conditions which no previous effort had — power never before assembled and now greater than all other powers in the world; and enlightenment, disinterestedness, and freedom never before dreamed of, there is no extravagance in hoping that it may accomplish more.

HAROLD S. PAUL.

AFTER NAPOLEON AND AFTER WILHELM II

ON the 26th of September, 1815, between the entry of the victorious allied armies into Paris after the fall of Napoleon, and the signature of the treaties which brought to an end the wars he had waged with Europe, the Czar Alexander I of Russia, filled with a spirit of brotherly love which was the puzzle and the jest of every experienced diplomat who was familiar with the history of the preceding fifty years, offered for their consideration and signature one of the most amazing documents in the history of international relationships.

"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity," it began, "Their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia having, in consequence of the great events which have marked the course of the three last years in Europe, and especially of the blessings which it has pleased Divine Providence to shower down upon those states which place their confidence and their hope on it alone, acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the powers in their reciprocal relations upon the sublime truths which the holy religion of our Saviour teaches." It is their purpose, therefore, "to administer their respective states and their relations with other governments on the principles of Justice, Christian Charity, and Peace . . . to remain united in the bonds of an indissoluble fraternity, regarding themselves toward their subjects and armies as fathers of families, to lead them to protect Religion, Peace and Justice. . . . The sole principle of force whether between the said governments or between them and their subjects shall be that of reciprocal service, and of testifying by unalterable good-will the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves as members of one and the same Christian nation; the three allied Princes looking upon themselves as delegated by Providence to govern the three branches of the one faith." And, finally, "All those Powers who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which dictated this act, and shall acknowledge how im-

portant it is for the happiness of nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise over the destinies of mankind all the influence which belongs to them, will be received with equal ardor and affection into this Holy Alliance."

Such was the substance of the three points of the remarkable document which the Russian Czar brought from the confines of eastern Europe to revolutionize international relationships. It is not surprising that to men hardened in the fires of the Napoleonic period, this Holy Alliance should have seemed an impracticable dream of the millennium. According to their several conditions and temperaments, they gave or withheld their assent to it. The king of Prussia, a pious man who owed all that he possessed to Alexander, signed it at once. The Emperor of Austria, declaring that if it concerned religion he must refer it to his confessor, if politics to his minister, signed it on Metternich's assurance that it was "a sonorous nothing." The king of France, who owed his throne to the allies, added his name; together with the rulers of Spain and Naples and Sardinia. The English ambassador, Castlereagh, declaring privately that he believed the Czar unbalanced mentally, transmitted it to his government, which, in default of being able to submit such a proposal to Parliament, yet unwilling to offend a powerful ally, despatched a letter signed by the Prince Regent, expressing his personal approval of the great principles of the immortal document. And thus it took its place in history. But, owing to the unfortunate circumstance that its chief high contracting parties, the rulers of Russia, Austria and Prussia, presently became the champions of reaction and of the suppression of liberal movements throughout the continent, the name of the Holy Alliance became identified with autocratic interference with liberalism, and as such was presently condemned in the no less immortal phrases of the Monroe Doctrine.

Having determined, in so far as possible, this question of administering international affairs upon the principle

of the Golden Rule, the diplomats turned to the mundane problem of settling the affairs of Europe on the more substantial basis of treaties and alliances. In that pursuit the Czar and his ministers joined. The boundaries of the continental states were fixed, and their rulers restored. France was confined within its ancient limits; subjected to the payment of an indemnity and the support of an allied army of occupation. Napoleon was banished to St. Helena; and the great powers took upon themselves the security and adjustment of European affairs. Within five years they had begun to attempt the regulation of the internal concerns of the lesser states; they had divided into two groups; the liberal powers, France and England, aligned themselves against the autocratic governments, proclaimed the principle of non-intervention, supported by the United States with its Monroe Doctrine; and Europe returned, if not to its old forms and practices, at least to something like the system of alliances and sympathies which grouped nations according to their general spirit and tendencies.

Such is the parable of the Holy Alliance. How does it apply to the world to-day?

In the month of January, 1919, between the entry of the victorious allied armies into German territory after the fall of William II, and the meeting of the peace conference which was to bring to an end the wars he had waged with Europe, President Woodrow Wilson of the United States, filled with a spirit of international brotherhood which was the wonder of every experienced diplomat who was familiar with the history of the preceding fifty years, offered for their consideration and approval a series of proposals which presented to those perplexed diplomats a problem little if any less disturbing than the declaration offered to their predecessors a hundred years before by the Russian Czar. It is scarcely necessary here to enumerate all of the famous fourteen points of that

extraordinary document which the American president bore with him from the confines of the now greatly widened European world, and submitted to the rulers of Europe during his spectacular progress from Paris to London, to Rome and back again to Paris. It is enough to say that it contained demands for open covenants of peace, absolute freedom of the seas to all nations whether in peace or war, and the removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of equality of trade conditions among all nations associating themselves for the maintenance of peace, with guarantees of reduction of national armaments and the adjustment of colonial claims based on the principle that the peoples concerned have equal weight with the interest of government.

It is not surprising that a proposal for England to give up her fleet, for France to disarm in the face of Germany, for the United States to abandon her tariff policy, for all nations with dependencies to take a universal plebiscite of backward populations with regard to their preference of government, should find from men who had experienced at first hand the dangers and the horrors of the recent war a reception something less cordial even than that found by a proposal to accept the doctrines of Christianity as the basis of international relationships. When the grave gives up its memoirs, the future will know just what effect this startling proposition had upon the weary statesmen of Europe, nor is it probable that it will differ save in degree from that produced by the Holy Alliance.

Its other proposals were more practicable. The evacuation of Russia and Belgium, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Alsace-Lorraine and Poland, and the establishment of European boundaries on lines of nationality, these were the commonplaces of the allied terms, together with the guarantees of existence and independent sovereignty to the newly created states. Finally the demand for a general association of nations under specific covenants for mutual guarantees of political independence and

territorial integrity to large and small states alike, voiced a longing common among men at all stages of history for some device to ensure more permanent peace. And it was this last clause which, with the principle of the consent of the governed, has become the leading issue of the world to-day.

Between the declaration of the Russian Czar and that of the American President there was, on the surface, one striking difference. The one was couched in the phraseology, more consonant perhaps to its time than to our own, of deep religious sentiment; the other spoke at least the language of affairs. There was one farther difference: the Czar's pronunciamento came as a surprise to his associates no less than to the world at large; the President's fourteen points had long been public property, and, in one form or another, had been the subject of vigorous and not always friendly comment. And there was one difference greater still: the Holy Alliance remained a mere declaration of principles; but within a month, under the searching criticism of allied statesmen and diplomats and largely by the labors of other and more experienced hands, the President's new articles of faith were given form and substance. Stripped of their most palpable inconsistencies, modified to suit the ideas or the circumstances of the powers most involved, altered in some respects out of resemblance to their original form, there emerged from the discussions which they precipitated, the draft of a constitution of a League of Nations which now lies before the world.

Meanwhile the allied conference, like its predecessor, addressed itself to the more immediate and practical, and, to many minds, more important if less idealistic problem of boundaries and agreements; and the allied command, in concert with the diplomats, enforced upon a conquered Germany conditions of an armistice so-called, designed to prevent another disturbance of world peace, by her within a reasonable period, and in so far as pos-

sible to secure the world against her ambitions to dominate its destinies. In this they followed not only the precedents set by their predecessors a hundred years before, but the dictates of prudence, which applied no less to Germany than to Napoleon. As then, whatever steps seemed necessary to safeguard the rights of little states and neutral nations, the inexorable facts decreed that the great powers, as a hundred years ago, must determine the future of the world so far as that could be accomplished by treaties and agreements. As then, this conference excluded the representatives of the conquered powers from the preliminary discussions of the terms of peace — nor could this be otherwise. As then, it has had to determine the puzzle of European boundaries, not, indeed, upon the principle of dynastic claims, but on the more difficult basis of nationality. As then, it must somehow transmute these claims and these ideals into concrete form. And already, as a hundred years ago, it is compelled to provide some method to ensure the peace of the world so far as man can see, upon these new bases of international relationships created by the war.

But here the difference is made manifest between the old and new, for diplomats to-day face problems greater and less concrete than those which troubled the men who framed the agreements of Vienna and Paris. There remain two elements with which their predecessors did not have to do. The one is the problem of what has come to be known as self-determination of peoples, the other is that of social unrest. Neither played a part in the Congress of Vienna: for neither nationality nor "Labor" was then a dominant force in human affairs. In those simpler days Prussia exchanged some millions of Slavic souls for some millions of German souls, with small consideration of either millions' wishes or sentiments. In those days there was small thought of adjusting bound-

aries upon the basis of mining engineers' reports, still less upon the ambitions and desires of the masses of laborers. Now these problems stand in the forefront of every discussion of the terms of peace; and there is no small danger that in pursuing them, in the vast clamor which their advocates have raised, many men may be led to forget that social and economic questions are not the whole of life — for there remains the fundamental question of power.

It is upon this issue that there has come the first division of opinion on the terms of peace and of a league of nations. To those who have suffered most from the wanton, and still more from the calculated, destruction of the war, nothing seems of so great importance as the simple elemental fact that Germany must be curbed as was Napoleon. To France who has seen her fields devastated and her industry crippled, to England who has seen her shipping decimated, it is idle to talk of a parliament of nations and a federation of the world, until there is some reasonable assurance in fact that this destruction may not happen again as soon as opportunity is given for recuperation to a foe who has defied all principles and precedents of humanity, in pursuit of power. They confront a condition, not a theory, and until that condition is met they cannot be blamed for insistence upon its recognition as the first step toward the larger goal. They have endured so much that it is not difficult to understand their demand for a defensible frontier for France, for the destruction of the fortifications of Heligoland and of the Kiel Canal, and of the general opposition to a plan which makes a League of Nations not a super-state, but a benevolent expression of principles. They and their supporters are not willing to endorse a proposal which seems to revive the Holy Roman Empire in its weakest days, or the condition of the United States under the Articles of Confederation. For in the light of experience, who can doubt that were the mandates of such

a league left to voluntary enforcement of its members, there is obvious danger of any state finding sufficient excuse for shirking its responsibilities?

On the other hand the opponents of a super-state align themselves. Are sovereign states to abandon their sovereignty, they ask; are we to sacrifice our interests and our sons to bring relief to Russia or Armenia, to Mesopotamia or to central Africa? What business is it of ours; what profit is there in helping police the world; what dangers are there not in an arrangement which places our national concerns at the mercy of "foreigners"? Let us all, in the immortal words of Washington, avoid entangling alliances; let us not commit ourselves and our posterity to a plan whose future none can see.

Thus stands the argument; and we may be sure that it will be contested bitterly upon these lines. For this project offers a field for opposition parties in every land to overturn their rivals too fair to be neglected; and we must expect a world-wide controversy on an issue which so concerns us all. In this country we shall have the same arguments advanced as did duty to those who fought so hard to prevent the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; for those appeals followed the same lines as those which from time immemorial have been heard against any sacrifice of local autonomy.

Is then the great peace conference to dissolve, like that of a hundred years ago, expressing its approbation of the immortal principles of a league in which no one believes, and which no one is prepared to make effective? Are we to depend, as then, upon the old, "discredited" systems of alliances and understandings, whether open or secret? Is there to be another Quadruple Alliance to enforce its opinions, and a doctrine of non-intervention to oppose its mandates? Are we to have again the miscalled Holy Alliance, and a balance of power, with some new doctrine of self-determination?

To this there is at present no clear and conclusive answer, nor can there be one now; yet something may be said. However visionary and absurd the phraseology of the Czar's document seemed to statesmen of his time, however inadequate it proved as a means of ensuring that justice and peace of which he dreamed, it was not utterly impossible and vain. Its spirit lived to influence succeeding generations — outside of Germany. It was the ancestor of arbitration and peace congresses, and their not inconsiderable achievements; it was the progenitor of this very League of Nations which we are now considering. It was, indeed, ineffective for the purpose which it professed to serve. Europe was controlled by the dynastic interests, bent on their selfish ends; and the Holy Alliance found no echo in the hearts of the rulers and statesmen of the old régime. The congresses which followed in its train — Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laibach, Verona — were but meetings of Europe's masters, the autocrats, to determine the suppression of liberal tendencies.

This much at least has changed. The autocrats have gone, and there remain the people to be dealt with in the new diplomacy. This, in the light of recent events, is in itself a guarantee that we shall have no Holy Alliance in its baser sense, no confusion of order with oppression, no attempt to suppress freedom of thought in matters political in the interests of a handful of rulers. The democracies will not, like the autocracies of a hundred years ago, endeavor to crush out all liberal tendencies. They have come to believe in publicity as a cure for many evils of the body politic, and they will have public discussions and public covenants. And once all affairs of state are known to all and determined by all, once every state and every class is free to preach and practice its inner faith, things will be better: for we have come to believe in reason not tradition as the basis of authority, and in the ultimate rightness of the mass conscience, and on these we rest.

Then come the Bolsheviks! It is impossible to disguise the fact that even in the democracies there is a great unrest. Such a phenomenon, with plague and famine and their horrid train, has been at all times an accompaniment of war. From such discontent in no small measure war and revolution rise. Now the discontent is more, for in a century the European world has been industrialized. There has developed what we have come to call, in continental phrase, a proletariat — masses of workers, conscious of their strength of numbers and of their position in a society dependent on machinery, desirous of power, infused with doctrines of liberty and equality which have been transferred from the political to the economic field, ignorant or contemptuous of the qualities and capacity of that class whose energy and ability created the new sources of wealth. That situation has been exploited by our enemies. From Germany has come not only war but propaganda to undermine the foundations of one state and send it down to ruin, and to threaten every organized society. Beside the peace conference in Paris stands the so-called labor conference in Berne, and however we may suspect the sinister forces behind that phenomenon, we must recognize its power in the world to-day.

As the first problem of a league of nations we confront Russia. Like the diplomats of a hundred years ago, we face the question of intervention or non-intervention, not merely to save Russia but to save ourselves. And it is little wonder that diplomacy hesitates: for the answer is far from clear. The experience of centuries is that suppression pure and undefiled is the parent of revolution; but it teaches no less that liberty without order is a vain thing. Somewhere between the two we must steer our course; and that is being done. Yet compromise is not a policy. We have the choice of organizing the world on the basis of agreement by responsible governments, of the people and for the people as a whole, or by

an irresponsible class sentiment, careless of all rights and interests but its own. And this relates itself to the deliberations of the peace conference in more ways than one. For if that conference dissolves without some definite attempt to provide for the continuance of peace, if it perpetuates the system of competition in armaments, it will provide new arguments to the agitators of class conflict who contend, however unreasonably, that wars are made by and for capital. For that reason, were no other — and there are many more, and reasons far more sound — social order rather than social disorder must have its international organization, based on reason and right, not on rhetoric and wrongs.

That in an age of democracies such an organization will not partake of the character of the older and falsely called Holy Alliance of the autocratic powers goes without saying. It is in far more danger from the demagogues, but, like any other manifestation of self-government, with them it must take its chance. Its fulfillment lies somewhere midway between a super-state and an expression of benevolence, but it is not wholly inconceivable that as there was found a path in our own history among the pitfalls and quicksands before the firm ground of our own constitution was attained, so some way may be found, here or hereafter, to subordinate the lesser good of nationality to the greater good of internationality. We need not blink the fact, as the too-sanguine advocates of the new system were at first inclined to do, that there may still be wars; but we can make war-making far more difficult. We cannot remove all causes of international rivalry, much less of international misunderstanding; but we can do much to delay or even prevent an appeal to arms before the recourses of reason and compromise have been exhausted. We cannot, nor, in the opinion of perhaps the majority of mankind, should we attempt to destroy nationality; but we can do something to smooth the rough edges of rival nations where their attrition threatens to

produce sparks. We may not like the way the thing has been done, nor the men who do it, nor the precise terms in which they have embodied the idea; but it would be childish to allow these sentiments to stand in the way of any scheme which holds out any hope of even limiting armaments and wars.

And how far have we gone? That no man knows today — the peace commissioners least of all perhaps. In their hands are being sifted the claims of rival nationalities, while the new nations, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Armenians, Hedjaz and Palestine, with Balkan states and all the greater continental powers press forward to put an accomplished fact among the arguments they address to the great conference. From this we shall evolve a new map and a new polity. In every land the argument begins upon the constitution of the new world league; and it is idle to ignore the truth that the balance is trembling between the old and new. Already the vision of a solution based on purely idealistic principles has faded somewhat before the stubborn facts; already steps have been taken to reconcile those facts and those ideals; and that process will continue. It is inevitable that a period of disillusionment should come; it is inevitable that men through principle or interest should oppose the plan. But it is not inevitable that this should be the end — that the World League, like the Holy Alliance, should conclude as it began, in idealistic phraseology.

Whatever happens to the present plan, the idea of a League of Nations must not fail. Like the Holy Alliance it will unquestionably in its present form be subject to attack of the most virulent character, mocked at, and distorted out of all resemblance to its real nature. It will, like the preliminary fourteeen points — like our own constitution — be greatly modified. But it must be mended, not ended. And above all we have the right to demand, now that we have come so far, that such criticism as it evokes shall not be the product of mere

partisanship, that it shall be constructive, not merely destructive. There is not one of us who has not some objection to the plan proposed; but we should come not to destroy but to help create. For even if, in the long resolution of events, it proves that this was not the way to meet the problem of a world society, if we are compelled to fall back again upon special agreements and alliances, at least they must partake of the spirit which has inspired this attempt. Like the Holy Alliance, this must be a stage in the long journey which leads to better things: for upon such steps as these "the world's best hopes depend."

Wilbur C. Abbott.

SOME LATIN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

THE endeavor to make the ideal of a league of nations a matter of practical statesmanship is not without precedent. The sufferings of the wars against Napoleon engendered a purpose, similar to ours, to maintain peace. But the Holy Alliance differed in one fundamental respect from the conception of the present. Alexander I and Metternich thought to end war by upholding the "legitimacy" of monarchs and by suppressing revolutionary democracy and constitutionalism. Today we reverse the program, and free government becomes the guaranty of the order of the world, which autocracy has just upset.

Yet it must not be supposed that the world of a hundred years ago was utterly without the ideal of a league of free nations. The Holy Alliance did not dominate all the statesmen of its age. The presidential message of 1823, which gave the Monroe Doctrine life, bade the monarchs respect the republican system of America; and Canning put the English fleet between the Holy Allies and the revolted Spanish colonies of the New World. But Monroe took no steps really to organize the American system, and Canning, although he worried Metternich by countenancing liberalism in Spain, Portugal, and Greece, shunned alliances. He had no ambition to systematize the British policy and provoke a war with the continental powers.

To conjure up a league against autocracy lay with the Spanish-Americans, whose war was not yet ended, and who feared that the intervention of France and her allies would bolster up Spain's declining power in her colonies. The Holy Alliance thus found its counterpart in the New World. Union for defence among peoples who were of similar origin, language, and institutions, and who

were struggling against a common mother-country was natural. But in so far as it was merely a military and naval league against Spain, it was not a league of free nations nor a league of peace, in the present meaning of those phrases.

In two respects, however, the Spanish-American conception of a century ago was similar to that of today. On the one hand, the imaginative Latin mind had a vision of a wide-spread alliance of all the liberal-minded peoples of the world against the powers under Metternich's guidance. They did not hope to destroy absolutism, but they hoped to hold it in check. On the other hand, the aim was to erect an international American assembly at Panama which should maintain peace and harmony between the American states of the federation.

Some of the supporters held the common fallacy that liberal states must necessarily be republics. Thus they saw "the mass of Republican States concentrated by the exclusive interest of maintaining their liberty in opposition to another mass of monarchical States allied with the sole aim of enslaving peoples." It was hoped that the United States would be a member of the federation, so that America would stand against Europe. This exclusive republicanism the statesmen of the Holy Alliance, and indeed Canning himself, feared. The French Bourbons might well dread "a whole world republican — and what a world that, which would extend from pole to pole!" It would endanger, said Gentz, Metternich's associate, "the moral and political preservation of the Old World upon its present basis." The English foreign minister was of the opinion that "it was obviously the policy of the United States to connect itself with all the powers of America in a general Transatlantic League, of which it would have the sole direction." Nor was Canning's expectation far removed from what some recent versions of the Monroe Doctrine would seem to signify; but he misread the purpose of our government

of the twenties. It was not ready to embark on any such grandiose and dangerous scheme.

Republics, however, were not the only states from whom sympathy and assistance might be expected. To Simon Bolivar, Liberator of Venezuela, Colombia, and Peru, England was Spanish America's natural protector, and he read into Canning's policy designs as far-reaching as Canning read into the policy of Adams and Clay. "England desires to form," he thought, "a league with all the free peoples of America and of Europe, against the Holy Alliance, so as to put herself at the head of these peoples and command the world." Bolivar foresaw a universal struggle against the European continental powers, on the part of "England with her colonies and influence in the three parts of the world," all of America, "the constitutional spirit of the peoples of Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Holland, Sweden, and the Turkish Empire." (!) "In the advance of the centuries," another of his prophecies ran, "there would be, perhaps, one single nation covering the world,—the federal nation."

The bold design was not merely dreamed of; it was actually discussed by representatives of various South American states, and was broached to Canning himself. But it was unacceptable not to the cautious Canning alone. The Spanish-Americans themselves were afraid of it. They no more wanted such an overlord than did England wish to challenge the world by annexing a new continent to her empire. There would have been no balance in such a league. It would have been truly a protectorate rather than an alliance, and England, as Bolivar said, would have "in her hands the beam of the scales." Other strong liberal nations had to develop, and the antagonism between England and the United States had to wane, before a federation of nations became possible.

It is interesting to note also that, just as among us today, the cry was then raised that America would be

entangled in the warlike game of the great Powers. The opinion was not without justification at a time when no widespread democratic idealism of peace could be said to exist. The times were not ripe for the success of the international conception, in a world where the Holy Allies dominated most of the European continent, revolutionary dictators and armed factions controlled Spanish America, and Great Britain and the United States stood aloof, each in "splendid isolation."

The proposal for a world league remained only a proposal. The congress of the Spanish-American republics, however, was actually held at Panama, and a "Treaty of Union, League, and Confederation Perpetual" signed on July 15, 1826, by the representatives of Colombia, Peru, Mexico, and Central America. Its purpose was to establish principles which would preserve peace between the American nations as well (as to provide for common defence); and these principles and their application are closely parallel to several of the most vital problems facing our present-day project for a league of nations. To the political thinkers of Latin America, as to us, this league connoted more than a mere alliance of free peoples against autocracy. That would fall apart when the pressure of foreign danger should be lessened or removed. Indeed, the interest of South America in the assembly at Panama was weakened even before the assembly met, because Spanish attack became a remote possibility; and even this possibility existed only for Mexico, Central America, and Colombia, which faced the Spanish West Indies. Had the Panama provisions for mutual assistance been effective,—and they were decidedly ineffective, — still the motive of defence could not have held the entire alliance together.

Therefore, to assure peace and good will between the members of the league, a variety of measures was proposed: — powers of treaty interpretation and of con-

ciliation and arbitration on the part of the Great Assembly, the league's diplomatic council; the interchange of citizen rights and of commercial privileges; boundary settlements and guaranties; the regulation of controverted principles of international law; federal supervision of the character of the members' governments. These are issues as alive today as in 1826.

The symbol of the unity of Spanish America was to be a general assembly. Its composition was purely diplomatic, — two representatives from each state; but its duties were not confined to the diplomatic sphere. They extended into the judicial. The congress was, on the one hand, to make treaties, frame military agreements and the like; and, on the other, it was to act as a court in the interpretation of treaties and in cases of conciliation and arbitration.

One of the Peruvian representatives vigorously attacked this diplomatic character of a body with judicial functions. He desired not a "junta of ministers plenipotentiary," nor a meeting of interested parties, but a council of judges. The mixture of duties meant that decisions which ought to be based on the law and facts of a case, or at least on an impartial purpose to conciliate and compromise, would be determined by considerations of policy, by governmental instructions and state interest, even by political bargains. International rivalries and the game of the balance of power which might still be played in the league's diplomatic council could not be prevented from influencing its functions as the upholder of peace and justice between the states.

The Peruvian, however, did not remedy this by providing for a separate judicial body, but rather he wished to create a single perpetual congress which would not be diplomatic in character. It was to be a federal legislature which could adopt international, ecclesiastical, criminal codes without the need of ratification by the governments. This was international government in

earnest; indeed too much in earnest, since the states' jealousy for their sovereignty did not brook such an omnipotent legislative body. Therefore the only alternative proposed, an assembly of purely diplomatic character, was determined upon.

Suggestions for the powers of this assembly as the guardian of the peace of Spanish America ran the gamut from compulsory arbitration with the prohibition of war, to merely the requirement of mediation between disputing states. The compromise settled upon by the Panama Congress is singularly like present proposals for the league of nations. "The desire of preserving peace," said one of the plenipotentiaries, "is made compatible with the right of making war, in a manner which makes a rupture, if not impossible, at least very difficult, without there being imposed on the confederates the painful sacrifice of a right of sovereignty as precious as it is essential." One may cavil at the suggestion that the right to make war is in every respect essential, but there seems little hope as yet that its sacrifice would be other than painful.

The stipulation, therefore, was for compulsory conciliation of the type required by the Bryan treaties. No distinction was made, as is customary today, between arbitrable and non-arbitrable cases, of which the former may be made subject to compulsory arbitration, and the latter merely to enforced conciliation. On the contrary, the Panama treaty lumped all disputes in a single category, and required that no war or acts of reprisal should occur until the documents and evidence had been presented to the general congress for a decision. After this had been rendered, — and nothing was said of the number of months allowed for it, — the war could proceed, no matter what its aim.

And in case of such a conflict, nothing further was required of the federal congress nor of the neutral members. They were free to take any attitude they pleased.

To be sure, another state could not become an actual belligerent without going through the form of conciliation; but there are many means of assistance short of warfare, — and how effective would a protest against unneutral action be, if the belligerent that was discriminated against had first to take the evidence to the federal council, and await a judgment? Under such circumstances, the league would break up at once, and this outcome was made all the more probable by the omission of any prohibition of subordinate alliances between members of the greater alliance. In case two states came to blows, conciliation requirements would scarcely prevent the ranging of the allies in hostile camps.

The Panama Congress, in other words, did not carry its guardianship of justice far enough. After the decision in a dispute was rendered, the congress was to wash its hands of the whole matter, when in fact its responsibility and duty should have continued. This is exactly what the ministers at Panama stipulated for wars between a member of the league and a non-member. If mediation in such a case was unsuccessful, the confederation must take a definite attitude towards the conflict. It must either declare common cause with the member-state, or it must remain neutral, giving no aid to the outside power. A clause against separate alliances of members with foreign governments strengthened this provision. It was a notable weakness of the treaty of 1826 that it failed to make similar requirements for cases of internecine wars. At least some distinction might have been made to the disadvantage of the state which refused to accept the decision of the league's assembly. The confederation might have been required either to help the injured and obedient member or to maintain neutrality. This would have thrown the weight of the federation against the recalcitrant state, and would have made the decision of conciliation in effect approach a judgment of arbitration.

Arbitration was indeed not excluded from the means

of peaceful settlement. If the disputing parties agreed beforehand that the decision of the congress should be binding, it was definitive, and had the sanction of the federation; but no class of cases was set apart for compulsory arbitration, as has been the practice in recent treaties.

It should be added in passing that the Panama ministers were wise in prohibiting acts of reprisal, as well as war itself, before conciliation was tried. Reprisal, although legally a means short of war, is essentially violent action based on a nation's prejudgment of its own case; and such action easily leads to war if the opposing state defends itself.

The vital feature, therefore, of the Spanish-American plan to prevent war was the delay required between the injury, the ambitious demand, or the misunderstanding, and the commencement of war, — a delay in which a council with international authority could examine the case and give its judgment. The effectiveness then of the federation as a league of peace depended on the probability of obedience to this requirement.

There were many clauses on troops and ships, but they were for use against Spain. With the feeling that "coercive authority would degrade" the international council, the Panama Congress stipulated no means of enforcement, no use of common resources against a member which violated its obligation. The only penalty was expulsion from the league, with the privilege of readmission by unanimous vote. If the promise of a state proved to be a "scrap of paper," then let the "scrap of paper" be torn up! The penalty for lack of honor would be the moral punishment of being no longer held to one's honor, — admirable in abstract ethics, perhaps, but hardly practical in statesmanship. To be sure, there is a certain force in condemnation by world opinion, but

the recreant nation will scarcely bow even to universal disapproval, if there is no danger of coercion.

In the long run, however, the smooth management of any league of peace depends more on the positive benefits of the organization than on the threat of force, the use of which, it is to be hoped, may seldom be needed. The Spanish-American plan depended on this factor even for compelling obedience to the principle of conciliation, since the effectiveness of the penalty of exclusion lies in the benefits lost. The same principle had to be relied upon to prevent secession. This was not prohibited, by the treaty we are considering, nor is such a prohibition likely to be feasible in the early stages of any world league of nations jealous for their sovereignty. The force working against secession, just like that working for adhesion to the league, is proportionate to the recognized advantages of being a member.

The weakness of the motive of defence as a permanent bond of a world federation has already been touched upon. It may, as in the recent war, throw nations into close coöperation, and thus prepare the way for a league of wider purposes; but in itself the motive of defence demands special alliances rather than a general organization of the world, and even such alliances wane after the danger passes.

No doubt the strongest bond, that which furnishes the very reason for the dream of an international order, is the horror of war, the desire to end forever the slaughter and maiming of millions of men. This is why the league, in order to appeal to the idealism of peace, must seem to provide effective means for checking war. Indeed the ineffectiveness of Spanish-American proposals was largely due to the lack of such a hatred of war as would curb the jealousies and revolutionary militarism of the new republics. But the mere anxiety to avoid bloodshed will not always be so poignant as now. It is a negative force, and, as before, the expected advantages of a war will in

certain cases come to outweigh the cost of the conflict. Therefore, it behooves us to see that such a situation cannot occur, that the league of nations makes for peace by destroying the opportunity for the growth of war's causes, and by linking together the states with concrete benefits. These functions may develop gradually, but develop they must; for thus only is a true guaranty of the order of the world conceivable.

National boundaries occur to us at once as present sources of discord. That Europe is not alone in having these difficulties has just been brought to notice by the controversy between Chile and Peru over Tacna and Arica. South America's century of freedom has been constantly marred by territorial quarrels, leading at times to war and at times to more or less inconclusive arbitrations. No conflict of language or institutions has existed, except as to Portuguese Brazil; but local patriotism has been none the less ardent, and national claims none the less vigorously pressed. Bolivar saw that no peace was possible unless boundaries were settled and then guaranteed by the Spanish-American federation. It was comparable to the aim today to arrange the bounds of European nationalities, and give them international sanction.

But, in the Panama Congress of 1826, there were no great and more or less disinterested powers to strive for justice. It was as though the central European nationalities should hold a conference freely to fix their own territorial limits. The results at Panama were not boundary settlements, but irreconcilable pretensions.

To be sure, principles were invoked, although they got one nowhere. Colombia urged an historical basis, — that of the boundaries of the Vice-Royalties and Captaincies-General of the Spanish régime at the beginning of the revolution in 1810. But the historical argument opened the way for endless disputes. Why choose

the year 1810? Some boundaries had been changed only shortly before that. And how was agreement to be reached on the meaning of the frequently vague Spanish boundary descriptions? Nor was the principle of self-determination forgotten, if it helped one's case, — although there was no way, nor attempt, amidst the chaos of the recently revolted colonies, to discover what peoples or provinces wanted. In an age of armed revolutionary rule, self-determination was merely the shibboleth of nationalistic ambitions, and, but for the sound sense and investigation of disinterested parties, it would become so again.

The ministers at Panama, in 1826, saw clearly that boundaries should be fixed and guaranteed; but they could do nothing other than promise a future guaranty for territorial limits, whose settlement was postponed. Peru and Colombia reaped the fruits of this postponement, two years later, in a war, one of whose causes was the boundary dispute.

Nations which could not even temporarily agree on boundaries were scarcely ready for any sort of coöperation; but, with the hope that that problem would be solved by time, the negotiators considered other benefits which the league of nations could confer. Commercial relations come quickly to mind. Here is not only the chance to remove causes of friction and war, but also the means of conferring positive advantages on the members of the league.

The matter was not overlooked at Panama. "Let us trade without obstacles or prohibitions," said one plenipotentiary; "in no custom-house let there be registered goods which are American." Such complete tariff-union found no favor with the other ministers. They could not surrender control of the national customs policy, and viewed with like suspicion propositions to make special reductions in tariff-duties for the ships and products of

allied states. Nations whose little industrial development demanded European loans and trade, could ill afford the evils of a Latin-American economic league. Mexico discovered this when her attempt to exclude concessions to sister states from the operation of the most-favored-nation clause, resulted in the obstruction of negotiations with England and the United States. This difficulty in the way of commercial concessions within a league of a few nations, would not exist in a league of most of the world. In a world-league, special favors in the form of duty-reductions might be strong arguments for membership and against secession, but most states are scarcely ready to adopt such a measure. It would interfere with their determination of tariff policies. Protectionists would see in it a limitation of their doctrine and the beginning of a system of free-trade.

Nevertheless it should be the duty of a league of nations to try to avoid tariff-wars and commercial friction of every kind. Even if states are allowed to follow any protectionist policy that pleases them, they must not be left the power of discriminating between members of the association. The commerce of all the members of the league should rest on an equality of treatment in tariffs, in merchant privileges, in shipping rights, in financial opportunities. In other words, the principle of the most-favored-nation clause should be applied to all states alike. The Panama Congress, however, could not come even to such an agreement, and indefinitely postponed the conclusion of a federal commercial treaty. It should be added that the South American countries were all in the same primitive stage of industrial development, and had hardly enough trade with one another to make commercial ties of any importance.

Postponement was the order of the day at Panama. If anything could not be agreed upon, it was left for a later conference. So it was with boundaries, with com-

merce, and likewise with the settlement of principles of international law. There had been some hope of the establishment of an "American International Code," but no more than the expression of a pious wish was obtained. A federal prize law was mentioned, only to suffer postponement. Special points, such as the requirement of effectiveness in blockade, the strict limitation of contraband, and the principle of "free ships, free goods," fared similarly. An all-American doctrine on such questions of neutral rights (the United States had been invited to join in the discussion) would have been significant, although it was not of such pressing importance as are, for the present world conference, similar questions grouped under the heading of "freedom of the seas." It is not that the Congress of Panama could be expected, in one session, to settle all questions and to adopt all proposals; but the success of the league demanded that at least some of the means of uniting the allies be made effective. The day to which these problems were adjourned never came.

Champions of the idea of international organization speak of a "league of nations," not of a league of states or of governments, although it is obviously the governments, as heads of states, which make the peace, and set up whatever new order there is to be. This discrimination of phrase is not due to chance. The words "governments" and "states" remind us too much of foreign policies, of the balance of power, of the diplomats of the old school. The guaranty of peace will not rest with them, but with the peoples, or nations, of the world. Democracy is our hope for an ordered society, just as legitimacy and absolutism were the watchwords of the Holy Alliance. Ours is to be a league of free nations. Autocratic militaristic Germany of course could not have been admitted, but we feel that we must be willing to experiment with the membership of a free Germany. If

the Holy Alliance, fearful of the spirit of revolution, deemed it necessary to require absolutism in its members and satellites, surely it would seem that the league of free nations could not harbor a despotic state in its midst.

We may perhaps grant that the league should on its formation refuse to admit a brazenly military state, although whether this proviso is of much more than academic importance will depend on the developments in central and eastern Europe. Yet can the league wisely allow a despotic government to develop in one of its members, any more than it could permit a state of such a character to join in the first place? The society of nations cannot be successful unless its members believe in the methods of peace and in international justice. A member that gives mere lip-service to these principles would be a constant menace to the peace of its neighbors and of the league in general, especially if warfare were permitted after the formula of conciliation had been complied with. It is in this connection that such obligations as those to limit armaments and to respect the rights of national minorities have some of their value; for they would serve as checks upon absolutist tendencies, and their violation would be evidence of a menacing policy. That the character and aims of a state should be considered of interest to the other nations implies, to be sure, a limitation on the exercise of sovereignty; but, for that matter, commercial agreements and the pledge to resort to arbitration or conciliation are likewise restrictions. The essence of international harmony is the voluntary sacrifice of some national rights for the general good.

The method of supervising the character of member-governments and of enforcing the limitations set upon their policies is a serious problem. The Spanish-Americans of 1826 forbade any essential change in the existing form of government, which was assumed to be democratic. Two penalties were considered: — exclusion and inter-

vention. Intervention was a terrifying spectre for the new states. They saw in it an instrument for ambitious generals, rather than a means of checking nascent ambition; and the fact that Bolivar, president of Colombia and dictator of Peru, championed this instrument, only increased their fears. It could not have been otherwise. Democratic only in theory, the Spanish-American governments were in the hands of revolutionary chieftains, supported by the armies that had won independence. Military despotism in members of the league was so much of an ever-present danger that the right of intervention seemed to increase rather than to check the peril. The Panama Congress therefore chose the penalty of exclusion for a change of government. Today intervention, although still a bugbear, would be less liable to misuse, since its dangers decrease in proportion to the prevalence of stable democratic governments, and to the superiority of the international factor in determining the league's policy, — that is, in proportion to the dominance of the interests of the nations as a society over the interests of any single state or small group of states.

Another difficult question concerns the circumstances which would justify the exercise of the league's supervisory power. The prohibition of an "essential change" in the form of government, as stipulated by the Panama treaty, not only would be capable of infinite interpretations, but also would tend to resolve the league into a Society for the Preservation of Existing Governments. The league of nations will be short-lived if its purpose is to maintain the status quo in this or in other matters. The need is not for formulæ, such as that of the Panama Congress, nor even for definitions of the requisite minimum of democracy, but rather for the power of common diplomatic, economic, or military action, when armament limitations are broken, or a threat of militarism becomes by other signs evident to all.

The Congress of Panama was the culmination of a

Spanish-American movement for a league of free nations; but its treaty contained, as one critic said, "no more than good paradoxes to fill paper and to show that the deputies had done something." But even effective provisions for a league would have found ratification impossible. America was indeed no more ready for a democratic society of nations than was Europe. The late colonies of Spain, scattered along the edges of a continent, were divided by barriers of mountain, desert, and ocean, as yet uncrossed by railroad and steamship. Identity of language, institutions, and history was a bond too weak to withstand the intensity of local patriotism, which even the wars of independence overcame only momentarily. Territorial disputes and the rivalry of ambitious leaders heightened international antagonisms, while at home the strife of parties took the form of revolt and anarchy. The years following the Congress were filled, even for Bolivar, with foreign war and domestic conflict. The rule of generals, supported by the armies of the revolution, proved to be incompatible with the dream of democratic peace.

But since that day popular government has advanced not in Latin America alone. Through the power of the great democracies, it has entered into the control of international policies. The nations can, if they will, establish organized peace.

R. F. Arragon.

THE SCHEME PROPOSED

THERE is a little bill to be collected from Germany. At best she can pay only in instalments running over many years, and it would be inconceivably fatuous for the creditors not to unite on some scheme to make their claims good. That union will be a league of nations, from which even the most fat-headed and timid partisan among our senators could not withhold his assent.

The payment of those instalments can be reasonably assured only under conditions of world-peace; therefore any reasonable arrangements for their collection must include the best provisions that can be made for securing world peace. We have not only to make peace now, but to keep it after it is made, and especially for the new nations to be made out of the fragments of the Austrian and Turkish empires. They must be protected from the aggressions of powerful neighbors and of each other. An organization is absolutely essential to accomplish all this, as well as to keep among the greater nations the equilibrium which has so long been yearned for and fought for. Whatever criticisms may be made of the organization proposed by the Peace Commission, it is at least certain that that commission includes the best minds of the world that *under all the circumstances* (of which Mr. Wilson's make-up was one) were available, and therefore that their proposed constitution is the best that *under all the circumstances* can be turned out. Of course it is only their first report, and like any such report is not considered by its proposers, or anybody else to be final. When it was presented to the Paris Conference, M. Bourgeois said on behalf of the commission presenting it:

> We now present to the Conference and to the world the result of our work, but we do not present it as something that is final, but only as the result of an honest effort, to be discussed and to

be examined not only by this Conference, but the public opinion of the world.

In the face of that, the round-robin of our kicking senators was precisely on a par with a similar expression while a plan is under discussion at any other creditors' meeting. "Superfluous" and "premature" are among the mildest of many expressions that could properly be applied to such a move. After it, discussion would naturally continue as before. If it should end, as is to be hoped in this case, in modifications to suit the objectors, well and good. But whatever course may be taken by the objectors at any creditors' meeting, it will end in a plan. This one will, and whatever the plan will eventually be, whatever its merits or its defects, or its name, it will be, as said before, a League of Nations.

After a discussion of the proposed League constitution occupying not as many days as the leading statesmen of the world had given it weeks, more than a third of our Senate, instead of constructively reasoning about it, declared they would not support it. All the members so declaring belonged to one party, thus reducing to a question of local politics, a measure embracing the world, and of more importance than any other measure ever before a deliberative body.

Charitable critics suggest that the action was not intended to be final, but merely to strengthen an attempt for some modifications of the measure, and then, of course, to give way to support of the modified one, to which it can then be said the objections did not apply. Yet the opposition is confessedly partisan, and is on a par with our national curse of partisan politics meddling in local affairs; only in this case, the absurdity and selfishness are gigantic in proportion to the gigantic issues involved.

Yet of course the present scheme, like any scheme designed for results so novel and so tremendous, is open to much honest criticism. The only method of procedure in

such a case is that of trial and error. The errors can be corrected as experience unearths them, as those of the American union have been — perhaps, as in our case, by at least one revised or re-created constitution, and even by a war. But our result has been worth the cost, and this greater experiment is worth the greater risk. Better, infinitely better, for this scheme, with all its imperfections on its head, to go through with enthusiasm, than to be so endangered by timidity or partisanship that we may shamble along for a dangerous time virtually without any scheme at all.

It seems very probable that at bottom the opposition started in the resentment against Mr. Wilson's ignoring of the Senate in the appointment of his peace commissioners, and in the conduct of his negotiations, all this of course reënforced by more general acts and words open to criticism. And in his strange nature all this stands beside some of the loftiest of ideals and greatest of achievements!

And it is probably well that we have an idealist president, even though he may not be an ideal one, and though we have to pay for his idealism through his impracticalities — in his partiality for incompetent ministers; in his holding on to war prerogatives when the war is over; in his Bolshevik tendencies toward premature enlargement of government functions, such as the control of the telegraph and the railroads, with the frightful deficit already incurred; in his sentimentalities — his injunction not to think unneutral thoughts, much less publish unneutral opinions; his suggestions of being "too proud to fight" and of "peace without victory"; his refusal to deal with the existing German government, and his disclaimer in the same document, of desire to interfere in Germany's internal politics; in his self-defeating letter asking for a Democratic congress; and in his selection, in Herron, of a Bolshevik to catch a Bolshevik. That may have been astute politics, or it may have been sympathy with that

Bolshevik's doctrines. Either way it is certain that astute politics involving apparent sympathy with foolish and criminal doctrines is dangerous; that a man cannot select an agent without being supposed to endorse that agent's conspicuous qualities; and that Mr. Wilson in laying himself open to that supposition in Herron's case, has alienated many people, and to some extent, — let us hope not a fatal extent, — imperiled his great work on the Peace League.

Yet, in spite of all this, it is well we have him: idealists are apt to be ill-balanced, but the great reforms are generally inaugurated by them, even if the reforms have to be shaped up and carried out by "practical" men. Our idealist has been, perhaps, the main influence in starting what, despite some parochial minds in the Senate, it is not yet wildly extravagant to hope may be the greatest reform in all history.

The acceptance of some constitution in some shape is inevitable. But even if none were accepted, the mere creation of one is a great thing. It is the latest and best of a series of attempts as old as history, and men will continue to make them until they succeed. Even if the present one gets no farther than an occasional future citation before the public, such as current discussion has given to Sully's scheme, to the Holy Alliance and to Bolivar's scheme and the others, it will have been worth while.

But there is much room for hope that the new one will get much farther than its predecessors: for among them there has not been one like it — not one made for free nations in a free world — free at least from autocracy, despite the present tyrannies of fleeting majorities and minorities.

And was there ever a league attempted before, in which the leading nation asked for nothing, sought for nothing, worked only for the good of all?

As for the treaty itself, so far as shaped up to the time of our going to press: at first there was some disappoint-

ment that it contained no direct provision of force to hale a defendant into court and ensure compliance with decisions. But that power is latent throughout. In being latent, it is like most of the power under which civilization is run. There is not one case in a thousand where force is used to bring a defendant into court, or to enforce a decision. An attempt to make the power in the treaty more specific would at best have provoked burdensome discussion, and might have defeated the whole scheme.

But the scheme does contain what, after all, may be a stronger sanction than force: for it is backed more widely and earnestly than any scheme for a league was ever backed before, by the general opinion and sentiment of mankind.

To rest any hopes upon the general sentiment of civilized mankind may seem very fatuous to those who hold that, despite the obvious advances in ethics, human nature has not changed. I don't see how that opinion can be held by any one who has kept his eyes open and open long. Yet within a year or two such an opinion has been expressed even by Lord Bryce. I simply cannot imagine what he means: for I myself have seen the human nature which had tolerated a pandemonium of abominations change so as to abolish many of them — among them piracy, dueling, the slave trade, the holding of slaves, imprisonment for debt, the whipping post, floggings in the army and navy, public and painful executions, rioting at every election from New York south, and murder at most of them; permanent bands of thugs in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and probably elsewhere, who not only terrorized the voters in their own cities, but were moved for the same purpose from one city to another on election days, which were not then as nearly identical throughout the country as they are now. Regarding war, sentiment has changed utterly. Its pomp and circumstance are gone. In recent times

gloire has been growing cheap, and gone entirely out of fashion. France has forgotten all about it, and it does not seem to be spoken of even in Germany. Conquest has been growing synonymous with brigandage; and the commercial way of looking at things has been growing respectable. Except Germany, all the nations that have got as far as a literature, have for some time had their selfish instincts turned from the pursuit of glory and dominion to the pursuit of well-being, and not altogether in its selfish form: for during the last half century, the interest in social betterment has probably developed more than any other general interest since the crusades. And even the tremendous altruism working toward this end, works like almost every other good impulse, partly from selfish motives. For, with perhaps a preponderating element of their help, "we have made the proletariat our masters: we must educate them." The world is now, especially of late, so well and understandingly convinced that war does not *pay*, and the world's selfishness, outside of the German military class and other barbarians, is so well drilled to seek what does pay, that it is questionable whether for that very reason peace between nations may not be brought as effectively within the control of law as peace between individuals was by the time, not so long ago, when all gentlemen, except "German gentlemen," ceased to wear swords.

Some disappointment has been felt too that there was not a more drastic provision regarding limitation of armaments: but the method is flexible, where a rigid method might easily have been found impracticable and perhaps destructive of the negotiation.

There was also some disappointment at the absence from the proposed constitution of a legislative department, but the judicial department was the only one immediately needed. It is doubtful whether a legislative department is desirable at all — whether international law would not

be better left to evolve, as international morality has evolved, through treaties and tribunals.

Even in the farthest evolved governments, legislation is ticklish business, and there are vastly more failures than successes. In this new and precarious organization, even if a legislature were attempted, the difficulties in the way of success would probably be greater and probably more liable to breed disputes than those of all the rest of the organization. Judge-made law works vastly better than statute law, and the world's opportunity for it would be vastly increased by the decisions and interpretations of the officials of the proposed league.

The difficulties of the situation have coöperated with the wisdom of the commissioners to prevent their attempting too much, but there is reason to hope that they have done enough to set to work evolutionary forces that will do vastly more, and not only in ways beyond human wisdom, but beyond human imagination, and safe from the sort of dreaming that now distracts Russia and Germany, and even stirs anxiety in more stable societies.

There has seldom, probably never, been proposed a momentous movement, however beneficial, that was not opposed. The League of the Swiss Cantons and that of our thirteen states which has since been entered by over thirty others, were opposed by virtually the same arguments that are opposed to this one. One is tempted to leave the ultimate acceptance of this one to depend upon the silliness of the arguments brought against it. If the silliest can be picked out where so many are silly, it is perhaps the one that the nations entering the Peace League, like our states entering the union, will have to give up a portion of their independence. Can man make a step beyond solitary savagery without giving up a portion of his independence, and submitting part of his conduct to regulation by others? That is involved if he lives near a neighbor,

makes a friend, marries a wife, generates a child, lives in a community, enters a friend's house, takes a partner, joins a club or a church, votes, defends his country, in short: is civilized. And the wider and deeper his interests, the more of his independence he must give up for the sake of them. On the other hand, in all wise adjustments, what independence one party gives up for the benefit of all, is much more than returned to him in the same sacrifices made by others for him.

It is comical to watch the schemes to enable the United States to eat it's cake and have it — to contribute for the general good a like share of independence with the other nations, and yet to retain it.

What it is proposed that each nation shall give up now, is as nothing to what each of our states has given up, to its immeasurable advance in security, peace, power and (if it is not a little late to care for such things) glory. We have given to the Union the right to regulate our foreign trade and our trade with each other; to make our currency; to determine what foreigners shall or shall not dwell among us; to tax us to any extreme and in any way — even to regulate our lives by the imposition of tariffs and excises, and even by entering our homes and banishing from our tables the wine that has made glad the heart of man from time immemorial, and oftener saved his health than hurt it; and, supreme sacrifice of all, we have given into the control of our league, our very lives to use at will — the general will, not as in the League scheme, each state's will, in war.

It is not proposed that we shall give a single one of these powers to the League of Nations. The utmost it is proposed to give is the right to recommend the use of some of them. There is no reason to suppose that any such recommendations will be made when they are not to the interests of the nations concerned, but nevertheless the right to judge the recommendations is left to each in-

dividual nation, and this despite the fact that the members of the most powerful league the world ever knew have left the *decisions* to the league alone.

Another of the silliest objections is that Washington, or whoever wrote his Farewell Address, warned us against "entangling alliances" with European nations. Next they will be quoting Washington's views on transportation and inter-communication to support their policies on railroads, telegraphs and telephones. At that time Europe was more months away from us than it is now hours. Washington had just made us a nation by one alliance, and we have but now won a most momentous fight by another. It was in essence an alliance, if not in name.

Still another silly argument is, that Daniel Webster didn't like European alliances. But in Daniel's day, was France a Republic, or Russia and Germany republics, though as yet rickety ones, or Italy virtually one, or England as thoroughly one as she is now? What we are after now is a League of Free Nations, and we have the timber to make it. In Webster's day there was not enough.

Another silly move is objecting to placing the civilized world back of the Monroe Doctrine, and preferring to continue bearing the main responsibility for it ourselves. The Monroe Doctrine is merely that nobody's territory on this continent shall be infringed upon, and is backed up by us alone. The constitution proposed for the League provides that nobody's territory shall be infringed upon anywhere, and it is to be backed up by the entire League.

The silliness of the objections is equalled only by the unfairness of their presentation. We cull the following choice expressions from the press:

He wanted a League with a powerful international force, preferably housed in France, which would be able to suppress another Hunnish outbreak. That was denied him, because it was obvious that the United States could not be a party to such an arrangement.

We have just been a party to virtually such an arrangement, and will be until our troops are all home and will be again, league or no league, if need arises.

It is proposed that she [France] shall forego all those measures of self-defense upon which she has hitherto depended; that she shall reduce her armaments to dimensions prescribed for her by other Powers.

It is only proposed that she shall receive a recommendation, and then use her discretion. And it is not proposed that the recommendation shall be foolish.

. . . that she shall seek no alliances for defense, no balance of power that might make her and her friends able to meet her foes . . .

She can make any alliances or treaties that she pleases, not inconsistent with the constitution of the League. Without that limitation the constitution would be absurd.

In return for such self-abnegation, what is offered to her? Membership in a benevolent League of Nations which chiefly contents itself with saying that all men ought to be good and that nobody ought to go to war, but which has at its command not a single regiment nor ship to enforce its will, to protect the innocent or to repel the criminal.

To suppose that the forces of the members of the League will not coöperate in any reasonable cause, is purely gratuitous: the presumption is all the other way.

National armaments on land and sea are to be reduced to the lowest point consistent with national safety. But no nation is itself to be the judge of what that point in its case is.

Each "nation *is* itself to be the judge." The League is only to make suggestions.

If some remote state violates a principle of the League, the Executive Committee is to recommend us how many troops we are to contribute to the invading army which is to bring it to terms. Of course, we are not bound to furnish them, but if we do not we shall incur much odium.

The writers of such stuff have not as keen noses against odium as they suppose. The recommendations to be made by the committee of the League are entitled in advance to be presumed reasonable, and suited to the geographical positions of nations.

This climax was probably reached in *The Sun* the day after President Wilson's Boston speech.

> Except as another mawkish vision, therefore, it cannot possibly follow, as President Wilson states it, that we must go on till the crack of doom carrying the burden of the whole world, with no care for our own, with no thought of our own; with the single purpose, whatever it may cost us, to whatever end it may bring us, of serving Mr. Wilson's general humanity. The American people will never stand for such a mad squander of their noble birthright.

President Wilson, like every other man with idealism enough to accomplish great original work, has said some foolish things, but he never said that. The facts are that the powers who won the war with our help, as we won it with theirs, propose to maintain the peace with our help, and that we shall maintain it with theirs. It is true that that peace depends upon us, and President Wilson was perfectly right in saying so; but it is also true, whether he stopped to say so or not, that it depends upon England, upon France, even upon Italy and Japan.

Throughout the whole opposition, there is a fear of Germany. Is not this superfluous: is not Germany's power for evil destroyed; would not the permanence of that destruction be insured by the colossal power of the League; and, vastly more than either, will not the removal of her autocratic and militaristic conditions, and a generation under the chastening discipline of poverty, change back the braggart, covetous, piratical Germany of yesterday into the kindly, just and peaceful Germany before conquest and sudden wealth wrought her undoing? Yet the most grotesque proposition in the whole opposition is that, in order to insure success, the powers against

whose wickedness and trickery the league is proposed, must become members before they have proved a change of heart.

The silliness of all this stuff is equalled only by its cowardice. Without a league of nations, wars are certain. Only one scheme to prevent them has been suggested — not a shadow of any other — and yet its possible failure scares these men from taking it. This cowardice, like cowardice generally, defeats itself.

It is said that acceptance of the League's constitution will morally bind each nation to accept any recommendation made by the League, and make such a nation an object of reprehension if it does not accept. If that is so, why leave the matters open only to recommendation? Why not make them obligatory at the outset? For the following good reasons, and probably for others. (I) The world has not yet accumulated enough experience to foretell the cases where it would be wise to prescribe remedies beforehand: the cases are too complex. It is wisest to leave them as far as possible to be judged as they arise, and even after the recommendation of the aggregate wisdom has been reached, to leave the final determination to the nations most interested, and upon whom the brunt must come. (II) To attempt more than this would at the very outset endanger the trial of the scheme. As experience accumulates, the power to recommend can gradually be changed into the power to demand. The wisdom shown in this pervading feature of the scheme raises a strong presumption in favor of the wisdom of the whole.

And now hats off, and to your knees!

Was it the Power called God, working through laws that go wider and deeper than our imaginations can, or was it chance, that makes the proposed Peace League the culmination of the most remarkable series of events in human evolution — that made us a nation through an alliance

— made us a leagued nation — that demonstrated the stability possible to great leagues, by the shock of our Civil War — that saved democracy and civilization by another alliance, in the world-war — that by that war made the world yearn as never before for lasting peace — that by that same war drove out of civilization autocracy, the age-old destroyer of peace — that through one of the strangest combinations in all politics had made Roosevelt's insatiate ambition elect Wilson — that had given that strange man, despite the faults of his qualities, just the powers needed to lead the nations to the brink of the only experiment yet devised to give them the peace they yearn for — that for the first time brought together nations with enough power, if the experiment's other conditions are workable, to make that League succeed — that had set a cosmopolitan group of the best intellects in the world to devising the experiment, intellects working with an unprecedented degree of the disinterestedness essential to the experiment's success — that left us a universally respected ex-president, of the opposing party, broad-minded enough to back up the mighty scheme — and that while the trial of the experiment was under discussion removed to higher spheres, we trust, the one man most likely and most able to obstruct it?

The question of trying this experiment is the most important question ever before the human race. It has been shaped up by the most tremendous events in human history, and some of the strangest. Are they mere fortuitous and disconnected freaks of chance, and is the experiment to be regarded merely as meat for party politics, or have the events, throughout, the orderly concatenation of cause and effect which gives to the experiment the sanction of Divine Law?

The Editor.

OXFORD, WOMEN AND GOD

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has the unenviable portion of a reformer who wrought manfully — should we say womanfully? — to lead England out of the Cimmerian bogs of Victorianism, yet somehow is heartily despised by the younger generation which walks the sunlit ways of our peaceful, spacious Georgian world. It would be an instructive pastime, with her autobiography in hand, to study the causes of this cruel injustice; but that is another story. My present interest in her *Recollections* has been centred not so much on her own career as on her account of life in Oxford during the sixties and seventies. The four chapters in which she collects her reminiscences of these years are quite the most entertaining of the record—are, in fact, the only part that offers much entertainment of any sort; and if this were my theme, I might suggest that it was the spell of Oxford, however reformed an Oxford, still haunting her mind that makes her so unacceptable to the very much otherwise reformed young wits now gasping their discontent in London. Her first novel, *Miss Bretherton*, was a tale of the university, and *Lady Connie*, her latest novel written before her autobiography, returns to the same scenes; and these, with the chapters of her *Recollections*, might give the lie to Andrew Lang's pleasant witticism that there are no good books about Oxford because they are all composed by women who have spent one day in — Cambridge.

Jowett and Mark Pattison are her heroes, the Master of Balliol in his triumphant days of educational supremacy, and the Rector of Lincoln socially tamed by the restless, keen, very esthetical "Mrs. Pat.", yet otherwise savage enough with his gibes at the unteutonized scholarship of Balliol and the persistent priestcraft of Christ Church. But other figures, denizens and visitors, flit through her

pages — Swinburne, Renan, George Eliot, Mandell Creighton, Taine, Green — each the subject of an anecdote or the occasion for moralizing. Perhaps the most memorable of these stories is that which reports a conversation with Walter Pater in the days when the critic had yielded something of his earlier paganism and was lapsing into a kind of artistic dalliance with the charms of Christianity. Mrs. Ward had been proclaiming the near downfall of orthodoxy and the impossibility of its maintaining itself long against the attacks from the historical and literary camps. To her surprise, Pater shook his head and looked rather troubled. "'I don't think so,' he said. Then with hesitation: 'And we don't altogether agree. You think it's all plain. But I can't. There are such mysterious things. Take that saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden." How can you explain that? There is a mystery in it — a something supernatural.'"

It was the spirit of the place that would not be exorcised from Pater's thought, and it is curious to observe how this same shadow from the past lay over Mrs. Ward's mind, despite her absorption in modern tendencies and her expressed surprise. She was thinking more of her own young life than of her heroine's when she wrote, in *Lady Connie*, that "in those days Oxford was still praising 'famous men and the fathers who begat' her; their shades still walked her streets." Only Mrs. Ward was rebellious under the spell, while Pater was gently acquiescent. Again she is speaking for herself through the mouth of her heroine: "We who are alive must always fight the past, though we owe it all we have. Oxford has been to me often a witch — a dangerous — almost an evil witch. I seemed to see her — benumbing the young forces of the present. And the scientific and practical men, who would like to scrap her, have sometimes seemed to me right." It is, in fact, just this mingling of the past and the present in her mood that piques our interest; and involuntarily, as we see her picture of

Oxford under Jowett and Pattison, another picture arises of the city as it was a generation earlier under Newman and Pusey, and her anecdotes of contemporaries recall a host of stories of the men who preceded or were lingering on as ghosts of themselves. It is all so much the same, yet so different. What change has come over the place so reluctant to change?

If it were my vein to attempt the smart style now in fashion, I should think it enough to describe the change as consisting in the banishment of God and the admission of woman. At any rate, whatever else was happening in Mrs. Ward's time, the gods were going and women were coming; and of one, at least, of these events she is fully aware, and might even boast that she was *pars magna*. In her maiden days, she says, Oxford was a city of young men, "it was not also a city of young women, as it is to-day." But they were already creeping in, and before she left had conquered the right of domicile, much after the manner of the fabled camel; in fact the encroachment of the feminine into a society so archaically masculine is the real theme of her university novels, and her *Recollections* show how much her own activities as writer and talker helped on the invasion. But it was not only the presence of the undergraduate in petticoats that marked the revolution; wives, too, were multiplying, and with them came a great alteration in the habits of the faculty. In the generation preceding none of the tutors were married and very few of the professors; Oxford was still under the old conventual rule, though, with the disappearance of the religious ideal and purpose of celibacy, the peculiarly monkish traits of character had vanished and left behind only the "character," as that word used to be understood. This indeed is the chief impression one gets from the memoirs of the age. There was purpose enough in the lives of Newman and his group, but all about them was a society of happy egotists whom isolation from the shaping contacts with the

world had allowed to develop each as whim or passion guided him. Even the throngs of boys, who were so conspicuous to Mrs. Ward at her first coming, seem somehow to have been pushed into the background of the picture by these crusty bachelors. The story is told of a certain "Mo." Griffith, Senior Fellow of Merton, who used to fly from Oxford in term-time to avoid the Philistines, as he called the undergraduates, that once in vacation, when dining alone in Hall, he was confronted with the sight of a single scholar who had not gone down. "Fetch a screen, Manciple!" he cried. It is the Fellows' side of the screen we see in the annals of that age.

And one can imagine what went on there on this occasion, if our Don was faithful to his creed. It is related that a physician, having dined with him and eaten too sparingly, excused his abstinence by pleading the maxim, "Eat and leave off hungry." Mo. threw up his hands: "Eat and leave off hungry! Why not wash and leave off dirty?" No doubt, too, he would have been ready, with most of his contemporaries, to exclaim in the same manner over the command to drink and leave off thirsty — sober their forefathers would have said. For, if the *Logic* of Dean Aldrich of Christ Church was still after a century and a half the text-book of Oxford, it is to be feared that some of the logicians of the day had not forgotten the Dean's practical example of the art of ratiocination:

> Si bene quid memini, sunt causae quinque bibendi:
> Hospitis adventus, praesens sitis atque futura,
> Aut vini bonitas, aut quaelibet altera causa —

which may be translated for a less genial and less erudite generation:

> If I remember well, these be the sum
> Fivefold of drink's occasions and its laws:
> A guest arrived, thirst present or to come,
> Virtue of wine, or any other cause.

The same Moses, or Edward as he chose to call himself, Griffith was one day walking round Christ Church

Meadow with a brother Fellow named Frowd, who began, as *laudator temporis acti*, to lament the disappearance from Oxford of the strange originals of their younger days. "Does it not occur to you, Dr. Frowd," was the reply, "that you and I are the 'characters' of to-day?" I ask my reader: Does our world, of which we sometimes boast, possess such naïve sublimity of assurance? But Mo. and his friend flattered themselves, if they thought their originality outlawed and peculiar at that date. As I stand in the corner of my library in which the Oxford memoirs of the day are gathered, and as I turn over the pages of book after book looking for examples, I am embarrassed by the need of selection among so many doughty heroes and so many combats of wit. Like Æneas, I see

> Battles through all the world made known to fame.

The easiest way out of the difficulty, were it permissible, would be to copy off a chapter of the Rev. W. Tuckwell's *Reminiscences*, and perhaps the best of permissible ways is to direct any reader not already acquainted therewith to that storehouse of entertainment. If there is any more exhilarating book of the sort in English, I do not know it; and if there is a more captivating group of oddities than the scholars who congregated by the Isis before the advent of Mrs. Ward's petticoats, and who live again in Mr. Tuckwell's memory, I have not met them in my literary pilgrimage. Whatever Oxford may not have been, it was vastly amusing. If our friend Mo. left the impression of a rather gluttonous and bibulous curmudgeon, it is not to be inferred that the story of that society is a mere "gastrology," like the work of the ancient Epicurean who, as Athenaeus says, "made a voyage round the inhabited earth for his belly's sake" (I omit the rest of the quotation) and wrote up his adventures in epic form. No, these Dons were true *deipnosophists*, dinner-philosophers, whose talk was as much wittier than their

successors' as their appetites were more capacious. Mr. Tuckwell draws the comparison neatly:

> The Common Rooms to-day, as I am informed, are swamped by shop; while general society, infinitely extended by the abolition of College celibacy, is correspondingly diluted. Tutors and Professors are choked with distinctions and redundant with educational activity; they lecture, they write, they edit, they investigate, they athleticise, they are scientific or theological or historical or linguistic; they fulfil presumably some wise end or ends. But one accomplishment of their forefathers has perished from among them — they no longer *talk:* the Ciceronian ideal of conversation, *σπουδαῖον οὐδέν, φιλόλογα multa,* "Not a word on shop, much on literature," has perished from among them. In the Thirties, conversation was a fine art, a claim to social distinction: choice sprouts of the brain, epigram, anecdote, metaphor, now nursed carefully for the printer, were joyously lavished on one another by the men and women of those bibulous, pleasant days, who equipped themselves at leisure for the wit combats each late supper-party provoked.

That is well put, and is in the main true; but I should like to discourse on one of Mr. Tuckwell's points — his unreserved condemnation of "shop," which he connects with rather an unfair translation of Cicero's Greek. The comparative dullness of conversation in the modern Hall, or in the American equivalent, is not to be laid to the intrusion of shop, but to the wrong kind of shop. The minute specializing of studies has brought about such a division of interests among scholars that you will scarcely find any body of men, nominally united, who have less in common intellectually than the faculty of a university. Only the other day I heard a biologist girding at a teacher of Greek for his concern with a remote and outworn civilization. It was easy for the Grecian to retort that after all the polity of the coral insect represented a stage of evolution immensely more antique than the constitution of Athens two thousand years ago, and that the art of Sophocles and the philosophy of Aristotle were closer

to the business and bosoms of mankind than the skeleton deposits of the Anthozoan polyp. (Which last heavy-loaded phrase, however, I got from the encyclopædia, not from the professor's lips.) The retort was effective, but it did not bring the two gentlemen closer together. And so, in the absence of any intellectual meeting-ground, except that of mere transient curiosity, college men are driven to the interchange of personalities and the discussion of departmental wire-pulling, from which their only escape is the political news of the morning paper. Their shop is no better, for conversational purposes, than a department store. But it was not so when scholars were interested in the same group of subjects, with, of course, a human variety of views. Even the personal gossip of such a society took color from their more serious pursuits; even malice and backbiting spoke the dialect of the Muses, as anyone may discover for himself if he will read the memoirs of the day. Mr. Tuckwell, for instance, has a good deal to say of a certain "Horse" Kett, of Trinity, as he was called by reason of a long face dominated by a straight bony nose — an estimable gentleman withal, and not without critical acumen of a sort that won the respect of De Quincy. But his academic renown was owing to that equine countenance and to its power of "inspiring from the seniors jokes in every learned language, and practical impertinences from the less erudite youngsters." This Kett put out a rival to Aldrich's book, which he entitled *Logic Made Easy*. It was a feeble and blundering thing, but provocative of high mirth, when Copleston of Oriel reviewed it in a scathing pamphlet, with the motto —

Aliquis latet error; Equo ne credite, Teucri!

Mr. Tuckwell would have come closer to the mark if, instead of contrasting shop and literature, he had said that the two were then one thing. We sometimes speak slightingly of the erudition of those cloistered Dons, and

use their idleness to point a moral or adorn ourselves; yet as a matter of fact many of them were prodigiously learned — only with a difference. What they knew, they knew. Perhaps the long-forgotten name of James Endell Tyler may be recalled as a type. "He was not a reformer of Churches and creeds," we read of him in Mozley's *Reminiscences*, "but he was an able and effective lecturer. He was no genius, it used to be said of him, but he could construe Thucydides 'through a deal board.'" No doubt their reading was circumscribed, but that very circumscription had its advantages, in so far as it made learning a bond of sympathy rather than a dyke of separation. The great masters of human experience were in their blood; they knew them by heart; thought as they thought; spoke their language, with perfect assurance that the most recondite play of wit or wisdom would be caught up immediately and answered in kind. Some of them may have quoted with the awful profusion of a Porson, who, as Byron declared, "used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot;" but Porson was a Cantabrigian, and a beast; and all good things may be abused — even temperance. And to the drunkenness of Porson we owe, it must be granted, the profoundest utterance of pessimism that has ever fallen from mortal lips. He was in his customary state one night. Wishing to blow out his candle, and seeing, as is said to be the way of the inebriated, two flames side by side where there was only one, he three times directed his swaying steps to the wrong image, and three times blew, with no effect, for the non-existent cannot be extinguished. Whereupon he drew back, balanced himself, and gave verdict: "Damn the nature of things!"

It may be objected that all this erudition was sterile; it produced few books, and some of these were bad. The charge is fair, but there are alleviations. The barrenness is attributable in part to the kind of scholarship in vogue;

it was not the business of these men to decipher manuscripts and investigate sources, and when they did turn to such work they were capable of making a mess of it. But if they had been better editors, does it follow necessarily that they would have been more interesting men? And there was another cause, a tradition that still lingers at Oxford through all the changes of the past fifty years. I remember not long ago talking with an Oxonian, of all places in a New York elevated train, about these matters. Somehow we had got to the question of the best model for the writing of Greek prose, and he appealed to the opinion of one of his teachers in favor of the simpler narrative style of Thucydides. I had never heard the scholar's name — nor do I now recall it — and inquired about him. "Why," said my friend, "he is probably the most learned man in Oxford, so nearly omniscient that his colleagues live in constant terror of his criticism." I still expressed my surprise that a pundit of such renown should be unknown to me. "That is not strange," was the reply, "for he has never published anything." My surprise was increased, and I asked the reasons. "Well, you know," said my friend, who to his other charms adds a slight impediment of speech, "it isn't quite g-good form in Oxford to p-print." — A foolish tradition, I dare say; yet I challenge anyone familiar with the growing custom among us to appraise a man's academic standing by the quantity of his output — often enough in the form of petty source-hunting — I challenge him to deny that such a tradition has its good side.

It is not to be supposed that the scholarship of Oxford passed without comment at the time. Critics were ready then as now, though with less immediate effect, to denounce the narrow exclusive spirit of the place; and one series of criticisms in particular, appearing in the *Edinburgh Review*, drew out apologies from Copleston, published in 1810 and 11, which contain paragraphs still readable to-day with profit and interest. To the reviewer's

charge that classical studies are frivolous because they do not tend directly to what is called practical good, Copleston replies finely with a plea for "cultivation of mind which is itself a good, a good of the highest order, without any immediate reference to bodily appetites or wants of any kind," and then appeals to what the Oxford tradition had done for the formation of character, and specially for character under the testing strain of war. "If classical education be regarded in this light," he says, "there is none in which it will be found more faultless. A high sense of honor, a disdain of death in a good cause, a passionate devotion to the welfare of one's country, a love of enterprise, and a love of glory, are among the first sentiments which those studies communicate to the mind. And as their efficacy is undoubted in correcting the narrow habits and prejudices to which the separation of the professions gives birth, so in the rough school of war is it more especially exemplified in mitigating the tone of that severe instructor and in softening some of his harshest features." — Can any one read the letters of Arthur Heath and of other Oxonians who went out the other day into the battle line and did not return, without feeling that even the remnant of the old tradition has not lost the power claimed for it by the Provost of Oriel?

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

I wish there were space to quote the striking words of Copleston on the mischief, even then threatening, of the undue predominance of Political Economy in education and among "the clamorous sciolists of the day;" what was once prophecy is now fact; but this is not my present theme. It is more to the point to show how the old tradition, with all its exclusions, perhaps on account of them,

caught the abler youths of the day — and they are the only ones who count — in its spell and stimulated their ambition. Pusey's mother, who as an old woman loved to talk of her famous son, used to tell how he had asked his father for a complete set of the Fathers as his reward for gaining a First Class; "and how in the Long Vacation he used to carry his folios to a shady corner in the garden which she pointed out, and sit there reading with a tub of cold water close at hand, into which he plunged his curly head whenever study made it ache." Quite as significant is the account of the excitement roused by the success of Jowett, Pusey's life-long rival, when he won a Balliol Fellowship in 1839. In the candidate's home there is an outburst of joy as great as if he had been appointed Lord Chancellor, and in the university, as one of his friends writes, "nothing has been talked about here so much for a long time.... 'Little Jowett' was nearly pulled to pieces." Frankly, do we think so highly of getting a fellowship to-day? Is the business of education quite so serious an affair or so enthralling?

Part of that ancient enthusiasm may be explained by the fact that success in the schools was an open door to the great prizes of State and Church; it was still true that knowledge of Greek seemed a proper claim to a bishopric. (I heard one of our bishops the other day derive "disciple" from the Greek *didasko*, "to teach"!) And this truth a Winchester lad of the day expressed with delightful naïveté in the closing lines of an *Address to Learning:*

> Make me, O Sphere-descended Queen,
> A Bishop, or at least a Dean.

What prize, if any, his school bestowed on the poet I do not know, but he ended his well-planned career as Warden of New College and Bishop of Chichester. Nor was it the young visionary alone who beheld Learning as the patron of success. In one of his Christmas sermons the redoubtable Gaisford (to whom as an undergraduate his

Dean had observed, "You will never be a gentleman, but you may succeed with certainty as a scholar" — and become yourself a Dean, he might have added) stated the same truth with prosaic candor: "Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument."

It sounds a little queer and mercenary, put that way, though we can wish that the emoluments of scholarship were rather more considerable to-day; but there is another version of Gaisford's word's — I do not know which of the two is *verbatim* correct — which sets the matter in a different light. According to this report his exhortation to the study of Greek was on the ground that it would enable a man "not only to read the oracles of God in the original, but also to look down with contempt upon the vulgar herd." And on the whole this second version is the fairer representation of the spirit of the age. Lawn sleeves may have been a pleasant, and quite legitimate, incentive to the young student poring on his Aristotle and Origen, but I think he went to those great philosophers and theologians seeking first the oracles of God. I have said much of the more eccentric, even the coarser, habits of these cloistered scholars. We must take the good with the bad, and I fear that the old charge made in the time of Charles II might still be repeated of a certain Oxford set: "At a dingy, horrid, scandalous ale-house over against the college, Balliol men by perpetual 'bubbeing' added art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots." Yet there was another side even to the indulgence in Port.

> "Narratur et prisci Catonis
> Saepe mero caluisse virtus, —

with all its faults there is something generous about it, and if the Latin proverb says right, it is at least no enemy

to truth," was the reply of Copleston to the *Edinburgh* reviewer who had scourged the university for its guzzling. Though a sprinkling of "bubbeing" sots was to be reckoned with, nevertheless the real mark of this society was its conviction that it held a place set apart amid a world of indifference, as guardian of the truth; it still believed that scholarship was primarily concerned with the oracles of God. If we look below the surface, we shall find the very zest of those quaint characters that move through the memoirs of the day in their extraordinary mingling of personal eccentricity with religious regularity. Nor must we forget that the Oxford of "Mo." Griffith and his brother oddity was also the home of Newman and Keble and Pusey, in whom, however we may be disposed towards their particular dogmas, we must acknowledge that the zeal of God burned with a steady, almost a devouring, flame.

But perhaps the best type of the Oxford I have in mind is not one of those eagles of the faith, but their servant and drudge in the intellectual battle, if I may so designate Charles Marriott without injustice to his noble simplicity. Eccentric he was, almost beyond credence. In the street his strange figure could be recognized afar by its involved mufflings of cloak and wrapper and veil. Indoors he wore a black silk skull-cap, which, from his habit of slumbering in public places, might often be seen nodding, with the drollest effect, — yet somehow he contrived to hear more in his sleep, and remember better, than other men who listened with head erect. His somnolence, apparently, was only a deeper lapse in his normal state of absent-mindedness. If accosted suddenly in the street he would start and stare at you for a moment in utter silence, as though he had been walking awake in some other world, as no doubt he had been. And like the man were his rooms. In a biographical sketch, aptly entitled *The Man of Saintly Life*, Burgon gives a vivid account of one of Marriott's breakfasts, to which, as

usual, the careless host had invited guest after guest at random with no thought of their number. What happened may be told in Burgon's own words:

> On entering the dear man's rooms next morning, whereas breakfast had been laid for ten, [we found] fifteen guests had already assembled. While we were secretly counting the tea-cups, another rap was heard, and in came two University Professors. All laughed: but it was no laughing matter, for still another and another person presented himself. The bell was again and again rung: more and more tea and coffee, — muffins and dry toast, — butter and bread, — cream and eggs, — chops and steaks, — were ordered; and "Richard" was begged to "spread my other table-cloth on my other table." The consequence was that our Host's violoncello, — fiddle-strings and music-books, — printers' proofs and postage stamps, — medicine-bottles and pill-boxes, — respirator and veil, — gray wrapper for his throat and green shade for his eyes, — pamphlets and letters innumerable, — *all* were discharged in a volley on to the huge sofa. At last, by half-past nine (thanks to Richard's superhuman exertions) twenty of us (more or less) sat down to breakfast.... I am bound to say that the meal was an entire success, — as far as the strangers were concerned. They were greatly entertained, — in more senses than one.

Yet this same absentee from the world was a scholar of indefatigable industry, to whom Newman and Pusey could always turn for any onerous task of editing or translating in their paper warfare with rationalism. Nor would it be easy to say where, with such a man, scholarship ended and saintship began, so thoroughly were heart and brain in accord. He was one in whom the thought of self was lost in uninterrupted contemplation of God, one in whom the consummation of Aristotle's *theoria* might seem to have been realized in Christian worship. "There was," says one who knew him well, "something unspeakably sweet and pure and simple, in the outcome of his habitual inner life.... To me he seemed habitually to walk with God.... He was of a kindred nature to the Saint who said, 'When I am in heaviness I will think upon God;' and who habitually

spoke of God as 'his stronghold whereunto he might always resort, his house of defence and his castle.'"

Now what strikes one in the Oxford of Mrs. Ward, as it would strike one still more in the Oxford of to-day, is the impossibility of meeting with such a character as that of Marriott: the eccentricity is gone, vanished with the last relics of medieval isolation; gone, too, the spiritual sense of an actual presence of the Deity. As for the eccentricity, its disappearance, Mrs. Ward herself would probably admit, was caused in no small measure by the influx of women into a society of bachelors. With petticoats came the world and the conventions of the world; manners were softened, the tongue was filed, angles of originality were ironed out; the drawing-room conquered the cloister. As for the second change, whether the intrusion of women had anything to do with the synchronous extrusion of God, you will not hear from me; even if I believed in such a causal relation, I have too many misoneistic quarrels already in hand to risk the charge of misogyny. But I can tell you what Mrs. Ward would say: she would simply deny the fact of extrusion. That the religiosity of Newman and Pusey had been expelled, she would grant, and would boast, with reason, that her own pen had been one of the effective instruments of the expulsion; but she would uphold her sincere conviction that the idea of God had been merely purified by the process. For such a tenet she does actually argue vehemently in a dialogue on *The New Reformation* contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1889, as part of the acrid debate then waging between Huxley and the enemies of agnosticism. "The point is," she declares, in reply to the fears of orthodoxy, — "the point is, What religion is possible to men, for whom God is the only reality, and Jesus that friend of God and man, in whom, through all human and necessary imperfection, they see the natural leader of their inmost life?" And, more succinctly, she adds: "God — though I can find no names for Him — is

more real, more present to me than ever before." In like manner, with tacit reference to the criticisms that still emanated from the unreformed stronghold of Christ Church, she dwells in her *Recollections* on the deep religious spirit of her beloved heretic, Jowett:

> If ever a man was *Gottbetrunken*, it was the Master, many of whose meditations and passing thoughts, withdrawn, while he lived, from all human ken, yet written down — in thirty or forty volumes! — for his own discipline and remembrance, can now be read, thanks to his biographers, in the pages of his *Life*. They are extraordinarily frank and simple; startling, often, in their bareness and truth. But they are, above all, the thoughts of a mystic, moving in a Divine presence. An old and intimate friend of the Master's once said to me that he believed "Jowett's inner mind, especially towards the end of his life, was always in an attitude of Prayer. One would go and talk to him on University or College business in his study, and suddenly see his lips moving, slightly and silently, and know what it meant."

Now that there is an element of truth in what Mrs. Ward maintains, I would not deny; yet as I read the life of Jowett I cannot divest myself of the feeling that his religion is a kind of reverberation from forces which have ceased to operate — like the prolonged intonation of a bell after the last stroke of the hammer. It was Jowett who avowed that "Voltaire has done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together;" and as he grew older his faith took on more and more the form of a belief with nothing to believe. "Litanies should have no creeds;" all dogmas, including belief in a personal God and in immortality should be surrendered, and in their place religion should be steadied on what he understood — erroneously, it must be added — as Buddhistic nihilism. The "Divine presence" with him was "mystic;" what, one asks, was actually present? No doubt Jowett continued in the habit of inner worship, but the shrine before which his lips moved in meditation was empty, and what vitality his faith possessed was drawn, vampire-

like, from the heart of the men whose creed he had shattered. No doubt the idea of Deity, as Mark Pattison declared, misapplying a phrase of Coleridge's, had been "defaecated to a pure transparency;" would it be unfair to reply that a pure transparency, so far as our corporeal or spiritual vision is concerned, means only a vacuum? The Oxford of Newman may have been superstitious; the Oxford of Jowett, despite Mrs. Ward's protests, was rapidly becoming Godless. The new scholarship is busied with investigation of manuscripts and scientific phenomena, and has no need of the hypothesis of a divine presence. So far as religion prevails, it is the religion of humanity, such as that for which Mrs. Ward pleaded in *Robert Elsmere*, not Newman's religion of God and the individual human soul. Worship has been transferred from the pulpit of St. Mary's to the recreation room of the Passmore Edwards Settlement.

What this change means to education I have found curiously intimated in one of the smart sayings of Stephen McKenna's *Sonia*. He has been describing his experience in an East End university mission, where, as he says, thirty per cent of his Oxford generation worked for longer or shorter periods, and he concludes: "I doubted, and still doubt, the possibility of friendship between a Shadwell stevedore and the angular, repellent product of an English public school and university; this is not to put one above the other, but merely to disbelieve the existence of a common intellectual currency." — *Not to put one above the other:* can you imagine a scholar of Gaisford's generation doubting in his mind whether the product of Winchester and Oxford, *ceteris paribus*, is higher than the product of the Shadwell docks? Yet just such a query, in less paradoxical terms, you may find in almost every recent book that reveals what is going on inside the minds of serious university men. Even Jowett could exclaim over his college as "a bad school for character," where a "sort of weak cleverness" is fostered and "manli-

ness" is impaired. If the modern report of university life is true, I wonder why we go on spending millions of dollars and pounds to maintain institutions which make men no better than stevedores, and why, on the other hand, we waste so much sympathy on life at the docks which makes men no worse than professors. Our ears have grown too squeamish to endure Gaisford's blunt association of the oracles of God with contempt for the vulgar herd, nor do I think his a happy or quite a true definition of the aims of education; but one thing is certain: if the college as an institution is to retain any value above the shop and the market-place, if the pursuit of scholarship as an end in itself is to offer any satisfaction for the finer spirits of men, then, in some way, those studies must be restored to authority which give zest and significance to the inner life of the soul; and at the centre of that life, binding all its interests into one, lifting them above the grosser forms of utility, irradiating them with joy, must be the idea of God.

I did not mean, when I began this account of Oxford before and after the reforms of the mid-nineteenth century, to end on so solemn an argument. What impressed me most while going through Mrs. Ward's *Recollections* and recalling the reminiscences of the preceding generation, was the simple fact that college society as portrayed in these books had grown in a few years comparatively less amusing to read about and distinctly less interesting to itself. I do not mean that Mrs. Ward's chapters are without entertainment — I have said they were the most entertaining part of her memoir — but the college life she depicts has lost much of its peculiar tang and proud independence; already its main significance is in the comparison it evokes. The change, I think, will scarcely be disputed by any one conversant with the literature, though some may contend that the loss of interest is more than compensated by the suppression of quaint or ludicrous eccentricities. For my part I would not hold

a brief for mere eccentricity, however fond I may be of the well-crusted "character." But that is only half the story. The waning of interest, in its deeper aspect, is typical of an intellectual revolution which has grown more and more evident with the passing of the years, until now the ancient pride of the scholar and the self-content of the scholar's career seem to have been swallowed up in the one prevailing note of distaste and dissatisfaction and apology. Professor Gilbert Murray, who is qualified to speak for the Oxford of to-day, complains of the satiety that pervades college life, and attributes it to the very liberation of mind and the enriching of the means of personal satisfaction. "Whatever gifts Oxford may bring her children," he says, "she is apt to bring steeped in the one poison that is fatal to poetry, the poison of satiety. A spirit of satiety broods over the rich meadows and the slow streams, over streets and towers and quadrangles and playing-grounds. Do you wish for games? There they are waiting for you, laid on like water or electric light, all the games that exist. If you can think of another it shall be brought; there shall be no trouble to you in the preparing of it, and no time for your hunger to grow. Do you wish for books? There they are, old and new, in convenient libraries and magnificent bookshops, more than you can ever read or look at; so many that the sight wearies you, and suggests, not a desire to be richly gratified, but an ever-mounting and fastidious duty." This is no doubt a true account of the matter, true in a way; but going back to an earlier day, and studying the transition from the Oxford of Newman to the Oxford of Mrs. Ward, I seem to see other causes at work than that heaping up of material resources which has turned the delight of scholarship into a fastidious duty. At least one can safely say that a unique interest was lost to learning with the admission of women into Oxford's cloistered society and the banishment of God.

Paul Elmer More.

LADIES OF LABOR AND LEISURE

NOT even for the sake of imposing a pet crotchet on the world could one wish longer life to the war. Yet how sad it is to see a large crop of most hopeful by-products nipped by an early frost of neglect, and tares triumphing among them! A few months ago conversion to almost anything that was not Teutonism, Bolshevism or conscientious objecting seemed sweet, easy and gregarious. But now cherished conservatisms beckon us back, and we are glad to leave the perfectibility of society to premiers and presidents, as of old.

The particular reform whose underdoneness I linger to lament concerns the psychology of women's clothes in wartime, and neither premiers nor presidents can do anything for it. I do not pretend that this is an earth-shaking matter. There are so many earth-shaking matters already on our carpet that I am not sure I would produce another if I had it in my sleeve. But the merest quiddity must have a hearing, else it will resort to demonstrations out of all proportion to its size, like a small oppressed nationality.

Speaking generally, one may say that women gained more and lost less from our brief experience of war than did men. I do not refer now to losses on the field of battle, but to what was happening in this country among noncombatants. Women were happy to find how keenly they were needed. Not only did they take upon themselves jobs that had always before been considered "man-size," but they founded many activities of their own, and had begun to look upon themselves as being in a sense the service of supplies without whose labor of hand and brain the armies in France might go down to defeat. Workingwomen respected themselves for being workers—a sentiment that as a class they had not entertained before.

They began to dress more suitably in order to work better. Undoubtedly the fascination of uniforms had something to do with it, and in some cases the Sam-Brown-ness was excessive, but the underlying intention was sincere. Take the group of women who were employed to clean locomotives in railroad yards. They did it well, and undrafted males were impressed with their thoroughness; but what most impressed them was the fact that the women appeared each day for ten days in white boots, *and each day the boots were passably clean.* Then the phenomenon vanished. The laborers had become penetrated with the notion that the cleaning of locomotives in order to buy white boots to soil in cleaning more locomotives to earn new white boots, and so on in endless cycles, was ineffectual heroism. They had tried for ten days to combine the boots with the locomotives, but the chemistry of the combination proving unsatisfactory, they gave up the boots. Two years ago they would almost certainly have given up the locomotives. Later these same women wore overalls during the working day. Overalls are lank and graceless garments, for which the most radical feminists feel no enthusiasm, yet they were part of the hard logic of locomotive-cleaning, and one may admire the spirit that accepted them.

In the last months of the war New York swarmed with women in uniform as with men in uniform: motor-corps and ambulance-drivers, Blue-Triangle and Red-Cross workers, nurses, telephone-operators, yeowomen, police-women, conductor-women, actresses bound for overseas, and many more of strange insignia, whom we took on faith because they looked so personable and so capable. And where was the loss to the eye, accustomed to the variegated plumage of yore? I am bold to say there was no loss in the substitution of costumes that were neat, trig and generally becoming, for modishness that was often eccentric and over-elaborate, and so tended to degenerate rapidly into dowdiness. Not even uniforms

can make all women beautiful, else they might have competed with fig-leaves in the history of sartorial beginnings. But they can do for women what they do for men, which is to make them look fit and ready. That is not the same thing as being fit and ready, but surely must help towards it. And if beauty is there, it will not be destroyed. Masefield showed poet's vision when he discerned that "beauty in hardest action" is "beauty indeed." Women have so often dressed as if action of any kind were the most unbeautiful thing in the world!

"We are just breaking in a fresh batch of girls from the U. S.," wrote an American woman in France. "This lot came over in costumes of their own devising instead of uniforms, and somehow they look rather messy, and seem not quite so prepared in spirit."

It is a curious fact that whereas for centuries women have been employed in work requiring no slight degree of physical exertion, they have quite generally endeavored to divest themselves of any appearance of inclination or capacities of the sort. The business or professional woman, as well as the woman who "does her own work," has persisted in conventions of dress that emphasize the lily-of-the-field aspect by every device of fragility and futility. Who that has traveled by public conveyances in rush hours has not pondered in his heart the costumes of women workers? There would be a few in tailored suits or serge dresses toned to the bleak background of office, shop or school; but the majority were gallant imitations of ladies of leisure. It may well be that such attire, for all its careful avoidance of utilitarianism, has not prevented real application during work-hours, yet its assumption suggests that the day's work is an unforseen incident, to be lived through in a spirit of aloofness.

No doubt the shops are partly to blame for showing so little interest in anything that is not expensive, exaggerated and perishable. But surely women workers are

good-custom enough to get what they want—if they want it. When the war made labor for women both patriotic and fashionable, Fifth Avenue itself became solicitous over proper habiliments for farmerettes and canteen-workers. Have women ever rebelled against any fashion that ladies of leisure, or the modistes that cater to them, have seen fit to inflict? For example, the narrow skirts of 1912, of which another visitation is already upon us? They would have done finely for a certain Spanish Princess who lived centuries ago in an atmosphere of super-refinement to which Democracy may not aspire. She once honored a guild of mercers with an audience, and the unlucky men made the mistake of presenting her with several pair of silk stockings, then a luxury much appreciated by grandees. History does not tell us what the Princess did. Probably she fainted with the promptitude required by court etiquette. But her mistress of ceremonies rated the mercers out of the insulted Presence: "Fools, do you imagine that an Infanta of Spain has legs!"

In 1912 we had completely inhibited those vulgarities, and were as legless as starfish — unless they are all legs. We had to be warped into street-cars. Before steps we were as incapable as if they had been precipices. Instead of walking, we inched along like paralytic caterpillars. Many protested that the steps of street-cars were unfairly high, but few committed themselves to the heresy of wider skirts. Fortunately, before our feet had grown together, a liberating stroke of fashion plunged us into "sports" clothes.

The complete failure of every dress-reform movement that history has known (and they've been many) would be truly disheartening were it not for the fact that the remedies have been so nearly akin to the diseases, or else so very much worse. Some that are fairly recent linger in the memory. One was the attempt of a well-known dancer to convert us to Hellenic modes. At almost the

same time an Italian lady was endeavoring to popularize the wrappings of Titian's greatest Madonna. In the first case we should have been driven to frolic a great deal to keep warm: for our climate, unhappily, is not Attic; in the second, billowy enthronement alone would be possible. If beauty and grace are the primary obligations of womanhood, there is more to be said for either one of these revivals than for the grotesque toddling styles of 1912. But no one of the three is ideal for the eight-hour day.

Then there was the other kind of dress-reform: we were to show by our attire how reformed we were. Conventual garb never conveyed half so painfully the renunication of pomps and vanities as did some of these proposals. Do you recall the reform that pledged itself to mother hubbards, and revelled in shoes that pigeon-toed and had a frontal elevation, as if our ten toes reared heavenward by natural propensity?

The shops make a great to-do over the sacred duty of expressing individuality by one's clothes. "The motivity within this establishment," declares a Fifth-Avenue firm, "is the intellectual and cultural interpretation of Woman's Dress. It is the special pleasure and high privilege of this shop to create, to originate, to evolve, Fashions that go beyond the monotonous level of mere appareling, to transcend the mediocrity of commonplaces, to eschew the ephemeral foible or fad of a fleeting hour, to make of the mode a means of expression — a medium by which character and individuality are expressed. There is no slavish bending or conformance here to stultified tenets and codes of dress, no intent to clothe women in a dull uniformity and thus submerge instead of accentuate personality."

Alas! what chance has woman under such treatment! How much freer, truer, more restful, more recognizable as herself, would she be in a "stultified tenet!" On this

point of the expression of individuality, woman might do well to take a leaf from the book of stagecraft that Mr. Granville Barker and others have expounded. They have gone a long way towards proving that the more elaborate are the accessories of a drama — scenery, costumes, illusions directed to the eye — the less chance has the actor to appeal to the imagination. His illusion is shouted down by the very things that are intended to uphold him. Woman, like an over-anxious stage-manager, is in the habit of overwhelming herself. She has been so afraid that her individuality would not be expressed, that she has buried it as deep as if it were a crime. Of course if individuality is there, it will out, as inevitably as murder, but that is no reason for treating the two things alike. The clothing of men is nothing but "dull uniformity," yet, taken as a sex, men are not less individual than women. This is not a plea for the adoption of men's styles by women. When one thinks of "boiled shirts," padded shoulders, stiff collars, and the anxiety of maintaining perpetual creases where the human anatomy is best calculated to eradicate them, it is clear that a price has been paid for plenty of pockets and freedom to step. But the very monotony of masculine dress gives the man inside a chance to make his own impression. His "substance," as the medievals might say, is neither marred nor enhanced by his "accidents" — provided the latter are reasonably tidy. Whereas a woman must hold her own against her clothes.

Either it is the inertia of habit that has led women workers to dress as if they were movable features of a decorated interior, or else they are still true in spirit to the ideal of being a lady of leisure, and are unwillingly involved in the activities of the world outside of home. Again I quote with misgiving the advertisement of the Fifth-Avenue merchants — I mean "shop keepers," bless their modest honesty!

"The most recent and attractive structural improve-

ments take form in suites of private chambers which make for a better display of the more rare fashion achievements, and which permit the making of selections undisturbed in an atmosphere and environment of pleasing privacy. . . . The bride-to-be may review for her delectation all the dainty and intimate things prescribed for the trousseau. . . . Here repose (sic) in chests of drawers lingerie that is not commonly exploited, undergarments which insure the delicious consciousness that you can become the possessor of a trousseau that is marked by a rare originality and fineness — underthings that have not been subjected to the all-seeing gaze of the merely curious."

Surely this is just the place for the wives of Haroun-al-Raschid, or for the Spanish Infanta. But is perfumed hush and silken seclusion the yearned-for environment of women who helped to win the war? Is Maeterlinck right in his contention that what women really want is Bluebeards enough to make life sumptuous and interesting? A full-page advertisement in the Sunday papers speaks strongly for the confidence of the advertiser in the seductions of his address.

It may be that Sunday papers, which tend to deepen pessimism on other scores, have wrought upon us unduly here. Perhaps all that is wrong is that the conservatism of woman has lingered in non-essentials, while she is striving for a freedom that is not of the body. Perhaps the woman worker is gloriously intent upon things that the wives of Bluebeard and Haroun were unable to glimpse through the chinks of their lattices. I shall not begrudge her the finest feathers on the market, if she will but distinguish between fineness and foolishness. I would have her dress as she pleases in the leisure of evenings — It will be a lengthier leisure some day when the world comes to understand what the worker needs for the sake of workmanship. Against that halcyon time when (presumably)

all strikes shall have been struck and hours of work are shorter and pay-envelopes plumper, I would have the woman worker develop tastes and aspirations for many things besides clothes, so that she may not then be embarrassed by more time and more money than the most enthusiastic devotion to the art of dress can absorb.

If women are to gain ground in the economics of the future, if they are not to be relegated as a class to work whose chief requirement is dull patience, they must enter upon their labor with will and spirit as they did during the war. If they value what they are doing, they will wish to look as if they could do it, instead of looking as if they couldn't and wouldn't. It is Pasteur who said, "One must not make a hard and fast distinction between the time when one is working and the time when one is not working." A high and searching test that few can meet perfectly, yet the happiness of this workaday world hangs on the progress that we make towards meeting it. The gradual alleviation of hard, grubby and monotonous toil will bring us nearer; the rest lies in the workman's respect for his work.

Violet Barbour.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILROADS

I

WHAT is to be done with the railroads? They were taken by the President for the national defense. But the war emergency has passed, and from over the country comes an insistent demand that the Government speedily return the roads to their owners, and at the same time reform our antiquated system of railroad regulation.

But a little while ago Government ownership of all the means of transport and communication was looming on the horizon as the major issue of national politics. The Republican party was evidently eager to go before the country in opposition to state socialization of industry, but shrewd Democratic leaders saw which way the wind was blowing, and almost overnight Government ownership was found to be without any real support as an issue between the great parties. The Democratic press is now pointing out that the party never was a Government-ownership party, and that it was the wily Republicans who were trying to force the issue.

Meanwhile the Government has on its hands 260,000 miles of railroads, receiving from the public more than five billion dollars a year, paying two and three-quarters billions in wages to two million workers, buying more than one and a half billions worth of steel products, coal and other supplies, and obliged to find more than five hundred millions of new capital each year for the necessary expansion of facilities. During the few months that the Government has directed railroad operation it has increased the cost to the public of freight and passenger transport more than a billion dollars a year: the service that was done for four billions now costs more

than five. It has raised the payroll by nine hundred million dollars. It so miscalculated its probable income and outgo that instead of making an expected surplus above the rental to be paid the owners, it was obliged at the end of the first year of Government operation to go to the Treasury for two hundred millions to make up a deficit; and it is now losing close to a million a day.

For the moment the owners — those hundreds of thousands of investors who never attend a shareholders' meeting, and those millions of citizens whose indirect ownership in the companies is held for them in trust — these owners are fairly comfortable. The Government is paying them a rental of $900,000,000 a year, or about five per cent on their $18,000,000,000 of property. They are in receipt of their interest and dividends. Many of them, no doubt, taking a purely selfish view of the situation, would be glad to have the Government permanently shoulder the burdens and hazards of the business, continuing to pay them the rental for the use of their property. But the owners are not in so secure a position as might seem to one who does not look ahead. Within a few months the Government will return these properties to the owners. The rental will cease; there will be no convenient Treasury from which to make up an operating deficit. If the new rates fixed by the Railroad Administration are insufficient to meet the higher operating costs the resumption of private management might easily be followed by a financial collapse that would shake the country.

II

The experience of the Government with railroad operation has not been a happy one. For that matter, the war played havoc with railroad finance in all the Allied countries. The English roads are potentially bankrupt, and nationalization seems to be the only way out of the muddle. In France the companies are hopelessly in debt to the State as a result of the very large advances that had to be

made to them on account of the guarantee of income. Our problem is simple compared with theirs. In this country, at least, we have pretty well determined what general course we are going to pursue with relation to Government ownership and operation, and this is more than they have been able to do abroad.

The President will relinquish control of the roads sometime before the expiration of the period named in the law — twenty-one months after the declaration of peace. Of this there can now be no doubt. The former Director General, apologizing for the unsatisfactory results of the first year of Government operation appealed to the Democratic Congress for an extension of Government control to five years after the war, in order that an adequate test might be made of nationalized operation. His successor argued eloquently to the same purpose. But Congress turned a deaf ear to the proposal, and from over the country rose an angry protest against further Government meddling.

It would need a deep searching into political psychology to determine just why public opinion has so rapidly and unmistakably crystallized in opposition to Government ownership. It may be that our sudden emergence from the war for democracy has left us with such a repugnance from Prussianism, autocracy and centralization of political power that we have unconsciously reverted to our older ideals of individual freedom. The old *laissez faire* doctrine that the State should undertake nothing that can be better done by private initiative, so well expounded by Herbert Spencer and his followers, ran all through the President's address to the Congress before his first departure to the Peace Conference. He not only suggested the early relinquishment of Government control of the railroads, but threw aside as visionary the idea that the Government should keep its hand on industry during the period of transition from war to peace.

It is also plain that public opinion in this country has been strongly influenced by the political chaos in Russia and the Central Empires and the rumblings of trouble nearer home. The reaction against the excesses of Bolshevism is plain. There is an evident purpose throughout the country to get back as soon as possible to American fundamentals, and to work out our future salvation on a foundation tested during the long years we were rising to our present position as a world power.

A factor more evident is that the country has had a taste of political domination of the railroads and finds that the reality compares most unfavorably with the promise of political prophets. It was with high hopes that the Administration undertook the operation of the railroads as a unified national system. Great operating economies were to be effected, the labor problem was to be settled, and complete coördination of all transportation facilities with the elimination of wasteful competition was confidently anticipated. Time and time again railroad critics had painted a roseate picture of the varied economies that would provide for rising labor and material costs and make rate increases unnecessary. The Government, with a popular and able Director General, and an expert administrative staff picked from the best managed roads, started out to show how the transportation system could be conducted with a maximum of efficiency. Hundreds of millions a year were to be saved. The Railroad Administration was obviously in a very advantageous position to achieve its goal. It was bound by no restrictive laws, as the private companies had been. The war power of the President was such that every Federal and State legal obstacle could be set aside, and these handicaps that for years had obstructed the development of the railroads under private management were at once removed.

But, to the amazement of those who had been dreaming of other things, it was soon found that Government

operation was resulting, not only in poorer service, but in much higher charges for this deteriorated service. Within a short time after the Railroad Administration took charge, the Interstate Commerce Commission granted an advance in rates to the Eastern roads that a short while before had been refused the private companies; and a little later, by Presidential order, without any public hearing, there was a wholesale advance in both freight and passenger rates. The Government marked up overnight the price of transportation to the public from $4,000,000,000 a year to $5,000,000,000; and at the same time began effecting economies which meant a deterioration of the service.

When the former Director General retired to private life he presented to Congress some detail of these savings. They amounted, so far as he could then ascertain, to $120,000,000 a year. But it appeared that $80,000,000 came from taking off passenger trains and crowding the remaining trains — a war sacrifice that the people at home gladly made to provide more transportation for our men and munitions bound overseas. The people would have done entirely without civilian passenger service — they would have crawled on their hands and knees — if this had been necessary to make sure that our armies would be sent to France in time to turn the tide of battle. But this war sacrifice of passenger facilities surely cannot by any honest use of the word be described as an economy. The bulk of the other savings were similarly made — the cutting out of informative advertising, the closing of travel and traffic bureaus, the reducing of comforts — all war sacrifices that the public cheerfully accepted as necessary to the winning of the war. In fact, nearly all the "savings" of the Railroad Administration were made in the same way that the people saved bread and meat and sugar. The people did without in order that others might have. With the return of peace most of these economies vanish.

III

Against these disappearing economies must be set the extraordinary increases in operating costs, the bulk of which are permanent and for a long time to come will be an almost insuperable obstacle to any reduction in the charges for transport. The actual increase in expenses in the year of Government operation, as compared with the last year of private operation, was $1,150,000,000, of which $525,000,000 was for coal and materials, and $625,000,000 for labor. The high prices for supplies were the inevitable result of the war, and the Government took commendable measures to keep them within bounds; the same high prices would have been paid by the railroads had they continued under private management. These war time prices are falling, but there is little hope of getting back to the prewar level, on account of the greatly increased labor cost.

The wage advance is much more than appears on the surface of the accounts, because very considerable increases were made late in the year, and the payroll is now at least $900,000,000, or 50 per cent higher than in the last year of private operation. It is this unprecedented addition to the cost of producing transportation that has upset the calculations of the Administration and destroyed any hope of economical national operation.

When the Government took control it was recognized that wage advances ought to be made to many of the employes; their compensation could not meet the higher cost of living, in spite of the fact that the railroad companies, since the outbreak of the war in Europe, had advanced wages by $350,000,000 a year. It was the belief in Washington at the time that a duplication of this advance would be more than the workers would need, or that a generous wage board would be likely to award. The commission, headed by a member of the Cabinet, after making an exhaustive study of the subject, recommended advances aggregating $288,000,000; and, in making its report, it

asked the public not to look on this amount as "staggering," as it was an average increase of only fifteen per cent.

But that was only the beginning. It was soon found that other classes of workers were dissatisfied. "If those fellows deserve what they are being paid, then we ought to get more," was heard all along the lines. The Administration found that instead of settling the labor problem, he had just begun to deal with it. A series of supplements to the original award began to issue from the office of the Director General, each of them involving many millions, and at the end of the year the advances amounted to more than three times the original award, with still more to follow. It needed a man of great courage to resist the appeals of the labor spokesmen, especially when these appeals had behind them the weapon of the strike; and the Administration was ready, in the national defense, to make almost any sacrifice rather than see the transport of troops and munitions of war stopped for a single day.

Lloyd George had the same problem to face in England, only in much more aggravated form. He dealt with it with as much courage as he could, but he was always looking across the Channel at that line of English soldiers with their backs to the sea.

When the English Government took control of the railroads for war purposes, guaranteeing the prewar income to the owners, the annual revenues were $680,000,000, coal and materials cost $180,000,000, the payroll was $250,000,000, and there was left for capital $250,000,000, or somewhat less than four per cent on the investment. The wages were low, and they seemed even lower in comparison with the earnings of munition workers. The Government attempted to deal with the problem by giving "war bonuses" based on the rise in the cost of living. The workers gladly took the money but they objected

to the way it was tagged. They wanted wages, not bonuses; and the Government soon dropped the word. These advances were repeated at intervals during the war, until they finally amounted to $280,000,000, or more than the original payroll. And at the end of the war the Government was obliged to grant the eight-hour day, adding $120,000,000 more, making a total advance of $400,000,000, or 140 per cent. The English railroad payroll is consequently up to $650,000,000 a year, close to the total revenues at the beginning of the war. An increase in passenger fares has added considerably to the revenues, but hardly enough to pay for coal and materials, after meeting the payroll. The workers, in fact, have taken all the receipts of the companies, and the Government is paying the rental out of the public Treasury.

The English roads are potentially bankrupt. If returned to their owners they could not earn dividends or interest; some of them would probably not even earn operating expenses. How private management is to be resumed is a difficult problem, so difficult, indeed, that it is believed the only way out of the muddle is nationalization. A freight rate increase of fifty or sixty per cent would be necessary to enable the companies to survive, and no Government would have the courage to grant such an increase. Nationalization would make possible covering the deficit by general taxation, just as the French Government absorbs the losses of the State Railways. Our Administration did not make the mistake of England in meeting rising labor costs out of the Treasury; the Director General here boldly raised rates by a billion dollars to keep the roads self-sustaining — his only miscalculation was the amount of additional rates needed: he made a mistake of several hundred million dollars.

Fortunately the American roads have not become so hopelessly involved with the public finances as have the English and French roads, and we can soon restore our roads to their former managements and retain for the

country the obvious advantages and efficiency of private ownership and operation. The country today is almost unanimously of the opinion that the roads ought to be restored at the earliest possible date, and that the Government should speedily divorce itself from the business of railroading. As a matter of honest dealing, and to insure the future solvency of the companies, the Government has three duties to perform before it relinquishes control of the properties: (1) it must provide for the funding of the railroads' debts to the Government, growing out of additions to the lines during the period of Federal control; (2) it must make good any depreciation in the properties resulting from its failure to perform necessary maintenance work; (3) and, what is of the greatest importance, it must make sure that the rates it has established and that will continue in force are adequate to meet the higher operating costs it has placed on the roads.

IV

But the larger question growing out of the return of the roads to private operation is the one brought before the Congress by the President when he said in December last: "It would be a disservice alike to the country and to the owners of the railroads to return to the old conditions unmodified. Those are conditions of restraint without development. There is nothing affirmative or helpful about them. Some new element of policy, therefore, is necessary."

What are these restraints to development? What are the reforms that ought, in the public interest, to be made. What, in fact, is the railroad problem before the new Congress? And what ought Congress to do?

The fundamental difficulties that the railroads have faced in recent years are:

(a) The Federal and State Governments, in regulating rates, have failed to allow prompt advances to meet the rising cost of labor and materials.

(b) The States, through their legislatures and commissions, have not only placed obstacles in the way of a unified policy of national regulation, but have broken down the rate structure by substituting lower State rates for higher Federal rates.

(c) Federal laws forbid the combinations and mergers of railroad lines and facilities demanded in the public interest.

These obstacles were immediately thrown aside by the Railroad Administration when it assumed control. The Director General raised the rates as much as he thought was necessary to meet his higher costs — the advance in the East was three times as large as the roads had ever had the courage to ask for, and eight or nine times as large as they had ever received. He cast aside all Federal and State laws that in any way interfered with the free operation of the roads as a national system. The business was conducted, in fact, unrestrained by the handicaps under which the private managements had labored.

During Government control the public has had an object lesson in the benefits to be derived from the removal of restrictions to the merger of competitive lines and the common use of facilities. The country will not willingly abandon these reforms, and there is abundant evidence that public opinion strongly favors such a modification of the anti-trust laws that apply to railroads, as will permit combinations in the public interest. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recommended such a revision of the laws, and Congress is ready to act.

The conflict between State and Federal regulation presents a more serious problem. While there is a strong public opinion in favor of giving to the Federal Government absolute control of railroad regulation, especially as to rates, this opinion is not, in the judgment of political leaders in Washington, sufficiently crystallized to warrant the drastic legislation that the situation really re-

quires. Here again the experience of the Railroad Administration has been a good object lesson, although the rebellion of the State commissions against orders of the Administration shows that a truly national system of regulation will not be achieved without a lively struggle. Exclusive Federal regulation of the issuance of securities is likely to be the first reform accomplished; then will follow the substitution of Federal for State charters — and that will mean the beginning of the end of the interference of the States with national regulation.

In the decade before the Government took control, when interest rates the world over were rising, inadequate rates resulted in a falling income; in consequence investors turned to ventures where there was a greater certainty of income or a larger opportunity for profit. The railroads, therefore, found it increasingly difficult to obtain from their shareholders necessary new capital for expansion, and they were obliged to borrow the greater part of their new money; railroad debts, in bonds and notes, accordingly rose well above the danger point, and, as is the case in any business, the more the debts expanded, the more difficult it was to get any new capital from the shareholders. The interest of the creditors has been growing larger, while that of the owners, or partners, has been growing smaller.

The adequacy of rates is at the crux of the problem. As was so well stated by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its decision in the 1910 Eastern Rate Case: "If we are to rely in the future, as we have in the past, upon private enterprise and private capital for our railway transportation, the return must be such as will induce the investment. It is, therefore, not only a matter of justice, but in the truest public interest, that an adequate return should be allowed upon railway capital." The Commission in 1914 recognized that earnings were gradually declining, and that they were then below what

was demanded in the public interest, but it was only after strong pressure had been brought to bear by the White House that the Commission grudgingly allowed a small advance in rates. The advance granted in 1917 was again plainly inadequate, as was shown by the very much larger advances made a few months later by the Government for its own benefit. The Commission has lacked the courage to deal boldly with rates, and has kept them just above the point of confiscation, rather than at a level that would encourage the free investment of capital.

V

How shall adequate rates be assured? Of the many plans presented since the end of the war, all are built up on one of these three foundations:

(1) Private ownership and operation, substantially as it was before the war, with a positive Government policy encouraging prompt adjustments of rates to operating costs, assuring a return on capital liberal enough to invite new investment in competition with other industries.

(2) Private ownership and operation, but with a Government financial partnership, whereby the Government will guarantee a minimum income, and share in excess earnings, either (a) by a guarantee of earnings on all the roads of a given territory taken as a whole, or on the individual properties, or (b) by the guarantee of interest and dividends on securities.

(3) Government ownership, or Government participation in the ownership, with private operation.

Public discussion is now largely concerned with the question of a guarantee of earnings. This proposal is not be confused with the guaranteed rental the Government is now paying for the use of the roads. There is a vast difference between a guaranteed rental for the use of the railroads, paid to the owners by the Government out of the net revenues it receives while in possession of

their properties, and a guarantee to these same owners, while they are operating the properties for their own account, that their profits shall not fall below a certain minimum.

It is true that the system of regulation under which the roads were operating before the war was in theory a Government guarantee of earnings. Having assumed control of the income of the roads, through the fixing of rates, the Interstate Commerce Commission, by act of Congress, was bound to fix reasonable rates and not to establish a level that would in effect confiscate the property. The practical working of this guarantee-in-theory has been that, in a period of rising commodity prices, the Commission has been slow to respond to the appeals of the roads for relief, and transportation has starved while the Commission has deliberated.

The advocates of a positive guarantee of a minimum income assert, with some basis of fact, that the old system of an implied guarantee of non-confiscation has broken down, and that there must be something more substantial to attract the hundreds of millions of new capital the railroads must have each year to keep abreast of the commerce of the country. One proposal, coming from insurance companies and other institutions having a large investment in railroads, is that the Government shall guarantee that the income of the roads in each of the three rate territories (East, West and South) shall aggregate six per cent on their property investment, and that individual roads earning more than six per cent shall share their excess profits with the Government. Another proposal, put forward by one of the ablest railroad bankers, is that the Government shall guarantee a minimum income to each company, on its true valuation, and that profits in excess shall be shared with the Government. Most of the guarantee plans include some kind of profit sharing with labor.

The proposal of a Government guarantee of earnings is by no means novel. Such a system has been in operation in France for many years, and it is interesting to observe the results. The most important of the successive contracts between the Government and the railroads was that of 1883, which provided:

(a) Six regional monopolies, radiating from Paris.

(b) State participation in the first cost of a number of weak lines to be absorbed by the great companies, and in the construction of certain new lines.

(c) State guaranty of interest and amortization of bonded debt, and guarantee of minimum dividends and amortization of share capital; funds advanced by the State under the guarantee to be loans at 4 per cent, to be repaid from future earnings or to be balanced against the rolling stock at the end of the concession, or in case of purchase by the State.

(d) Earnings in excess of the guarantee (after payment of any debt to the State) to go to the shareholders up to a certain level; after that two-thirds of the excess to go to the State.

(e) At the expiration of the hundred-year concessions (1950–60) the properties to revert to the State, the companies to be paid for their rolling stock and supplies.

(f) The State (after 1898) to have the option of purchasing any system by paying for the rolling stock and supplies, and by paying the company for the remaining years of the concession an annual sum equal to the average net income of the best five out of the preceding seven years.

The expectation was that, after a few years of development, during which time the State would be obliged to advance the companies funds with which to pay charges on capital not yet yielding a profit, there would follow a period of expanding business and rising earnings that would enable the companies, first, to repay their advances from the public Treasury and, later, increase their divi-

dends to the point of profit sharing with the State. It was confidently anticipated that at the end of the concessions the six great lines, developed to the point of perfection under private ownership and operation, would automatically become the property of the State, free of all capital charges, and with such profit-making possibilities that they would provide the funds to meet a large part of the general expenses of the State. But the results of the French guarantee system have been disappointing. There has been no profit-sharing. The Western, after forty-four years continuous appeal to the State on account of its guarantee, became so hopelessly involved in the Treasury finances that the State in 1908 was compelled to exercise its purchase option. Incidentally it has become a greater burden to the Treasury under State operation than it was under private operation. The *Midi*, in the half century prior to the war, was able in only a dozen years to meet its interest and dividends out of earnings. The *Paris-Orlêans*, which at one time had some hopes of becoming self-supporting, was just before the war making large appeals to the Treasury. The *Est* was self-supporting before the war. The *Nord* and the *Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée* have always been prosperous and had no need of a guarantee.

State aid in the pioneer days of railroad building in France was of great assistance in providing the capital needed for these enterprises, and in bridging the companies over the early lean years, but in later years the guarantee has only served to entangle the weaker roads in politics and public finance. It has been a handicap to progress, and has stunted private initiative. In the French railway administration there is much discussion of what they term a *rêgie dêsintêressêe*, that is, an uninterested management. With earnings guaranteed, no financial penalty for inefficiency, and no hope of reward for efficiency, a company with continuously inadequate earnings inevitably drifts into a *rêgie dêsintêressêe*. The

spirit of initiative is killed, and there is a lowering of operating efficiency. The war, of course, has been an enormous burden to the French roads, and their debts to the State, in addition to the losses they suffered in Northern France, are very heavy. The financial reconstruction of the companies is one of the most pressing domestic problems France has to deal with after the establishment of peace.

The experience of one country is seldom an unfailing guide for another, because of differences in economic conditions, racial characteristics, and national traditions and ideals, but if in this country we embark on a policy of Government guarantee of income on railroad investments, we must do so with our eyes open to the possibilities it invites. If the Government directly guaranteed the income on private investments, how long would it be before the Government assumed control of the business, especially if the private managements failed to earn the income guaranteed, and the public Treasury had to make up the deficit? And would not a guarantee of this character inevitably deaden private initiative? It is the fear of failure as well as the hope of reward that drives men to do their best: to give insurance against failure is to remove one spur to achievement. If Congress inaugurated such a partnership between the Government and private capital, and a large burden eventually fell on the Treasury, as has been the case in France, how long would it be before Congress would turn the whole arrangement upside down? Instead of getting the railroads out of politics, would not such a partnership inevitably drag them more deeply into the meshes of partisan struggles? In a word would not direct guarantee of railroad income by the Government inevitably lead to Government ownership and operation?

To the proposal that the Government shall purchase the roads from their owners and lease them to private

operating companies — thus combining high Government credit with the high operating efficiency of private management — there appear to be insuperable objections. Without guaranteeing the profits of the operating companies (which would deaden individual initiative and deprive the public of the greatest benefits of private operation) it would be impossible to attract private capital to form them; the funds they would be able to use would be so small compared with the volume of business, that normal fluctuations in the revenues from year to year would either wipe them out or produce extraordinary profits. The operation would become a huge speculative enterprise, the very opposite of what is demanded in the public interest. But, even if it were practicable to lease the roads to private operating companies, such a system would soon lead to complete Government control, and the abandonment of private operation. The Government would have invested, say, $18,000,000,000, while the operating companies would not need more than $500,000,000. With a financial interest thirty times as great as the private companies, the Government would sooner or later be compelled to manage its own business. It is plain that Congress could not long keep its hands off a business enjoying the use of billions of dollars worth of public property, paying out more than seven million dollars a day in wages to two million voters, and buying every day four million dollars worth of materials from several thousand private industries. This proposal would also involve Government direction as to how several hundreds of millions of new public money should be spent each year in railroad expansion — meaning, of course, that the political "pork barrel" with sectional "log-rolling" would supersede engineering judgment and financial foresight. The public would not submit to such a political exploitation of its means of transport, and no responsible private capital could be found to engage in such a hazardous enterprise.

If we are to retain the advantages of private initiative, and save our transportation system and all our machinery of production from the deadening blight of political meddling, we ought to consider well the dangers involved in any proposal for a financial partnership between the railroads and the Government. While before the war our system of public control had its obvious faults, under it was developed the most perfect transportation machine in the world. The best railroads of Europe are many years behind ours in engineering development and operating efficiency. With this achievement before us, should we not attempt to correct the recognized faults in our system of regulation, and build on the sure foundation of the past, rather than enter on an era of political experimenting with new and untried policies? If we are to have a more definite guarantee that capital and brains devoted to the production of transport shall be fairly rewarded, let us find a formula that will not admit of too easy translation into Government ownership.

FRANK H. FAYANT.

THE NEW HOPE IN HEREDITY

I

IT has been written that man liveth not by bread alone; the other thing is hope. For this reason, in spite of Weismann, a large portion of the human race has persistently protested, even though somewhat silently, against the dogmas of pure Mendelian inheritance, and yielded to the hope that there might be something in the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Almost involuntarily the human heart resents the Mendelian sternness which holds that only from quality can come quality and from pure worthlessness, only worthlessness. Against such veritable predestination and damnation of infants, the average man inclines to the gentler judgment and the wish that whatever his own weaknesses, they be not visited upon his children, and that, in proportion to their deserts, they be free to attain merit on their own.

The problem of whether there is or is not an inheritance of acquired characteristics is, of course, an old one. Without the acquirement of new characters, and without their inheritance, how came we here from presimian stock, how got we gentle cows from the cattle of the wilds, how came any present strain of living thing from a simpler progenitor?

Differently framed, this matter of the acquirement and the inheritance of new characters is the question of the value of disciplinary education; of the basis for faith in the sureness of reward, even to their children, for those who meet squarely and overcome the difficulties of the day; of the sacredness of continuing the eternal struggle against the things that beset life from without and within.

Before, however, we may presume upon what seems the correct answer in such ultimate issues, we must agree in Socratic fashion upon what we mean by a character, what

we mean by the development or acquirement of a new character, and what we will accept as evidence of its transmission.

II

The obvious marks which give distinction or character to an object are those which have to do with its color, with its form or with its weight, and if we peruse the orthodox volumes on biology, it is at once apparent that full, and almost exclusive, use has been made of this easy basis of classification. For what is simpler, in order to distinguish a white hen from a red one, than the color; a lizard from a snake, than the possession of legs; a barnyard rooster from a Chinese pheasant, than size?

This classification on the basis of morphology, while scientifically popular, begins to show signs of weakness when we carry it into the realm of the higher animals. Something less obvious than size or weight or color seems to distinguish a horse from a jackass, and an idiot from a wise man. Though a more elaborate fringe may serve to differentiate one unicellular organism from another, and though a blue foot may, to everybody's satisfaction, win for an insect a compartment on the museum shelves separate from another with a pink one, things get more complicated as we carry our standards upwards. Here such criteria fail. Hens that look astonishingly alike fail to lay with equal ardor; black mulley cows turn out unequally faithful in milk production; dogs, though they appear the same, hunt unequally; men though they look alike may be the chiefs or the inmates of an institution. Obviously, however interesting may be form, it is no index to functional capacity, and it is in the latter that we are really interested.

Of course many attempts have been made and are still made to correlate form with function, but they have led less to light than to misunderstanding and to bitterness. We have tried to reason, for example, from big heads to

big brains and to big intellects; but big heads are often full of water, or come on the dullest of people; and the skulls of the intellectuals have often yielded an amazingly small dead weight of gray substance.

For such reasons the better system of the *functional* classification of characters has come more and more to the front. In this is stressed not the weight or shape of an organ or an organism, but its ability to do work. It becomes, now, not the brown or blue of an eye, but its ability to see; not the weight of brain substance, but its power to think; not the shape of limb, but its power to yield quantity or speed or accuracy of motion.

III

With this concept of character in terms of function in mind, what is meant by an *acquired* character? Here again definition is one thing, fact another. Since the issues at stake are not seen clearly even by the professional workers in these fields it may be expedient to relate a story upon myself since it shows the process by which my own thinking was clarified.

As a new editor I had to pass upon the undisposed-of manuscripts which passing years had stranded upon my predecessor's desk. Out of the midst of many divergent opinions one was universal, — his staff and mine agreed not to print a submitted note on the inheritance of acquired characters. I record the details because I began in sympathetic fashion to stand by them. The very title seemed enough to justify their decision: for had not the Lamarckian principle in the past century been philosophized and experimented into the discard? My prejudice lasted into the middle of the first paragraph of the article; at the end it died. "If you will look into your dictionaries" — thus it ran — "you will see that *to acquire* means to obtain by *your own* effort. A mutilation is therefore not an acquirement. When the tails of mice are amputated the acquirement is in the muscles of the amputator, not

in the tails of the mice." Here is dealt the Brutus stab at Weismann's heart: for this tailless-mice argument (together with some high priori assumptions regarding germ cells) is the foundation of his and his followers' biological philosophy. There followed some mental housecleaning on my part, and an article by Casper L. Redfield went to the printer.

With the clarification which this critical logic brings, much of what has seemed scientific and, superficially viwed, sound, goes overboard. It is necessary, therefore, to get clearly in mind just what is meant. The important point is in the shift given our point of view. Since the writings of Lamarck and of Darwin we have, of course, accepted as true that *something* changed and can change the characters of plants and animals; and particularly since the labors of the latter have we held that the environment is in some fashion responsible. But we have considered the environment too exclusively — the response by the organism too little. It is our own fault that we have done this; for a closer study of Lamarck would have taught us otherwise.

Our quotation still holds the environment important in the biological drama — how very important we shall see later — but it no longer remains the purely external thing which, willy-nilly, compels change in the individual, but one which makes the individual a partner in the affair, and this in proportion to his reaction to that environment. It makes primarily determinative not the load which weighs him down but the functional effort which he makes to carry it. This revised point of view makes valueless, so far as any importance for the problem of the inheritance of acquired characters is concerned, all the numberless experiments in which plants or animals have been mutilated, (by nature, by war or by laboratory experiment) poisoned or grown under abnormal circumstances in order to see if the offspring would not reproduce the physical stigmata which had been inflicted upon

the parents. Regularly such stigmata have *not* been reproduced. But these experiments of man or nature do not prove, as is so often claimed, that acquired characteristics are not inherited. They only prove that mutilations enforced by accident or design are not inherited. The error is not in the response of nature but in the foolish reasoning of man which labels as *acquired* a character which has only been *inflicted* upon an unresponsive recipient.

Is there at hand any evidence of the existence of any "new" character, as thus defined in terms of function, in either animal or plant strains which was not present in earlier generations and if so, how was it "acquired"? Or, given such a truly acquired character, can it be transmitted to another generation?

Lamarck, almost a century ago, held that this could be done, that it was in fact the method by which animals with new characters are produced. He stated clearly that both the development and the loss of functional character was dependent upon the amount of use or disuse to which it was put, and that such functional capacity and incapacity then expressed itself in the organs or organisms of the progeny. But a misunderstanding of what Lamarck really said, and the substitution for it of what others have thought he ought to have said, together with the making of experiments which, while good in themselves, were worthless in their bearing upon Lamarck's teachings, these things have buried the original Lamarckian thought in a mass of rubbish. Since we are destined to go back to his teachings *just as they were written* it is well to insert here his own words, for a man should be judged by what he himself has said and not, as seems so universally the custom, by what someone has said he said. I quote the first and second laws of his theory of descent,[1] appending two paragraphs which might have been read as warnings,

[1] *Lamarck, His Life and Work*, by Alpheus S. Packard, page 303, New York, 1901.

but now stand to mock the errors and false logic of the century gone since he penned them.

First Law: In every animal which has not exceeded the term of its development, the more frequent and sustained use of any organ gradually strengthens this organ, develops and enlarges it, and gives it a strength proportioned to the length of time of such use; while the constant lack of use of such an organ imperceptibly weakens it, causes it to become reduced, progressively diminishes its faculties, and ends in its disappearance.

Second Law: Everything which nature has caused individuals to acquire or lose by the influence of the circumstances to which their race may be for a long time exposed, and consequently by the influence of the predominant use of such an organ, or by that of the constant lack of use of such part, it preserves by heredity and passes on to the new individuals which descend from it, provided that the changes thus acquired are common to both sexes, or to those which have given origin to these new individuals.

These are the two fundamental truths which can be misunderstood only by those who have never observed or followed nature in its operations, or only by those who allow themselves to fall into the error which I have combated.

Naturalists having observed that the forms of the parts of animals compared with the uses of these parts are always in perfect accord, have thought that the forms and conditions of parts have caused the function; but this is a mistake, for it is easy to demonstrate by observation that it is, on the contrary, the needs and uses of organs which have developed these same parts, which have even given rise to the condition in which we observe them in each animal.

With the statement of these laws we may return to the evidence of our own day which proves the truth of these things, and for the unearthing of which we are indebted to Redfield. We shall begin with his observations upon the domesticated animals and see later how the laws which appear here, reappear in the story of the human race.[1]

[1] Redfield's first studies on horses appear in the *Horseman*, 1902 to 1906, and the *Horse Review*, 1904 to 1910; his studies on cows, in the *Holstein-Friesian Register*, 1907; a running account of his observations is found in his *Dynamic Evolution*, New York, 1914; see also his *Great Men*, Chicago, 1915, and various polemical discussions appearing in the *Lancet-Clinic*, the *Chicago Medical Recorder*, the *New York Medical Journal* and other periodicals of the years 1914 to date.

IV

The high speed of horses at the trot is not something which was born into them in the Eocene; it has been developed since. A century ago horses could trot, but in the minds of those who follow the ponies today they did it indifferently well. Races were then won by what would now yield only carriage meat. Specifically, the best trotters could just cover a mile in three minutes. The records of some typical performers of the past century are shown in the following table:

1818 Boston Blue	3:00
1830 Bull Calf	2:47¾
1839 Dutchman	2:32
1845 Lady Suffolk	2:29½
1859 Flora Temple	2:19¾
1874 Goldsmith Maid	2:14
1892 Nancy Hanks	2:04
1912 Uhlan	1:58

To account for such progressive increase in quality, one of two hypotheses is usually accepted. The superior thing may either originate *de novo*, in other words, a special creator or a special creative force must be assumed to be active every time a better thing springs from an inferior; or else we may accept the teaching of De Vries who holds that all newly created characters, as portrayed in variations in species, are mere sports in the sense that the progenitors had latent within them all the possibilities for the new character. But there are serious objections to both these views. It does not explain anything to say that new characters are created *de novo* and De Vries' view, even when admittedly correct, accounts for only a few of the instances observed in nature. If we try to make it fit all cases, then the parent amœba must have contained within itself all the possibilities of the superior animals; in the organisms of our presimian ancestors must have resided the wise men of our own generation; in the original

Eve must have been enchained the prototypes of Sappho, Catherine of Russia and George Eliot.

If we try to discover why the horses of our century trot better than those of a preceding one, we may begin by saying that the speedier horses came to be such through better training and through the better development which results therefrom. Everybody agrees to this, but such explanation is not sufficient. Other horses which looked the same or better, with similar training, never developed enough quality to get near a track. In fact not only do we find acknowledged race horse stock failing to produce racers but, periodically, non-race horse stock turns out to be the progenitor of winners. Moreover, full brothers or sisters when equally trained show up as *unequal* performers. Finally, there is no provision in Mendelian inheritance which allows one to get more quality from a previous generation than was existent in it, and the table shows that the speed of an Uhlan was not in any of Boston Blue's generation. Race horses, in other words, like royal families, seem to come out of the blue and, into the blue, to vanish. What mean such apparent contradictions?

A study of the stock records seems to show that race horses produced race horses only when they were raced, and that they ceased to be the fathers and mothers of racers when they retired to the pleasant home life of the breeding stable. On the other hand, stock not considered of high standard and on this account, we might almost say, hard worked in runabout or carriage, furnished the true blue blood and the veritable "dark horses" from which came winners. Since horses used for racing are not ordinarily bred, while breeders are but rarely raced, these "peculiar" facts and apparent age-old contradictions of the breeding establishments become readily intelligible. The winners of a new generation are the progeny of hard-working parents, the losers the sons and daughters of the *retired* best families.

History shows that two hundred of the sons of Almont were used for breeding purposes. Of these, ten per cent. were raced while ninety per cent. were kept at home because they were considered too valuable for breeding purposes to have their energies sapped upon the track. As the successful sires of racing stock the raced sons, however, outranked the unraced as sixteen to one.

But when in Almont's own life did he produce his winning offspring? By tracing back the time of birth of his sons and daughters this point is found at the age of ten years. And where from a training point of view did he stand at this time? He lived altogether twenty years. Of these the first five were spent in training as a race horse, the next five in steady but moderately hard work, the last ten in a workless harem. Within two years after the assumption of his idle estate, he produced the last son or daughter which, because of quality, has lasted into the horse history of today.

Like Almont, Belmont lived half of his twenty-five years in hard training and exercise, and half in idleness. His best sons were born during his period of activity, which comprised some eleven years; and of these sons, the best two were born at its height, and within two years of each other. The transition from the father of performers to the father of mediocrities was coincident with his change from work to idleness.

The history of six horses studied in this fashion, which were the fathers of several thousands of immediate offspring and of several tens of thousands of grandchildren, shows that three thousand of the progeny fell in the performer class. Half of these, and practically all of the best ones, came from less than one hundred sons and the same number of daughters of the parent six, while the remaining and less valuable half came from seven hundred sons and an equal number of daughters. When the time of birth of the quality sons and daughters is traced back to the original sires it is found that they were all born at a time

when the sires were in the best state of active development.

Let us see, now, over what road came race horse stock from progenitors who were in themselves decidedly middle class. Abdallah 1, because considered worthless as a breeder, was almost worked to death and then "turned out in the wintry blast on a sandy beach and permitted to starve." Just before his end he sired Hambletonian 10, destined to be the great founder of American trotting stock. Hambletonian had one hundred and fifty sons which became the fathers of standard performers. One of these, known as Alexander's Abdallah, died at the age of twelve with few offspring. "His early life was abuse and drudgery. One of his offspring was Goldsmith Maid, for many years the most famous trotter in the world."

Among the other sons of Hambletonian was George Wilkes, who "was early sent to the track because no one would patronize him as a sire. He remained on the track until he was seventeen years of age and then was sent to Kentucky and bred on shares because no one would pay his stud fees. After he was dead, the blood of George Wilkes was more sought after than that of any other horse."

The reason why Abdallah was cast out, and why George Wilkes was raced to death, was because they were considered worthless as the probable producers of winning stock. Because thus misjudged they were subjected to a training which might have killed them. Since it did not, it merely developed tremendously their trotting powers and it was this acquirement which passed into, and flowered in the sons.

As the great rise, so also do they fall. Due to the practice of the stable which made it the custom not to breed racers but to breed "to their blood" in brothers and sisters, and not to race breeders, the descendants from racers are few, those from breeders many. The result is shown in the generations which have followed. The years of work which made for the development and subsequent

fame in Abdallah, Hambletonian and Wilkes, made with equal speed for degeneracy and the false pride of mere "family" in their non-working relatives. Since in horse-flesh, performance and not sentiment keeps a strain in the winning list and in the family blue book, the thirty years after Hambletonian's death sufficed to thin his blood to the consistency of the mediocrities, and to erase his name from the pedigrees of the new winners. With slight modification, the same story is written of the blood of Wilkes.

V

The enormous quantity of milk produced by the dairy cattle of our generation constitutes another functional character which the cows of bygone generations did not have. When even confessedly ordinary cows in our day produce enough milk not only to nurse their calves but to drown them, we are obviously face to face with a physiological character which, in comparison with the standard of production a few decades ago, is new. By what process of training and by what processes of selection and breeding has it come about that even the youngest mothers of our present dairy herds produce more milk than the oldest of past generations?

It is characteristic of cows to produce a certain quantity of milk per day when their first calves are born. With proper care and regular milking the amount produced is decidedly larger when the second calf is born, still larger with the third, and so on up as far as present records go. The matter is officially recognized by breeders who, for the judging of cattle, follow a standard, which in the case of the Holstein-Friesian Association requires that the amount of milk produced in the first ten days following birth of a calf shall not fall below the following amounts:

For two-year-olds.....354 lbs.
For three-year-olds.....432 lbs.
For four-year-olds.....511 lbs.
For five-year-olds and over.....589 lbs.

While the official standard does not go higher, it is known that the actual increase in milk-producing power continues beyond six years.

It has already been seen that the best trotters came from horses active in the business of trotting, and that indifferent performers were born of known trotters who had abdicated. If we substitute power to produce milk for the term ability to trot, the statistics of dairy husbandry may be used to discover not only the process by which the great milkers of our day came from the poorer ones of a previous generation, but how from one and the same stock, milk producers of very different quality have been and are now derived.

Since increased milk production with successive calves is dependent upon the increased exercise to which the udders are subjected through milking, it was to be expected, other things being equal, and with the inheritance of acquired characteristics possible, that those calves and their descendants should prove best in milk production in a new generation which had been born latest in the calf list of any mother.

Investigation has shown that the probability that a calf will become a great milk producer rises steadily as its number in the calf series of a given cow rises. While there is a chance of being born a producer in this regard as a first calf, it is measured, roughly, by the ratio of two misses to one success. Even chances surround one as a third calf. One stands two chances of being a success to one of being a failure if a fifth or sixth calf, and three chances to one if a seventh to ninth calf. When the daughter of a still older and hard worked mother, the probability of glory as a wet nurse to the human race stands as four to one. Differently expressed this means that but one out of three calves, if a first calf, is likely to appear as a great producer; but four out of five if they are the fortunate (or unfortunate) children of old age. As written in the unsentimental history of the breeders, this law finds expres-

sion in a ruthless weeding out-process. Without knowing the reason for it, this history shows that the breeders have preserved only the youngest daughters of the oldest cows, they having sent the first born the commoner way of all flesh.

VI

Dogs these days are judged for the most part by the "points" which they reveal in a bench show. Scientifically expressed it means that morphological standards govern judgment; expressed in human terms it means that we love the seven-foot princes of Howard Chandler Christy. But a more cruel world thinks that lounge lizards ought not only to look, but to do; or, to stick to the dogs, that setters should be able to run, to jump and to hunt. Somewhat vaguely, those who attend the devourers of dog biscuit at a show are also of this opinion: for, when possible, they emphasize not only points in looks, but the fact that here is blood from Laverack's setters.

Laverack's animals came from what were not considered extraordinary dogs, Ponto and Moll. Between 1825, when he bought them, and 1865 which ended his career, he succeeded in producing "the best setters in the world." During this period he "never bought dogs, never sold dogs, never had many dogs, and the final generation had no blood other than that coming from the original Ponto and Moll." Then how got he from average stock the supreme quality of his time?

To judge him by the facts of his history, Laverack was obviously not a panderer to the dog mart. Obviously, also, he was not a professional breeder. The facts are that he was a hunter, and that he bred his dogs only often enough to keep his pack filled. His ways were not the ways of the breeders of his day; in fact they differed from theirs so markedly that when Laverack said what he had done he was called a liar. What then were his methods? Primarily again, he put his dogs to work. He used them in his hunting operations and used them hard. Late in

their careers he would breed them, and only in sufficient numbers to keep full his hunting kennels. He used for hunting purposes both his males and females, and after strenuous service in the fields would breed brother to sister. We are not at this time concerned with the problem of the allegedly ill effects of close inbreeding; but in Laverack's series, they were obviously absent. The important fact is that he built the reputation of his house upon a demonstrated quality in both father and mother.

Laverack's dogs in 1870 went to Llewellin, another breeder, who crossed them with dogs of his own. But Llewellin, too, trained and raced his dogs, but only the males. For this reason the crosses between his own males and Laverack's raced females yielded winning stock while the opposite procedure, in which he crossed Laverack's males with his own unraced females, produced only mediocre performers. From these crosses has come the foundation stock of our own country. If we ask regarding the dogs of our generation it is found that they are of two types. The *performing* dogs have come exclusively through older parents and only from such as were trained and run in field trials; others, which in purity of mere family had everything in them which made famous the performing dogs have also attained distinction, but it is the distinction of bench shows and not of the field. Because good looking they are the cup winners when points mean looks; and because cup winners they go to the breeding establishment. Those less by the standards of Apollo go to work but of such come they who follow the scent, run the fields and are not gun shy.

VII

The biological history of the human race is not much different from that of other pet stocks, excepting, of course, that it is not as carefully kept. We know something of the life histories of the politically royal families; a little more comes out when the royal rich select their family crests;

quality performers, however, like the babies of our childhood, seem to come "out of the nowhere into the here." But do they? Heaven knows that however negligent we have been of the lower levels of the human stock, we have tried to keep certain classes definitely raised above them. Have we not kept noble blood wedded only to noble blood, and have we not crossed gold only with guilders? The problem would have been eternally solved, and quiet would always have prevailed, had not commoners periodically snubbed peers, monks insulted churches, and slaves the whole world. When the upstarts do it successfully, we adopt them into the human stock registers, hunt up (in vain perhaps) their lines of descent, see them, now rulers and rich, tarry a while upon their new pages, and go out again.

Shall we add at once: how like unto the horses and cows and English setters?

The thing which ultimately and for human purposes, distinguishes man from his simian brothers, or one man from another, is quality of mind. As ruthlessly as professional breeders kill off their inferior strains, thus ruthlessly does the history of man kill its inferior strains, permitting to survive, as its acknowledged great, only those who did better than merely "share in the errors of their time." If we look at that which has thus escaped slaughter, what does a study of their lives and pedigrees show?

We may begin again by pointing to the fact that the mental development in man, which at the time of birth is still of a low order, does not cease with the attainment of the allegedly adult physical state, if in fact it may be said to have stopped even forty or more years later. Reasoning by analogy, it is therefore to be expected that, other things equal, a father or mother of mature years is more definitely possessed of acquired mental character than a younger one; and, if it is allowed that there is an education which is not bounded by the walls of our famous red schoolhouse, even our so-called very old men and

women may not yet have all entered into the state of their second childhood.

Not to start in the slums, but with the blood of our best New England families, the genealogical tree shows a normal or average breeding rate of a little better than three generations to the century. More specifically, the average age of fathers and mothers at the time of birth of their children, is short of thirty-three years. New England blood is acknowledgedly good stuff, yet how does this already slow breeding rate compare with that of the great men of history? How does the New England rate of sixty-six years from birth of a grandfather to birth of grandson compare with the rate when the grandson is recognized as eminent? History speaks in no uncertain values. Instead of the sixty-six years or less, the following numbers are found:

Augustus Cæsar	118 years.
Audubon	115 "
Lamarck	110 "
Franklin	108 "
Washington Irving	107 "
Wallaston	107 "
Sulla	105 "
Montmorency	103 "
Copernicus	100 "
Gustavus Adolphus	98 "
Montalembert	96 "
Bunsen	95 "
Ptolemy	95 "
Watt	94 "
Dumas, the Elder,	93 "
Goethe	92 "
Pope	92 "
Whittier	91 "
John Hunter	90 "
Bach	87 "
John Herschel	85 "
Robert E. Lee	78 "
Charles Darwin	78 "
Abraham Lincoln	76 "
Grant	74 "

In a list of 571 eminent men, with 860 birth ranks thus studied, the rate of breeding showed an average of 40.7 years from father to son, instead of the New England 33. If the probability of being eminent when born of a father between thirty-five and forty, is taken as unity, the probability if born at twenty-five is less than one-fifth as great. Ascending the age scale, the probability at fifty to fifty-five is five times that at thirty-five to forty; and over sixty, it is over ten times that.

Alexander the Great was the son of Philip of Macedon when Philip was 26 years old. Philip himself was born when his father, Amyntas II, was 63; Amyntas II, in his turn, was the grandson of Alexander I, 90 years covering the two generations intervening.

Aristotle was the son of Nicomachus at 58, who was himself the son of an old man.

Confucius was the son of his father at 71, his mother being the youngest daughter of a governor. If it is asked what became of Confucius' blood, it may be added that his only son was born when Confucius was 19.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of Josiah Franklin at 51, who in turn was the son of his father at 57, in his turn the son of his father at 70. "Franklin was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back," that is, all five ancestors were the sons of the parent's mature years. Franklin was the son of his mother at 50. Franklin's only son was born when Franklin was 23, and was of but average ability.

Goethe was the son of his father at 39, who, in turn, was the son of his father at 53. Goethe's mother was 38.

Lamarck's father was 42 when the illustrious son was born. The father was himself the grandson of De Monet born over 110 years earlier.

Louis XIV and known as "great" was the son of Louis XIII at 48. Contrast with this the time of birth of his descendants, which shows sons and grandsons at no time above 28 years and as low as 19.

On the Mendelian basis it should, of course, make no difference when in the life story of the father or mother a son is born. The quality being there and fixed, the sons of the young should be as good as the sons of the old; or, put another way, slow breeding should not necessarily show up in the life histories of the human families which are possessed of known intellectual quality. Yet the life histories of the Edwardses, the Wedgwoods and the Darwins do show it.

Jonathan Edwards was the son of Timothy Edwards at 34, who was the son of Richard Edwards at 22, who was the son of William Edwards at 47. The mother of Timothy was Elizabeth at 36, herself the daughter of William Tuttle at 36. The mother of Jonathan was Esther, daughter of Solomon Stoddard and Esther Warham at 28, who was the daughter of John Warham at 44. The average rate of breeding is here 35.2 years.

Josiah Wedgwood was the son, at 43, of Thomas Wedgewood who was the son of his father at 27.

Charles Darwin was the son of Robert Darwin at 43, himself the son of Erasmus Darwin at 35, from the date of whose birth to the date of birth of his great-grandfather was 111 years. The mother of Charles was approximately 35 when he was born, being herself the daughter of Josiah Wedgewood at 43.

It might now be urged that the illustrations here chosen are all selected, and that objecting students of heredity could find evidence of a wholly contrary nature. Desire to produce such has often been expressed, but no one has thus far come forward with it. The histories of great men are open to everyone, and there are prizes to be won for bringing such contrary evidence.

VIII

What now are some of the practical truths to be deduced from all these facts? There has been, first of all, much unfortunate effort by the proponents of the sepa-

rate theories to make the Lamarckian principle and that of Mendelian inheritance mutually exclusive.

The two views can, without compromise, go hand in hand; and for the thinker in biological and human problems, it is only necessary in any specific instance to see to it that proper weight is given to each of the two elements, and to keep clearly in mind what each idea, if put to work, can accomplish. The old saying has it that "heredity is something which a father should never forget, and a son never remember." In plainer terms, a parent should take stock of the articles of his Mendelian inheritance, and, when good, see to it that they go on in undiminished or increased vigor to his children. If of the fortunately endowed of this earth, and married to such another, he could, as a pure Mendelian, merely lie back and feel secure that quality will reappear in his children. But if he is a Lamarckian, he knows that eternal vigilance is required in addition. A too happy satisfaction in having been born biologically rich, breeds complacency; of complacency, self-satisfaction; and of self-satisfaction, ruin. Conversely, a decision that he is nothing, the determination that he will strive and strive mightily and *then* beget his children, may mean in the new generation, the start of the superman.

And here it is that there enters the gospel of hope. I confess that ardently as I have pleaded, and still hold, that due consideration be given the Mendelian law, conversely depressing has seemed to me the corollary that cursed are forever the lowly of physique, of mind and of soul. I would not now too lightly give support to the soft hand of sentimentality, in its protection of the submerged and largely useless lowermost human fraction. I set no such stock by it as do industrial chiefs with their eternal cry for cheap (and feeble-minded) labor. But for those who stand above this, in the middle ground, the philosophy and the practice which rewards effort with new and better characters, and which shows the way of trans-

mitting these superior characters to an oncoming generation, is full of the better cheer. Though the family of our neighbor may begin with the advantage of richer ground, ours may, through better effort, equal and excel his.

The sluggardly in mind have seen in what is written here only the hidden corollary that it is well to marry late, and to beget children later still. Maybe so, but is this all? There is the better mandate to ponder the facts and to discover more. If the laws of Lamarck are binding, there is the obvious order to work and to work without ceasing, — to use to the full the faculties of body, mind and soul. Those who feel themselves the appointed of God may see to it that opportunity for all this is provided in schools, in universities, in public opinion; or they may supply the means for stupid labor, sweating clerkships and the quiet of armed guards. These are the environments with which we surround the living mass, and to which we challenge it to react. In its quality and in the quality of the children, is written nature's opinion of the efficacy of our methods. Surely the lords and geniuses sprang and spring from the middle class because of these things; and because of them also, and in spite of trust funds and solicitous trustees, do the lords perish and return in a generation or two to their own.

M. H. Fischer.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PIPES

OF course they'll all be there to-night," said the Professor's wife, as she picked up her muff. "They always are, when we have the annual supper."

"Of course," echoed the Professor; and added: "and then there's the fun afterward. Don't you remember how we laughed last year?"

At the mere recollection, they both laughed. It refreshed them.

"I'm afraid we haven't been laughing enough lately," she said.

They hadn't. They had been living for three months in an underheated house, and conscientiously trying to digest into a practical program all the counsels of all the councils. The Professor's wife had become hopelessly entangled in the administration of meatless and wheatless days and meals, and the Professor himself was distracted by the accumulation of buttons and pins that disputed the space on his coat and vest. They had felt sometimes like laughing at the solemn grotesqueness of oral and printed exhortation, but were constrained by regard for their reputation as patriots to deny themselves even that limited pleasure. It had gone hard with them.

The Professor's wife was right. They *were* all there that night, or nearly all. They inundated the rooms, exchanging hearty salutation and making the light and warmth brighter and warmer with smiling faces and cordial pressures of the hand. At half past six they formed a *queue* and filed around the big table in the kitchen, coming away with trays well furnished, and sat down in neighborly little groups.

It was a friendly club, its membership made up in greater part of university people, but broadcast from all colleges and departments. They called it the West End.

On ordinary occasions there was a paper, and a pretense to intellectuality, but it was first of all a social club. Nobody concerned himself about his neighbor's title or subject of instruction. For once everybody forgot the awful hierarchy of presidents and vice presidents, deans and assistant deans and department heads, professors and associate professors and assistant professors, instructors and assistants and fellows and scholars, clerks and secretaries and assistant secretaries and stenographers, janitors and associate and assistant janitors, cleaners and associate and assistant cleaners, and met on the common ground of a man's a man for a' that. It was a green oasis of liberty, equality, and fraternity in the scorching desert of pedagogical despotism.

So, as Homer so frequently says of his always sane and healthy-appetited heroes, "they divided the messes and shared the glorious feast." But "when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink," and had spent a comfortable half hour in reminiscence of the pumpkin pie and the chicken and cranberry sauce, they suddenly passed from tranquil enjoyment to riot.

It was done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. They were all changed.

The miracle was wrought by the jovial member who never failed to "get things going." In the midst of the quiet, cheerful talk, he had sprung suddenly to his feet, clapped his hands, and called out with imperious good nature: "Now, listen, everybody! We're going to play a while. This is no place to come with your troubles. Forget them! If you have laughs to shed, prepare to shed them now, as the poet says. . . . No you don't, there! No slackers! Come back here, and sit down!"

This last was addressed to the Professor and one or two others who, afraid of "being made a fool of," were furtively attempting to gain the post of onlookers from the doorway of the back parlor. They sheepishly obeyed, in the midst of general laughter.

"Now," continued the jovial member, "now we're going to give the West End sneeze. . . . What, never heard of the West End sneeze? Time you did, then. Just listen, and let me tell you how it's done. It's perfectly simple. Now you just consider yourselves divided into three groups, like this" — he made them into sections with two cleaving motions of the hand — "and when I give the sign — not before, mind you — when I give the sign, all of you in this division say out, good and loud, '*hish!*' and all of you in this say, '*hush!*' and all of you in this one say '*hash!*' Like a real sneeze, now remember! Ready? Now!" He brought his hand down.

There was a tremendous explosion of '*hishes*' and *hushes*' and '*hashes*', followed by a still more tremendous explosion of laughter. The whole club felt simultaneously the pleasant clearing of body and soul that follows on a real sneeze. The sneeze-leader laughed too.

"Now, once more!" he said. "And you people over in this division put a little more hash into it this time. Now!"

The sneeze that time was less homogeneous, because many laughed and sneezed at the same time; but it was not a bit the less successful. The coldest-blooded felt pleasant warmth suffuse their whole being. The warm-blooded began to perspire. The lamps of merriment were alight in every face. The war was absolutely forgotten. The Professor completely lost consciousness, and perhaps even subconsciousness — though you never can be sure of this unless you are an experimental psychologist — of the instructional report-blank and the income-tax form, the filling out of which two documents he had lately come to regard respectively as his chief professional and civic duties. His wife was for one second or more free from the harassing thought that John might have kicked the covers off and at that moment be catching his death of cold.

The leader suddenly stopped the sneezing, and made instantaneous transition to another game. "Now when I point at you and mention the name of a country or city," he said rapidly, "you must get up instantly and stick your arm out in that direction. . . . Remember, you mustn't hesitate a second. Now, ready!" He pointed at the Professor and called out, "Nova Scotia!"

In an instant the Professor's wits were away on swiftest wings. With a wild feeling that at all costs he must do as he was told, he rose and thrust out his arm — toward San Francisco. The company roared and screamed. The Professor's face was hot and red. He was a diffident man, and felt a terrible embarrassment. Before he recovered, the turn had come to him again, with much the same result.

Suddenly the jovial member made another lightning change. "Listen! I'm going to call out a letter of the alphabet," he said, "and every time I do it, you—"

But there is no need of continuing. He made them go through all sorts of ridiculous performances, all with bewildering rapidity. He pointed his finger at them with disconcerting suddenness and had them call the Professor everything they could think of that began with "a" — "angelic," "absent minded," "anarchical," "atrophied," etc. The mildest thing he let them do was charades. He seized on a good fellow named Cole, with his well-favored wife, and brought them to their feet, at the same time calling out: "Weather prediction, three words! Come on, now! don't be so slow. . . . 'Fair and Col', did I hear somebody say? Right!" A half dozen had cried it out together. He got them to playing boy-and-girl games, much to the alarm of the Professor, whose heart turned over in awful fear at thought of the kissing games he remembered from long ago. You can imagine it all for yourself. Every pore was open and moist, every fibre had been made to vibrate. They were taken out of themselves, made over, made young

again, for one whole hour. For one whole hour they forgot absolutely that this was not the normal way of life, but only an annual intermission.

While they were standing in the upper hall patiently waiting for their wives to come by natural process to the end of the customary dressing-room *soirée*, the Professor seized the jovial member by the button and said, enthusiastically: "By George, the community owes a big debt to any man like you who can make them forget their cares this way for a few minutes and really laugh! It's like being a boy again, and laughing till you can't stop."

"All right," said his friend, with a twinkle of his eye, "any time the community wants to liquidate its debt, I'm ready."

"And yet, you know," he continued, "there are people that think such things are silly and trivial, and don't like to get together and play, the way we've been doing tonight. But I tell you we need to do it once in a while. We couldn't go on if we didn't."

The Professor nodded assent, and the jovial member went on: "I always remember a little rhyme in this connection. I think you'll like it. It goes this way:

> 'We all are weary travellers
> Along life's dusty way;
> If any man can play the pipes,
> In God's name, let him play!'"

The Professor was alert. "Say it again," he said immediately. The jovial member repeated it.

The Professor was highly pleased. "I can use that in my business," he said. "Why, I could deliver a whole lecture from what that suggests."

"Don't do it now," said the jovial member, beginning to draw away. "We don't want too much fun in one evening."

They both laughed. "Good night!" said the jovial member, and joined his wife.

You see, the Professor had what is called in theological circles the homiletic instinct. Everything he heard and saw and read and otherwise experienced immediately took its place against the background either of his lecture room or the audience of the outside world which he sometimes addressed in print. He knew immediately that he would make use of his friend's happy little rhyme.

As they went down the street he was still thinking of the rhyme and the evening's fun. After several blocks, he involuntarily threw back his head and emitted a loud "Ha-ha!"

"What's the joke?" asked his wife.

The Professor started. He had ungallantly forgotten for the moment that he was not alone.

"Oh, I was just thinking about the fool way we acted to-night. That man Playsom is certainly a genius. The community ought to salary him. I feel as if I were all made over. Don't you?"

"Well, it's just wonderful how he gets people to laughing," she agreed.

"And while we were waiting," the Professor continued, "he gave me a little rhyme that's the best thing I've picked up for a long time!"

"What is it?" asked his wife.

The Professor recited it.

"We all are weary travellers
Along life's dusty way;
If any man can play the pipes,
In God's name, let him play!"

"I'm going to make use of that," he said. "I can use it right away, to-morrow morning, in my drama class. I was wondering what I'd say to them, without any time this evening to prepare. And sooner or later I'll have it in an essay."

"I don't see what it has to do with drama," she said.

"It has a good deal to do with it," he answered; "and

a good deal to do with all art. It opens up the whole question of the function of art; whether it must always serve some 'purpose,' or is to be free to live its own life. I could deliver a whole—"

He stopped, thinking of his friend a few minutes before in the hallway.

"What do you mean by living its own life?" she asked.

"Why, I mean simply for it not to be enslaved to other things," he replied. "We talk about art in the past being the handmaid to religion. Art to-day — well, it's not a handmaid; it's a slave."

"To what, for example?" she prompted.

The Professor began straightway to get warm.

"To what? Why, to 'purpose' of one sort or another," he said, earnestly, while his wife, calculating that it would take fifteen minutes for them to reach home, resolved to be patient. "Take the stage, for instance. For the last twenty-five years the stage hasn't been a stage; it has been a pulpit, a platform, a desk, a bench, a laboratory, a dissecting room, a soap-box — only by exception a place devoted to art. Or the novel. The novel has been a sermon, a harangue, a lecture, a debate, a dissertation, an investigation, a pamphlet, a tract — or just goods for sale. It is only by exception a good story well told. Story and style and form are no longer essentials, but accidents. Art, at least as far as literature is concerned — for sculpture, painting, and music are more independent because less adaptable to the purposes of slavery— has become the slave of propaganda or commerce. It is doing the will of others, not its own.

"Do you really think so?" said the Professor's companion. "You know you are always so sweeping. Don't you think it is a case of the artist simply seizing upon material next at hand, and using it? Haven't artists always really done the same thing?"

"Well, I find it hard to believe," the Professor said. He was silent a moment, and then went on: "Oh, I

won't say that all art and all artists to-day are enslaved; but men and circumstances are doing their utmost *to* enslave them, and they are not resisting as fiercely as they might. A sentimentally humanitarian public looks to art to 'perform a social function,' to 'uplift the community,' to 'make for better citizenship.' And now, added to sociology, we have the war. A public acutely conscious of war regards more or less as waste any effort that does not directly and concretely 'help win the war.' The editor and publisher must please their readers if they are to increase their sales and rate for advertising space; the literary artist must please the editor and the publisher if he is to get his money. And the literary artist wants money. Literature to-day is a business. Witness the college course and the textbook on short story writing, the literary agent, the authors' clipping bureau, the advertiser who will make manuscripts 'salable,' the loud bidding of certain publications for fiction that will 'get across.' War, sociology, and commerce — literature takes orders from them all. Such a thing as unhampered self-expression hardly exists. If the writer of drama or fiction isn't a propagandist in disguise, he is likely to be a camoufleur for the sake of profit. Keep your eyes open while you read the next half dozen magazines, and notice how artfully the war is made to enter into story, essay, and even criticism."

"Maybe it's because there are so few artists of the first class," said the Professor's wife.

"Whatever it is," the Professor answered, more and more absorbed, "art is lacking in integrity, and is not living its own life. Pure, dignified, reposeful entertainment hardly lifts its head, except in orchestral music. Literature to-day does not entertain — at least, not its prose forms, the novel and the drama. It does not refresh, it does not renew our spiritual tissues and strengthen us for the combat of life. It irritates, it worries, it discourages. Even the coarser and emptier sorts of entertain-

ment, like vaudeville and the movies and the victrola, when they do not depend merely upon coarseness and emptiness, declare loudly their purpose of uplift and instruction. One of the greatest needs of the generation is good, clean, high class, not to say classical, entertainment, especially in books and on the stage. The more cultivated part of society is starving for it, and is conscious of its starvation; the less cultivated part is starved, and doesn't know it. Life has to have a certain amount of downright fun or wholesome diversion of some sort mingled with it, or it isn't livable. It's like bread without proper yeasting; it's heavy, sad, sour, and more or less useless. A life without laughter and lightness, or with laughter regulated by something other than the impulse to laugh, is dangerous to itself and the neighbors. An aggregation of such lives might result in a Berlin; it never could in an Athens. The life of society as a whole is much the same as that of the unit. Whole peoples laugh. Art is the laughter of enlightened society. It is as truly necessary to a healthy constitution as any material thing outside the bare needs of physical existence. And it is an organic part of the constitution; not a garment to be put on or off, or an instrument to be taken up or laid down. It does good, like laughter, not because it is purposed, but because it is spontaneous. Only when it is spontaneous will it be restorative and recreative. Life without it, or with it distorted, is a dusty march on a long, straight road, with poor music or none at all.

> If any man can play the pipes,
> In God's name, let him play!

And don't compel him to play the bugle or the drum. He has no real control over them, and he does understand the pipes. Let us even halt sometimes, and listen. We shall march the better for it. Or, if we must keep on, let us at least allow him to lighten with his cheerful note the monotonous thunder of the drum."

The Professor suddenly was conscious of being alone. He stopped and looked around. His wife was half a block behind him, standing still.

"This is where we live," she called out, laughing.

The Professor turned and went back.

"You mustn't get *too* much interested in your pipes," she said. "You may find yourself detached from the column."

They went up the steps, and he reached into his pocket for the key.

"Was that the lecture you are going to give your drama class in the morning?" she asked.

"No," the Professor replied, "I hardly think so. On the whole I think it was the essay."

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF STAGE-SCENERY

I

THIS is a time of unrest in the theater. In almost every modern literature the drama is alive as it was not half a century ago in any literature except the French. The public is slowly but steadily recovering the lost art of reading plays; and the American public, in particular, is exhibiting a constantly increasing interest in the dramatic literature of other languages, not only French and German, but also Scandinavian and Russian. We are becoming more and more cosmopolitan; and we welcome with equal cordiality the ballet of the Russians and the pantomine of the French. A host of youthful enthusiasts have opened little theaters not only in the leading cities but even in some of the less important towns; and they have made many novel experiments both in the kind of play they have chosen to perform and in the method of presentation. These youthful enthusiasts are abundantly vocal in clamoring for a new departure in dramatic art and in demanding the abolition of the hampering traditions of the nineteenth century. Some of them are ready to renounce the heritage of the past, and to venture into the future as upon an uncharted sea. And not a few of them seem to be possest by what the late E. L. Godkin once termed the "common illusion of young men that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought."

Mr. Gordon Craig, for example, who is hailed as one of the chief inspirers of the new movement in stage-decoration, is a very radical iconoclast, never concealing his profound dissatisfaction with the achievements of the stage-directors of today. Seemingly he wants the theater to declare its independence of all the other arts, even including literature. At least this appears to be his

desire, altho it is not a little difficult to find out from his manifestoes exactly what it is that he wishes. His thoughts, if not hazily held, are obscurely exprest. Seemingly, therefore, he looks forward to an isolation of the art of the theater as a result of its freeing itself from all entangling alliances and of relying solely on its own resources.

If this really is his aim, its accomplishment would deprive the drama of the aid of literature and reduce it to pantomime, — which was, indeed, its earliest and most primitive form. Yet it ought to be obvious that to force the drama to forego the aid of literature and of all the other arts, is to make it renounce its signal superiority over all these other arts. Music may invite the companionship of lyric poetry and the dance, just as architecture can enrich itself by invoking the assistance of sculpture and of painting; but the drama stands alone in its ability to call in the collaboration not of one or two of the sister arts, but of all of them, — music and the lyric and the dance, painting, sculpture and architecture, even on occasion oratory and the epic. Wagner boldly proclaimed that his music-drama was to be the art-work of the future, simply because it was to be the result of the cordial coöperation of all the nine muses. It is because the drama has never been willing to restrict itself solely to the dramatic, that it has achieved its surpassing breadth of appeal.

But if Mr. Gordon Craig is not a cogent or a coherent thinker, he is indisputably an artist of undeniable originality, individuality and fertility, as I can testify after a delightful London afternoon spent at an exhibition of his beautiful models. He is dissatisfied with the accepted methods of mounting plays, and more especially with the elaborate complexity of the realistic scenery to which the stage directors of the last two or three generations have accustomed us. He would annihilate both the complexity and the realism, substituting a symbolic simplicity,

less expensive and more effective. His designs, if not always practical, have been suggestive; and some of those whom he has inspired have been able to achieve results more satisfactory than any he has himself attained. In fact he is frank in admitting that what he proposes may not be immediately practical, since his designs are only occasionally adjusted to the actual theater of today, some of them being intended for a type of theater which he foresees, and yet others for a theater which he glimpses in his mind's eye, and which is never likely to be erected. That is to say: these impractical sets were invented for the sheer delight of the artist himself in their beauty, and not for the benefit of future spectators gathered in front of the stage itself.

II

This brings us face to face with two questions. First, why are the ardent young enthusiasts so bitterly dissatisfied with the complex and realistic stage-sets to which we are accustomed? And, second, how did the realistic complication of our modern scenery come to be accepted all the world over? The latter had better be answered before the former.

The orchestra of the Greek theater was devoid of scenery, and so was the wide and shallow stage of the Roman theater. On the projecting platform of the Tudor theater there were all the properties that might be needful, thrones and beds, well-heads and arbors; but there was no painted scenery. In the theater of Louis XIV there might be scenery of a kind, summary and decorative, rather than characteristic; and the acting took place far in front of the scenes, such as they were, the performer standing well forward between the lines of spectators seated on both sides of the stage, and keeping close under the pendent chandeliers that he might be seen. Even on the English stage in the time of Sheridan, the acting was done on the apron curving forward into the audience and

lighted by a semi-circle of inadequate oil-lamps. The characters of Sheridan, of Molière and of Shakspere stand nearly all the time; and chairs had to be provided for them only on the very rare occasions when the plot of the play required them to be seated.

In the eighteenth century the novel had not come into its own; it was held to be so inferior to the drama that it escaped from the control of the codifiers of critical theory. The novelists had often begun as dramatists, Le Sage for one and Marivaux for another; and when they wrote fiction they did not feel any more called upon to relate their characters realistically to an appropriate background, than they had done when they wrote plays. It is true that Defoe, (who had been a journalist), took keen delight in supplying us with all manner of descriptive details, yet Fielding, (who had been a playwright), was not tempted to follow him, and was content to project his characters almost in a vacuum, letting them live and move in rooms almost as bare of furniture and as uncharacteristic as was the stage of the time.

Scott changed all this; he was the earliest of historical novelists; and when he placed his characters in the remote past, he was forced to supply the familiar details of human existence in the period he had chosen for his story. Scott had to do this, necessarily, if he wanted to make his readers realize life in some earlier century about which they were likely to know little. Balzac, in his turn, applied the same process to the novel of contemporary life; he described places with intense gusto, reveling in imagining all possible particularities of the town, of the house, and even of the room, in which any one of his more vital characters lived, moved and had his being. He was often unduly prolix in description, because he was so enamored of character that he insisted on relating the performers in his human comedy to the specific background wherein only could they find themselves at home.

The interrelation of prose-fiction and the drama is

incessant; and just as the novelists of the eighteenth century had been content with the bareness to which they were accustomed in the theater of their own day, so the dramatists of the middle of the nineteenth century began to demand appropriate stage-sets for their intenser social dramas. "An acted play is a novel intensified," said Henry James, "it realizes what the theater suggests, and, by paying a liberal tribute to the senses, anticipates your possible complaint that your entertainment is of the meagre sort styled intellectual." The composers of acted plays, who knew the abiding effect which Balzac had achieved by the veracity of his descriptions, were desirous that the scenery should reinforce the intellectual appeal of their writing by the sensual appeal of the things seen on the stage.

Fortunately compliance with this demand was facilitated by a momentous change which took place in the playhouse in the years when the realistic movement was carrying all before it. In the course of the middle half of the nineteenth century the actual stage underwent a transformation. It was so amply lighted, first by gas and then by electricity, that the actor had no longer to go down to the footlights to let his changing expression be seen. The parallel wings and borders, by means of which interiors had been crudely indicated, were abolished, and the compact box-set enabled the stage-director to suggest more satisfactorily an actual room. The apron was cut away; and the curtain rose and fell in a picture-frame. The characters of the play were thereafter elements in a picture, which had a characteristic background, and which might be furnisht with the most realistic elaboration. The former intimacy of the actor with the spectators, due to his close proximity, disappeared speedily; and with this intimacy there disappear also its concomitant, the soliloquy addrest by a character to the audience for the sole purpose of supplying information. The drama immediately became more pictorial;

it could rely more certainly upon gesture; it could renounce the aid of purely rhetorical oratory; it could dispense with description; and it insisted that the performer should subdue himself to those new conditions, and be on his guard lest he should "get out of the picture."

This modification of the physical conditions of performance, which took place between 1850 and 1890, is one of the most important changes in all the long history of the drama; and its effects upon the art have probably not yet been fully revealed. It invited the dramatist to deal more directly with life, and it encouraged him to rely more solidly upon the purely dramatic, eschewing the lyric and the epic, and seeking solely to present character immesht in situation. It stimulated Ibsen to the acquisition of his masterly technic; and it supplied the stage best fitted for his austere inquest upon human nature. Ibsen was as insistent upon the appropriate environment for his characters as was Balzac; and the interior in which he placed any one of his several groups is always immitigably characteristic. The set which he visualized as the fit background for his creatures in the 'Doll's House' would not be appropriate for those in 'Hedda Gabler' or for those in 'Rosmersholm.' Each of them has its own dread atmosphere, subtly indicated by significant details.

III

Yet Ibsen, even if he was the foremost, was not the only outstanding figure at the beginning of the twentieth century. He was companioned by playwrights as unlike as Rostand and Hauptmann and d'Annunzio. Ibsen, poet as he was beyond all question, wrote prose, compact and direct; he was a realist, altho he was also often a romanticist, even in his severer problem-plays. Rostand and Hauptmann and d'Annunzio are rarely realistic; more often than not they are romanticists; and above all they are more frequently poetic. And here we are in

sight of an answer to the question early formulated: Why is there so bitter a dissatisfaction with the complex and realistic set to which we have slowly become accustomed? It is because this set, suitable for the staid interiors wherein the action of the prosaic problem-play is slowly unrolled before it, is less suitable for the outdoor scenes of avowedly poetic plays.

The realistic complexity which elaborates a significant room for the characters of a social drama rooted in fact, cannot attain an equal significance when it seeks to reproduce the haunting landscape of a romantic play flowering out of fantasy. It is appropriate for the 'Ghosts' of Ibsen; but it is not appropriate for the 'Sightless' of Maeterlinck or for the 'As You Like It' of Shakspere. In a word the realistic set may be exactly suited to plays of real life, but it does not necessarily suit plays of unreal life illumined by the light that never was on sea or land. Even when 'Twelfth Night' or 'Much Ado About Nothing' is mounted sumptuously and tastefully by a stage-director of the liberality, the ingenuity and the interpreting imagination of Sir Henry Irving, the result is not commensurate with his effort; and the effort itself is often only too visible. The semi-medieval stories which Shakspere adjusted to the jutting platform of the Tudor theater, and which are plausible to us now only if we are willing to make believe, have to be taken apart and then put together again in contradiction and almost in defiance of Shakspere's own semi-medieval construction, so that they may be made to adjust themselves to the copiously pictorial method of our modern picture-frame stage. After this inartistic dislocation they are likely to be overloaded with decorative details not in harmony with their delightful unreality; and the more strenuously the stage-director strives to supply a realistic setting, the less real, the less actual, is the result.

"Of pure poetry there are two kinds," said Lord Dunsany in a preface for a volume of a friend's verses; "that

which mirrors the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, and that which builds the more mysterious kingdoms, where geography ends and fairyland begins, with gods and heroes at war, and the sirens singing still, and Alph going down to the darkness from Xanadu." In the modern drama the leader of those whose works mirror the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, is Ibsen; and the foremost representative of those who lay their plays frankly in fairyland is Maeterlinck. It was inevitable that there should be a reaction against the effort to apply the method of complicated realism to plays not compact with reality, but compounded of fancy — insubstantial and etherial.

It was inevitable also that a younger generation should welcome a new departure for the presentation of the poetic dramas of Shakspere, and would endeavor to discover the means for recapturing something of the simplicity of the original performance, and of avoiding the crushing and needless expense of mechanical realism. Inevitably again the ardor of the youthful leaders of this necessary revolt would tend to be unduly impatient, and to be stimulated by an iconoclastic fervor which might tempt them to a root-and-branch reform, — to a violent revolution instead of an orderly evolution. They were eager to prove all things; and yet they were not always anxious to hold fast that which is true.

What was welcome in the realistic interiors of the problem-plays was the congruity of the background to the temper and tone of the play. The set which Ibsen had visualized for his somber 'Ghosts' was rich in character; it was the fit environment for his disenchanted creatures; it was absolutely congruous with his theme; it served to intensify the appalling action of his tragic story; and it did these things without in any way drawing undue attention to itself. But certain of the sets which Mr. Gordon Craig has designed for one or another episode of 'Hamlet' and of 'Macbeth,' indisputably

beautiful in themselves, truly imaginative, superbly decorative, — are not in keeping with the atmosphere of the plays; they are not unobtrusive backgrounds; in fact, they cry aloud to be noticed for their own sake. So it is also with the striking set which Mr. Craig devised for the 'Electra,' bold and massive, but foreign to the spirit of Sophocles, hopelessly un-Greek, and likely to distract the attention of the spectators from the dramatist to the decorator.

As we turn the pages of Mr. Craig's 'Art of the Theater,' delighting in the designs, and doing our best to discover Mr. Craig's own convictions, we cannot help the suspicion that he holds the decorator to be superior to the dramatist, and that he believes the control of the theater should pass from the playwright-poet to the painter. Surely it ought to be obvious that the dramatist is the ultimate master of the stage, and that the artists whose aid he may invite must be his servants. Beauty of line and glory of color are in place in the theater only when they contribute to the emotional and intellectual appeal of the play itself; and they are out of place whenever they are permitted to obtrude themselves, to interfere with this appeal, and to detract from it.

IV

After the raising of the banner of revolt against the costly and unsatisfactory realistic set, there were many signs of unrest in the theaters of many countries, notably in those of Russia and Germany. Stage-directors of varying ability ventured upon all sorts of interesting experiments. Some of these novelties approved themselves immediately, and won acceptance as helpful toward the development of a more satisfactory mode of presenting the poetic drama; and some of them were abhorrent, being incited apparently by an egotistic desire to be different at all costs, to be eccentric or even to be frankly freakish. We find ourselves in a period of

transition; and while we are justified in looking forward hopefully, we cannot yet clearly descry the goal at the end of the winding path upon which we have entered.

But we know our point of departure, even if we cannot yet forsee where we shall arrive or when; and already can we find full justification for the reaction against the persistent practice of supplying complicated realism for plays the action of which does not take place in the realm of reality. There was, for example, a noble dignity in the bold archway wherewith Mr. Samuel Hume indicated the city-gate for a Detroit production of Lord Dunsany's 'Tents of the Arabs,' a design which had a distinct beauty of its own, but which was also absolutely in keeping with the spirit of the play, — altho a hypercritic might regret that the arch itself was Roman rather than Arabic or even vaguely oriental. Quite as effective in its stark simplicity was the lovely scene designed by Mr. Hamilton Bell for the 'Sister Beatrice' of Maeterlinck when it was produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames at the New Theater, a medieval entrance-hall, devoid of all distracting detail and provided with a tall door at the back, ready to open once to reveal the dark sky with its stars shining down on the stalwart figure of the lover who has come to carry off the enamored nun.

A like feeling for the fitness of things, for the delicately artistic adjustment of the setting to the soul of the play, was discoverable also in the two contrasting scenes which Mr. Ames caused to be prepared for that enchanting pantomime, 'Pierrot the Prodigal.' One of these sets represented the unpretentious home from which the erring son goes forth, and to which he returns at last with a broken and a contrite heart, — a low-ceilinged room, summarily yet adequately indicated, with only the furnishings necessary to the action; and the other set, equally successful in its significance, was the temporary abode of the prodigal when he has yielded to the lure of the lady of pleasure, — a loftier room, seemingly more spa-

cious, sumptuously extravagant in its ornament, and yet achieving a character of its own without the aid of a clutter of insignificant details.

The names of the personages and the final flourish of the tricolor flag when the drums rattle past and the fifes shrill out, inform us that the action of 'Pierrot the Prodigal' must be supposed to take place "Somewhere In France;" and it is also somewhere in France that a certain Man married a Dumb Wife. The vicissitudes of his misadventure were narrated by Rabelais four hundred years ago, and they were only recently cast into dialog by M. Anatole France; yet the infelicitous wedding did not happen in the twentieth century or in the sixteenth, but in the dim and distant epoch known as Once upon a Time. As a matter of fact, the consequences of this marriage are so fantastic, so completely removed from the restraints of reality, that we cannot help knowing that they never did happen anywhere or anywhen, — a knowledge which in no wise interferes with our enjoyment. For this inconsequent impossibility Mr. Robert E. Jones invented a single set, at once exterior and interior, charming in color and playful in design, perfectly in accord with the tricksy comicality of the play, and reinforcing the humorous unreality of the story. No such house as that which Mr. Jones invited us to gaze upon had ever been built by the hand of man; and yet we accepted it instantly as the only possible habitation for the Man and for his Dumb Wife. In fact, this completely satisfactory setting was designed in perfect accord with the principle Mr. Jones has himself declared: "Scenery isn't there to be lookt; it's really there to be forgotten. The drama is the fire, the scenery is the air that lifts the fire and makes it burn."

The Rabelais-France farce was produced in New York by Mr. Granville Barker; and it was by far the most successful of his experiments, several of which were a little too regardless of traditional methods, and a little

too idiosyncratic in their insistence on novelty for its own sake. The set of the 'Dumb Wife' did not attract attention to itself, whereas in Mr. Barker's production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' both the scenes and the costumes shrieked aloud, because they seemed to American audiences out of keeping with the spirit of Shakspere's fairy fantasy.

V

It is probable that in the immediate future the poetic drama, Shakspere's or Maeterlinck's, will be presented in our theaters far less realistically and far less expensively. We shall no longer expect a spectacle as glittering, as costly and as cumbrous as the reproduction of Paul Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana' which Augustin Daly bestowed upon the final act of the 'Taming of the Shrew.' It is also probable that this simplification, this renunciation of ultra-realism, this substitution of indication, summary but adequate, for actual representation, may in time affect even the mounting of modern plays in prose. This will not necessarily prove to be an improvement. A British critic once found fault with Ibsen because he used the fittest words and not the most beautiful; and Ibsen insisted on the fittest backgrounds for his social dramas, and not the most beautiful. In the mounting of the modern problem-play, what is essential is not beauty for its own sake, but character.

There is always danger that the effort to achieve the characteristic may over-reach itself with disastrous results. In a letter to Sarcey on the art of stage-management, Dumas fils recorded his preference for a very simple interior with as little furniture as possible, all in neutral tones, against which the personages would stand out in vigorous relief; and he was not at all pleased with the single set which Montiguy devised for the three acts of 'Monsieur Alphonse.' As the action took place in the country-house of a retired naval officer, the manager

imagined a room with an exotic decoration vaguely Chinese, and with bamboo furniture, most of which was painted a brilliant red. "The effect was original and gay, when the stage was empty; but none the less it suggested a bird-cage . . . and one was moved to wonder whether the persons of the play would not sooner or later begin to hop from perch to perch."

Dumas, a born playwright, demanded always that the decorative should be subordinate to the dramatic. "If we insist on being original, and on being different, we are in immanent danger of being eccentric, and of bringing about an antagonism between the subject of the play and its scenery." It was this unfortunate desire to be original and to be different which recently misled an American manager into entrusting a New York house-decorator with the designing of the successive sets for the 'New York Idea.' Mr. Langdon Mitchell's heroine in the first act is about to marry into a family of hereditary dulness; and being herself a delightfully lively person, she returns, in the last act, to the husband she has divorced. But the uninspired house-decorator did not provide the opening act with an interior of transcendent respectability, nor did he bestow upon the closing scene an interior of contrasting levity. There was not actual antagonism between the subject of the play and its scenery, but there was certainly no harmony. The interiors were in no wise characteristic of the persons who were supposed to live in them; and the only character that they had was that of the house-decorator's own shop.

No such blunder was made by Mr. Belasco in the single set of the 'Return of Peter Grimm' — perhaps the most extreme example of realistic complexity, with its unending details, all characteristic, all unobtrusive and all congruous with the topic of the play. The room which the author-manager set before us, is the room in which Peter Grimm would live; it is the house in which he would die; and it is the home to which he would return

after death. The atmosphere of the whole dwelling, as we breathe it, is in perfect accord with the appealing personality of the forlorn ghost. To simplify this set would be to deprive it of the value given to it by the intuition and the dexterity of its designer.

Yet Mr. Belasco, always alert to perceive the possibilities of every new development in the art of the stage, has more recently bestowed upon 'Marie Odille' a very simple setting in harmony with its simpler theme; and so dextrously did he select the sparse elements of this less cumbered scene that there was no diminution in its pictorial support of the story. In both cases Mr. Belasco workt in obedience to the unchanging law which declares that it is the perfection of a woman's dress to make its wearer look her best without distracting or even attracting attention to itself.

The dominating principle in putting a drama on the stage is plain enough. Every play ought to be provided with the specific background which will best serve to bring out its own essential quality. A brilliant comedy of modern society like Clyde Fitch's 'Truth' will call for a scenic setting more complex than would be appropriate for a fleeting episode like Lady Gregory's 'Rising of the Moon.'

It is not often that the author himself is as willing to leave the choice of method to the producer as Echegaray disclosed himself to be in the directions prefixt to his one-act piece, the 'Street Singer':— "The stage represents a square or a street. There may or there may not be trees; there may or there may not be seats; there may or there may not be lighted lamps. The only thing which is essential is the wall of a house facing the spectators so that the Beggars and the Singer may take their places against it. The time is night."

Brander Matthews.

THOUGHTS ON INDUSTRIAL PEACE

"WHERE do we go from here, boys?" Frankly, no one knows and few are reckless enough to play the rôle of prophet. What are the *accepted* ideas on the labor question? There are none on the more perplexing phases. All ideas are challenged. As peace leads us across the threshold of a new era, we find ourselves adrift in strange seas, with would-be pilots urging conflicting plans. The big issue is not wages, but one of industrial control. How shall it be divided between the state, the employer, and the employees? There are those who, like the Federation of Labor, believe that combinations of labor should never be ruled or restricted by the law — at least so far as their economic power is concerned — and that they should have the legal right by economic militancy to extort what they can from the state. They would free Mooney by a threat of strike and in like manner would prevent the transportation of diplomatic delegates whom they disapprove. They say that the only basis between society and the organized workers is one of coöperation, wherein the organized workers make treaties with the state, like an independent sovereign power, and fix the terms upon which they will serve society. These people are more like syndicalists than socialists; their movement is economic rather than political.

There are other groups who feel that our basic industrial institutions are rotten, and that industrial peace is an abomination until the foundations are altered. They seek syndicalism or socialism in some form, and look upon any lull in the conflict as the greatest menace: for discontent is the only vehicle in which they can ride to their destination. A third class, which we may term the conservative, is convinced that our institutions are not fundamentally wrong, but would seek industrial peace

by coöperation between employers and workers, and the development of a just factory organization without abandoning private control or efficient management. They cherish the faith that collective action and education among the workers will give them progressively but gradually a greater participation in that part of the government of private industry which directly concerns their interests. How far and how fast the progress will go is not to them the crucial test: for that will depend largely upon the capacity of the workers. The faster and farther this progress goes, the better it will suit everybody, so long as industry is not seriously impaired. The apostles of this school have the advantage; they do not speculate; they accept existing institutions, and present a program of immediate practicability and unlimited possibilities. It is to this class I speak.

Everything in Great Britain points to a new industrial régime, where national, district, and shop committees of labor and capital will meet in joint councils to dispose of matters surrounding conditions of employment. Upon this plan the leading economists, the committee appointed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the tentative report of the Government Reconstruction Committees, and the Government Committee to Investigate the Causes of Industrial Unrest, are all agreed. Some feel that (I) these Joint Councils should have some power to adopt rules binding on the recalcitrant minority. Others, like our Federal Industrial Relations Commission, would (II) make it possible for employers' associations and unions by economic pressure to practically force the entire industry to join their respective associations. And still others feel (III) that the great power of such highly organized societies requires that the government also be a party to every agreement. But regardless of how we feel as to the comparative advantages of these different plans, it may be taken as practically settled in Great Britain that the important questions surrounding the

employment of labor there, will in the future be settled, as they are now being settled, by joint conferences of employers and representatives of labor.

In January, 1918, there was launched in Great Britain a new political organization representative of the laboring interests, which may prove epochal in British political history. The old labor party is working with the Trade Union Congress and the industrial coöperative societies and it is hoped that after allowance is made for duplication, a new alliance representing at least two-fifths of the entire population of Great Britain will operate cohesively. It is publicly thrown open, not to manual wage earners alone, but to all workers by "hand or by brain." With a broad appeal to all who render active service to society, it contemplates a campaign against the so-called idle rich and the unproductive recipients of rents and dividends. Some people refer to them as the "kept class." The program of this movement is socialistic in the orthodox sense: for it seeks common ownership of public utilities and private industries at such time and in such manner as may seem to them expedient.

Furthermore, the Government of Great Britain has been practically conceding a treaty-making power to its workers by making agreements with them as the price of industrial peace. That is government by strike and not by ballot, and it is subversive of the fundamental principles of democracy. Mr. Bonar Law's recent utterances indicate that the country may be awakening to the danger of this policy, for he has recently declared the duty of the government to repress strikes directed against the community.

In this country conditions are somewhat better, so far as the general interests of society are concerned, but important changes are at hand.

There is the pervading thought that the day of the working people is at hand, and that democracy has

come into its own; the radicalism of yesterday becomes the conservatism of today; things once deemed sacred are ridiculed and challenged, and much that we thought impracticable is put into practice. Virtually every disinterested economist, investigator, and student, and perhaps a majority of the thinking people stand united for collective bargaining and a broader participation of the workers in that part of the government of industry which concerns their welfare. And that is not all. "One looming shadow of this war," says Mr. Hoover, a practical man of affairs, "is its drift toward socialism. We shall surely drift to that rocky coast unless we can prove the economic soundness and willingness for public service of our commercial institutions."

Mr. Samuel Gompers, catching this spirit of the times more than most men, and seeing in it an opportunity for the workers which he is determined to exploit by eloquent and fiery phrases, exhorted the delegates to the Buffalo Convention of the Federation of Labor in the fall of 1917 to make the most of it.

"Under the burning heat of necessity, civilization is now in a fluid state. The group which has the most intelligent self-interest will control developments. The world cataclysm swept away conventions and barriers to aspiration. This is a time when the impossible is achieved. It is a time when there is no check on the audacity of aspiration. Upon the delegates to the Buffalo Convention devolves the duty of proving themselves masters of their opportunities, and able to take advantage of the leadership within their grasp. It is idle to talk of returning to the status quo ante — the America and the world of before the war have gone, never to return."

Mr. Charles M. Schwab has spoken as follows:

"We are at the threshold of a new social era. . . . It means but one thing, and that is that the man who labors with his hands, who does not possess property, is the one who is going to dominate the affairs of this world, not

merely Russia, Germany, and the United States, but the whole world."

This feeling of change, precipitated and crystallized by the war, is but the inevitable harvest of disturbed and disordered industrial conditions which antedated the war, and the collapse of government in dealing with them. Most people unfamiliar with the literature and psychology of the working classes, and the conditions of lawlessness which had prevailed unchecked in some of our larger cities, do not realize the extent to which we have been living in an anti-social state of industrial war, and a still more abnormal and dangerous state of anti-social propaganda. These cannot last indefinitely, any more than the state of war in Europe could last indefinitely.

The industrial conflict is no longer a private issue between employer and employe, but has become primarily an issue between organized labor and our existing institutions. It is the universal problem of organized society. In the industrial conflicts in the mining fields and a number of cities in the West, have occurred struggles with labor of which those in the East know little. Large bodies of disinterested citizens have armed themselves as bands of vigilantes to suppress disorder; and fights with employers have been overshadowed by struggles with the government and Society. While most of organized labor is not avowedly revolutionary, it has so often come into collision with courts and authorities, that it has a spirit of distrust toward even democratic government, and is unwilling quietly to accept the administration of law. The American Federation of Labor in Convention at Baltimore in November, 1916, and again in Buffalo in November, 1917, officially declared for open defiance of labor injunctions; and the Federation and the Railroad Brotherhoods declared that any law regulating the right to strike on railroads would not be obeyed. They unite in refusing to accept arbitration or governmental regulation as a substitute for the death-dealing power of a

national railroad strike, and do so on the ground that in all society no fair arbitrators can be found. So we have the entire body of organized labor publicly challenging the fairness of society and the sovereignty of the nation. If we would have labor seek progress only through political channels; and, after it had exercised its rights at the polls, interpose neither physical nor economic resistance to the authority of government, we must help dissipate the disrepute into which it has brought the authority of law, and endeavor to bring it into greater reconcilement with the processes of democratic society.

Our existing institutions cannot long survive the resistance with which they were meeting before the war; and when the subsidence of the external problem again releases internal strife, some safety valve must be devised to reduce the pressure toward social disunion. A nation divided against itself, as this country is by the labor question, soon must find some way of overcoming that division, the very existence of which demonstrates the inadequacy and ineptitude of our present systems. In three decades of severe industrial strife, despite improved conditions of the workers, we have made no substantial progress toward industrial peace or a lessening of class bitterness. Industrial strife is not one whit less extensive, less brutal, or less bitter than it was thirty years ago.

Coöperation is the gospel of the day; but it is little practised between capital and labor. Labor unions are not organized or operated primarily for coöperation, but for war; their machinery is adjusted to a program of militancy, and their leaders proclaim it a militant movement. The average employers' association suffers from the same defect; and its salaried representatives aim to keep alive a sense of peril which will solidify employers for self defense. Even shop committees of unorganized workers are usually discouraged by labor itself. In many industries on both sides everything is focussed on industrial war; the employers, despite their superior intelligence,

have not had the vision to accompany their work of self defense with some systematic effort toward a more permanent basis of industrial peace and coöperation.

At the present time the leaders of Capital and Labor have been taught so to despise and hate each other that in many industries they refuse to meet face to face. In this respect the employer is the greater offender, as there are large and prominent employers' associations which, through sad experience, have felt it necessary to forbid conferences with union delegates. "There reasoning is clear. Who will contract with the irresponsible? Who will enter into relations of intimacy and dependency with those who can injure them with impunity?" Irresponsible unionism will always prove the mother of anti-unionism. Because of these conditions among some employers, it has grown to be a test of sportsmanship never to have treated with the traditional enemy, and to boast of the fact.

A few shortsighted employers, forced by economic necessities to accept union demands, have negotiated in adjoining rooms, but flatly refusing personally to meet the union representatives, have hired intermediaries to conduct negotiations and thereafter to treat with the union in the factories. Others, when forced to sign an agreement with the union, have insisted that each sign separate copies, in order that the employer's name might not appear upon the same paper with that of the union. Men who stand on such a ridiculous and illogical platform accept all the disadvantages of union recognition, increase its dangers by continuing estrangement, and toss away the golden opportunities for promoting harmony and cooperation. A while ago a prominent employer resented the appearance of a prominent lawyer upon the same platform with Mr. Gompers. Surely nothing could do more to inflame the resentment of organized labor than such affronts to its representatives. These organizations exist in fact, and are deemed a necessity in our democracy; no contrary view will prevail. By treating the union as an

outlaw the employer keeps the leaders of outlawry in control, and slams the door on the peacemaker; by declaring a state of war, he justifies the jingoistic orator of the union meeting, and helps to elect the fighter to office.

The union, too, is in this same particular an offender. The United Mine Workers, the largest trade union in the United States, expelled John Mitchell because of his connection with the Civic Federation, an institution composed of representatives of labor, capital, and the public, and devoted to the cause of industrial peace. Even such an intellectual paper as the *New Republic*, which one would expect to be above such personal feeling, declares that Mr. Gompers has erred in publicly associating himself with the enemies of labor. This attitude of personal resentment, distrust and suspicion, which deters employers and labor leaders from frankly meeting in joint conferences, is probably the greatest single obstacle to industrial peace, and serves more to keep alive industrial warfare than a dozen other things of seemingly greater importance. Today a gulf exists between these opposing interests, and it is as difficult for one to understand the viewpoint of the other as it was for Germany to grasp the viewpoint of Great Britain. It is difficult to erect the structure of industrial peace and arbitration upon the foundations of industrial war. The foundations must be gradually altered, and by joint action, just as we propose national disarmament by joint action. Both unions and employers' associations must undergo a radical modification in their organization, officials, and objectives.

But what shall we do to make a start? Where begins the highway to industrial peace? Business men want practical suggestions. What is the first and most helpful step which this nation can take to minimize hostility and distrust, and to approach mutual understanding and cooperation? The first prerequisite is to sweep away the rubbish of prejudice, which prevents joint conferences, and build in its place the sound foundations of common counsel.

The labor question is essentially a human question. The average human being is a most extraordinary instrument who can be played upon to reach heights of greatest sacrifice or to abase himself to lowest levels of bestiality; he can be stirred to anger and resentment, or can be made to respond with feelings of loyalty and cooperation. In all things he is the source of all hope and inspiration and the creation of all obstacles and dangers. Human nature is capable of making the labor problem the greatest holocaust or a state of peaceful and mutual service. We do not need to be reminded that blundering and misunderstanding will send men smiling to the stake for even an unworthy cause. It is easy to provoke a fight by an uncompromising or insolent front, but he who feels real responsibility, whether he be employer or labor leader, will spend as much thought on unselfish conciliation as on selfish defense. Employers and employees are building for posterity, and the unborn who succeed them will have no hand in shaping the industrial edifice which they inherit. Will it be a crumbling temple, shaken and shattered by the storms of class hate, or will it be built of the enduring material of common counsel and mutual tolerance?

Our local and national employers' associations are the best medium which employers have for education and expression, and through them the employers, who are the leaders of greatest responsibility, must teach a new mental attitude. These associations should not limit themselves to the work of defense, important as that work is, during times of industrial warfare, but should establish committees of progressive and sympathetic employers whose sole duty is to study intensively the best methods of coöperating with labor in the factory. They should study the conditions in the shops of all their members, not only with a view to discovering the most successful plans for securing loyalty and coöperation, but with the determination to use the influence of the

organization in eliminating conditions which are irritating and unjust. Associations which fall short of this duty will fall short of securing public confidence, while the full assumption of this new function will unconsciously change the character of their leadership from men of the more militant type to men with a broader and more statesman-like view of the problem. There is as much to be gained by an intelligent offensive in the interests of the workers as there is by a strong defensive against their unscrupulous leaders. Of necessity each employer is his brother's keeper. The sins of each member of the group are visited on all. They are judged by the attitude of their class. And when the employers' associations have established these committees on reconstruction and conciliation, they can well say to all groups of workers, whether labor unions or not, "Go thou and do likewise."

The war furnished the greatest of opportunities for bringing these clashing interests together, and one vaguely feels that it has not been realized. It was hoped that the National War Labor Board, created in a time of national distress, would accomplish much in this direction, but it has not measured up to our hopes and expectations. The appointment as one of its joint chairman of a man who prided himself on his aggressive partisanship and non-judicial temperament — a man who gave comfort to the Bridgeport munition workers when striking against the Board's award and holding up the flow of munitions to our boys at the front — the appointment of such a man was not calculated to promote a spirit of coöperation and conciliation. The result has been a keen and regrettable distrust on the part of employers of any plan to continue this Board or its equivalent. But some such Board, composed of representatives of labor and capital, must be continued, to meet regularly and deliberate on these problems. Its discussions will enlighten the public and the government as to the fundamental issues and

will focus the condemnation of public opinion on both the employers and labor representatives who insist upon demands opposed to public interests. Its very existence will help in no small degree to wipe out that feeling of prejudice and personal hostility which obstructs co-operation. Little progress can be made toward industrial peace when associations of manufacturers meet annually by themselves and denounce labor leaders, and little progress can come from the exclusive meetings of the Federation of Labor where employers are denounced as Bourbons. Such class conventions blindly stimulate antagonism against people whose motives and purposes they scarcely understand, and fire hatred against an entire class for the mistakes and excesses of a few.

A governmental Labor Board would have no power to compel parties to submit to compulsory arbitration, but would establish the necessary machinery for joint conference, conciliation and voluntary arbitration. To this end it should establish joint conference and arbitration boards for different industries and communities, with a view to creating a system of self constituted judicature which would minimize the necessity for government interference and regulation. If employers and employees can show themselves more capable of self regulation, they will meet with less clamor for external regulation on the part of the government.

To attach such a plan to the Department of Labor, or to leave its creation or functions to any other political department would be a mistake. Its success will largely depend on its detachment from political agencies. The employers in particular are suspicious of the disinterestedness of the Labor Department, and both interests are suspicious of government intervention. It is the non-political self-governing features of the place which would appeal to them. To the outsider its greatest value would be its advance toward coöperation between organized capital and organized labor.

It is time to lay aside our prejudices and to take new measurements, based upon the new spirit of democracy; it is time to put in practice the theories which we profess. We stand for coöperation, but there can be no coöperation when the great organizations of labor and capital refuse to meet on a common ground, and in the midst of their star chamber proceedings endeavor to increase the camouflage of distrust and suspicion. The way to coöperate is to coöperate; the way to avoid misunderstandings is to have a more frequent interchange of views, and more personal contact between the representatives of the two sides. The destinies of industry rest not alone in the hands of labor, nor yet in the hands of capital, but jointly in the hands of both, and subordinate to the interests of society. In this country political commissions to investigate the causes of industrial unrest, and report to the government, have proved failures. The recommendation of the commission which investigated the Debs riots never bore fruit; the recommendations of the coal strike commission, though the most helpful of all, are now little remembered; the Federal Industrial Relations Commission never commanded the confidence of employers, because they were never fairly represented upon it. Although the labor union interests were represented by three of the leaders of militant unionism, not one single representative was allowed for the many and extensive employers' associations which then were devoted to the study of the industrial problem. A majority of the Commissioners were known to be believers in the closed shop and the secondary boycott; and its chairman, as we all know, became the advocate of socialistic doctrines which astonished us only by their boldness. The commission failed to function because of the unfairness of those appointments. Progress commanding confidence will not be made through political partisanship or any attempt to make our government the servant of one class, but only through the deliberations

of the elected representatives of the parties in interest, in whom those parties place their confidence.

But there is another and equally important phase to this subject. If all opposition to the growth of labor organization — whether in the form of shop organization or national unions, is withdrawn, and the government is to use its influence to bring about a general recognition of the principle of collective bargaining — which does not mean the closed shop — it must be upon condition that labor organizations, whatever their form and scope, are prepared to play the rôle of business organizations, respectful of the liberties of others, and responsible alike to employers and the government, both for the performance of their contracts and for reasonable endeavors to maintain law and order in industrial disputes.

The policy of conciliation and coöperation must not be conducted at the expense of tried principles of human justice and right. The employer must not be asked to deal with a faithless or revolutionary organization. The wheels of government must not revolve to the threat of a national strike. Organizations must not be built up by coercion, and our personal liberties or the right of individual self determination, must not be sacrificed. In brief, the public policy of coöperation and conciliation must not be distorted into a program of compromise with wrong. It is strange but true that the tendencies of our time should call for such a comment.

Large associations, whether of employers or employes, exercise a power for good or ill far beyond that which is exercised by the individual, and Society should exact from them a commensurate responsibility. They must guarantee to Society — just as the ordinary employer guarantees to Society — the conduct of their agents and representatives. If labor unions are to be accepted as a useful instrumentality in solving the labor problem, and the principle of collective bargaining is to be encouraged, labor unions must underwrite the collective agreement, and use

the full power of their discipline to secure observance. If labor organizations are to be permitted to instigate and finance strikes, they must maintain law and order in connection with those strikes. Society cannot tolerate the existence of such powerful institutions upon any other conditions.

If, through the joint coöperation of labor and capital, the foundations of industrial war are to be gradually replaced by the foundations of industrial peace, they should consider the platform of the Open Shop, Collective Bargaining and Joint Conference. The refusal to recognize unions or shop committees is a war measure, and the demand for the closed shop is a retaliatory measure: neither can be surrendered except in consideration of the surrender of the other. Here is a basis of compromise which involves no capitulation of sound principles, but an abandonment of a wrong and untenable position by employers, in exchange for the abandonment of a wrong and untenable position by the unions.

The closed shop as a national policy is opposed by experience and the fundamental principles of law and economics; its war on the non-unionist, its aim at monopoly, and its denial of equal rights, militate against our free institutions, and its effects are economically disastrous. It brought Great Britain to the verge of commercial disaster in times of peace; and when war broke out the union leaders of Great Britain recognized that the establishment of the open shop was imperative if the Empire were to win the war. An artificial monopoly of labor maintained by coercive combinations is as much destructive of healthy rivalry, human incentive, and the benefits of competition, as any monopoly of capital. Unless labor organizations are subject to the possibilities of competition through the policy of the open shop and the open door, they will rely upon a forced monopoly alone, and will lose all incentive to make union membership attractive, and union management serviceable or efficient; all

elements of enterprise and healthy growth for organized labor will be ended, and it will enter an era of decadence. The interests of the country can be safeguarded from these dangers only if there are rival unions and a large body of non-union men.

These requisites of industrial peace — union responsibility, integrity of contracts, union recognition, collective bargaining, and the open shop — are too complex for such a brief discussion as this, but one thing is reasonably clear — if property owners are to preserve individual rights and private property, they must at any cost reduce the causes of social discontent, and prove themselves capable of a constructive and liberal movement for industrial peace.

Because our institutions are in transition and flux, and we are wavering between a past which will soon be extinct, and a future still in the clouds, it is the peculiar duty of this generation to enter the new epoch with a sense of social faith and social duty which recognizes that the democracy for which the nations have been warring depends on self restraint and self control, and means the enthronement of the State as the agency of the people, to which *all* classes must render obedience. To defy such a state, or threaten it with defiance if certain laws are passed, to resist its constituted authority, or even to fail in coöperation with it, is to be untrue to democracy and to destroy faith in its ideals.

Walter Gordon Merritt.

OF FLOWERS AND MEN

HOW much more interesting flowers would be," said Eustace, "if men had designed them."

"Nonsense!" I answered.

"No," he said, "it's good sense. They could not be more beautiful, but as emanations from the soul of man, or woman, they would be as much more interesting as the soul is more interesting than the soil."

"An antithesis, even if alliterative," I objected, "is no argument. And nothing could be more interesting than the way that flowers simply come up of their own motion out of the black dirt, often differing in such amazing ways, yet coming out of the same black dirt. The interest of mystery is the deepest of all."

"Not to me," said Eustace, "at least not in this case. Think how even the association of a flower with some particular person gives it a special interest — the corn-flowers of the old Emperor William, for instance, or the primroses that got Prince Albert so admirably mixed up with Disraeli. And if the old emperor had made his corn-flowers, or Prince Albert the primroses ——"

"You are not proving your case," I interrupted. "The thought of the emperor poisons corn-flowers for me, and Queen Victoria's sentimentality gone askew makes primroses ridiculous. If that is what you mean by 'interest,' certainly I prefer mysterious anonymity."

Eustace laughed. "But think of Linnæus and his beloved little twin-flower. And think how the Irish have poetized the shamrock, though it isn't even a flower. And the iris — it's more than a beautiful thing, it's history and poetry and romance when we see it as the Lily of France."

"But we mustn't see it so," I protested. "Of course a real fleur-de-lis is an iris, but the so-called fleur-de-lis of heraldry isn't. I have a book that tells how it de-

veloped from the luck-horns of western Asia, just as did the little coral horns that Italians wear as charms against the evil eye, and also something much more important — the Ionic capital."

"Nonsense!" cried Eustace in his turn.

"Or," I added, "if that does not please you, I have another book that shows how the Ionic capital developed from the lilies or lotuses of the Nile as conventionalized by the old Egyptians, and it is easy to trace the Lily of France to the same source. But give me some more examples of personal association."

"No, I might be tempted to tell too much. I might tell you what the narcissus means to me because a woman once — but I won't."

"You never will be really instructive," I complained.

"It is very instructive," said Eustace, tacking smoothly, "to consider a person's preferences in the way of flowers. We know a lot about Linnæus just by knowing that, in spite of all the splendid flaunters he had to do with, he liked best of all such a modest yet exquisite little thing. On the other hand, it sets you against people, doesn't it, if they like American Beauty roses? And I used to know a woman whom I never could take at other people's high valuation, because she had a passion for lilies-of-the-valley. It showed such a lack of character, not to speak of a lack of eye, to prefer to all else such an obvious, child-like bit of design."

"Then," I said, "if she had made a flower it would have been pretty bad. Think what awful things most people would make!"

"Don't be so literal. God forbid that all sorts of people should design flowers! I was only thinking that if the good flowers we actually have ——"

"The *good* flowers? I have been taught that nature never makes anything that isn't good, that if her things don't look well it is because we have given them an inharmonious environment."

"Environment counts, of course," said Eustace. "Palms are certainly handsome, but they look like the dickens when they are set out-of-doors in our northern gardens to swear at the elms and lilacs and roses that they don't belong with. But plenty of flowers are intrinsically ugly. Look by the roadside, at yarrow for instance, or tansy which isn't much better; and look in the garden. I don't know where the scarlet salvia grows wild, but I am sure it is hideous even there: for the leaves are awkwardly shaped and a bad shade of green, and the flowers are raggedly shaped and a crude shade of scarlet that doesn't go with the green. It's a disgrace to its maker. And those awful bushy white hydrangeas that disfigure almost every garden and front yard in the whole country — such coarse panicles of flowers, far too big for the bush, and turning after a while to the color of raw meat."

"And the other hydrangeas?" I asked.

"Not so bad but not good enough to be spotted about everywhere, as they are. Or, rather, just good enough to be the favorite plant in a place like Newport. *There's* a revelation, a local transliteration of human character for you! There are delightful gardens, charming ones, at Newport; but they keep quiet: they are hidden away where only one who knows can find them. And the places one can't help seeing are stuffed with things that have no grace or sentiment, chiefly hydrangeas and pink hollyhocks, and are all trying to be just alike, never welcoming a new idea, much less seeking for one."

"You have newer ideas yourself," I said, "when you are abusing nature."

"She often deserves it. Sometimes she goes wrong in the design of a flower, and sometimes she goes wrong in its setting. Only a very stupid man could have gone so far wrong as to make things as pretty as chicory flowers, and then set them here and there at random on almost leafless awkward sticks — especially as we have so few

flowers that are really blue. And think of the wild carrot ——"

"Queen Anne's lace?" I interrupted. "Well, I am with you now. It is a shame that such exquisite flowers are not properly presented to the world."

"If they grew on a pretty plant," Eustace added, "everybody would adore them; but even as it is, if they were rare and hard to get, instead of being multitudinous weeds, millionaires would squabble for them as they do for the hideous plants that bear orchids."

"Why doesn't somebody cultivate them," I asked, — "try to improve not the flower but the plant? And that reminds me that people *have* made flowers — at least, have modified them so that they are something really new. Nature never made anything like our garden and hot-house roses."

"No," said Eustace, "but our hybrids and doubled flowers are not really *designed*. Gardeners merely work over them, and then sit back to see what will happen. Sometimes it is a good result, like doubled roses and wonderfully colored gladioli, and sometimes it is a bad result, like a doubled narcissus, which is an insult to its name."

"People always take a great interest, though, in gardeners' novelties."

"Yes, and that helps to prove my point. It's the human factor that makes a garden variety more popular than it would be if it were a new discovery from nature's workshop. And it is most interesting when not an anonymous gardener but somebody like Luther Burbank has made it."

Then, after a pause, Eustace affirmed, "All that I have said is true, and it is more broadly instructive than perhaps you think."

"How?"

"As proving that it is the touch of the human soul that makes a work of art more interesting, more significant, more appealing than a work of nature can be."

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he insisted. "I am not talking of landscapes or skies or the sea — they have souls of their own — but of single objects. Intrinsically, nothing that man ever made is as perfectly, as marvelously beautiful as a beautiful flower, yet we are interested by works of art, thrilled by them, enraptured, obsessed sometimes, as we never are by flowers. Were you ever thrilled by a real white rose as by the one that Manet stuck in a loaf of bread? Or by the sight of a real animal as by Arthur Davies' little white unicorns?"

"No," I had to confess, "never."

"It's our knowledge that a man made a thing that gives it personality, which is something more than individuality — gives it a soul, gives a soul not only to pictures and statues and buildings but even to little simple things that have merely abstract form and color. No little old white Chinese vase is as marvelously lovely in form or color or texture as a calla-lily, but it gives us thrills and enthusiasms that a calla-lily cannot. And the big deduction from it all is that, whatever artists and critics and 'æstheticians' may say, it is the way the artist feels and sees that determines the value of his product, and it is when a whole nation feels and sees, broadly speaking, in the same fashion, that we have a great national phase of art. Fidelity to the model is not the main thing ——"

"But everybody knows *that*," I exclaimed.

"Indeed, everybody does not, as you may discover any day in the year. Even learned persons familiar with works of art don't always know it — not by any means! Have you never noticed, for example, how almost all archæologists and historians talk about Egyptian sculpture, lauding above all else the early things, the 'realistic' things, that, æsthetically, are inferior to the more abstract later ones? But the artist or the critic goes just as far wrong in the other direction when he insists that

the main thing in painting is color or rhythm, or is spacing or 'the pattern' or the realization of three dimensions, the 'palpability,' the 'plastic fulness' that Mr. Hamilton Wright, for instance, lays such stress upon. All these are valuable and some of them are indispensible, but the main factor, for good or ill, is the quality of the human soul that uses them."

"But isn't that just what many of the most neo-modern of the moderns exalt — the effort to express one's own feeling or one's own individualities of vision?"

"Effort isn't the thing. The prime quality I mean is unselfconscious. It isn't what a man strives for — it's the way he was born. Think of our flowers again. Phidias was born of such a sort that he might have designed a narcissus. Rubens wasn't. Perhaps Prince Albert could have made a primrose. Certainly Disraeli couldn't! If he had tried his best to be so simple he couldn't have managed it. And this indicates that theorizing isn't so important as some of the neo-moderns, as you call them, are pleased to believe."

"But doesn't every artist," I asked, "theorize about the way he does his work?"

"I don't mean that. I mean theorizing about the kind of work he ought to want to do. The great Greeks theorized about the way they treated their architectural forms — theorized so subtilely that we can't follow them. But they didn't theorize about what they ought to build. They *knew*. They were born to build that kind of thing. To-day the architect does theorize in this way — and we see the difference between a living art and his, which is only half alive. That is, half alive excepting in things, like skyscrapers, which he can't theorize about, because he simply has to build them. He was born into a world that definitely wants them and, barring matters of detail, wants them thus and so. Therefore, the good ones and the bad ones together, they are the only really live things we have in architecture. There's another point

too. Your neo-moderns don't seem to know — I'm speaking of painters now — that 'expression' means a form of utterance comprehensible by other minds without further explanation. Who can even dimly guess what they mean by some of their pictures!"

"And so they don't express themselves," I commented.

"Yes," said Eustace, "they do express *themselves*. Everybody must who makes a work of art, or an alleged one. But they don't express what they have thought that they ought to want to try to say. The proof is that (as Mr. Wright so simply and beautifully remarks about the Neo-Impressionists), 'Their claims have no substantiation in our receptivity.'"

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

THE TWO IDEALS

FIRST PAPER

IF we may trust those disconcerting gentlemen, the psychologists, it appears to be established that the world which we inhabit as adults, the richly diversified world of cities, fields, rivers, mountains, clouds, animals, people, and other things innumerable, is not at all the world into which we were born. According to these disturbers of the psychic peace, Stevenson was not speaking for the very young child when he wrote,

> The world is so full of a number of things
> I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

For the environment of the baby, they say, is a colorless, meaningless, characterless vapor of feeling; or, as William James put it in one of his inimitable phrases, a "buzzing blooming confusion."

One of the early tasks, then, which the seemingly helpless little immigrant has thrust upon him is the God-like one of forming a world out of chaos. And the most immediate problem, that of keeping soul and body together, having somehow been solved, a beginning is soon made on the job of sorting out the grand mix-up. Indeed, finding a place to get meals is itself the beginning of the process. So early is it demonstrated that to live to a purpose, one must live.

What could be more fascinating, if it were possible, than to observe just how the world of the adult, with all its variety and contrast, with all its laws and relatedness, little by little takes shape out of a psychic nebula? Alas, we are left entirely to speculation, or at best to risky analogy. Great as the triumph of science has been, no trail has yet been found to the land of forgotten days. Think of some of the things we can do.

We can determine the chemical composition of stellar bodies so far removed in space that we lack means of conveying an appreciable idea of their distance. We can detect organisms so small that when a drop of blood containing them is diluted five million times they are still present in sufficient numbers to affect an organism injuriously if a bit of the liquid be introduced into its blood. We can tell the story of organic and cosmic evolution back hundreds of millions of years beyond the first appearance of men upon earth, and we can predict thousands upon thousands of years in advance changes that will ultimately overtake our globe. Marvelous achievements, these, which would have held spellbound not only the Greek philosophers on the Ægean, but the Greek gods on Olympus. Nevertheless, our baby-hood, the period of our lives when laboriously we laid down the first broad foundations of the world we now very largely take for granted, remains an unrecovered country, to whose bourne no traveler returns.

I

Well, however the world may come to be for the child, no distinction is at first made in it between fact and fiction. Everything is accepted on the same footing; all experience is of one tissue. Witches, fairies, giants, and all the creatures of irresponsible fancy have the same status as substantial things like cookies, toys, dogs, people. The kitten on the hearth-rug is real, but so is the cat of the wet, wild wood, that walks by himself, in all places alike. Out-of-doors is real, but so is the wonderland of Alice, and the world Jack discovered when he climbed the bean-stalk. Equally real are Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, the Don with a luminous Nose, the Cow that jumped over the Moon, and a rich assortment of others. They all *are*, and the question *what* they are has not arisen. For in this golden age the lion of fact and the lamb of fancy lie down together.

But not for long. In a world like ours, such pure democracy of interest, such equal hospitality to every form of experience, is not maintainable. And here at least we have an explanation. The thirst for knowledge closes the gates to paradise. To say that a child is in a world is to say that a world exists as a challenge to a child, a challenge to its curiosity and its desire for mastery. Bacon has received much credit for teaching men that knowledge is power, but children knew it long before Bacon, and have never forgotten it. In true Baconian fashion they face their world in the spirit of interrogation, determined to find a way to desired ends. Knowledge is power, but knowledge is disillusion. Growing curiosity, enlarging experience, increasing skill in observation soon bring contradictory beliefs into juxtaposition, with the result that a revision of beliefs, and then a fundamental reconstruction of the world, become necessary. And the first far-reaching reconstruction is the division of things into real and make-believe. It is impossible to mark the hour when this sophistication begins, for intellectual scepticism steals into childhood as dawn moves over the rim of night. But we are not without experiences which are typical of the process, although themselves of a more or less developed type.

A young Chicago surgeon tells this story. "I remember," he says, "that when I was between five and six years old, and lived in a small town in Illinois, I had an interesting experience. Some weeks before Christmas our one drug store displayed a drum in the window. I wanted it badly. Having written to Santa Claus, as my parents suggested, I stopped daily in front of the window to admire the drum, and my desire for it grew until as Christmas drew near I could think of little else. Would Santa Claus bring me a drum like it?

"Sure enough, on Christmas morning there she was! When the first rush of joy had spent itself, and I was examining the drum, I noticed that it was exactly like

the drug store drum, even down to a slight defect in one of the rims, and a small dent in its yellow tin side. This somehow made me wish to compare it, and I marched off to the drug store window. The drum was gone. I don't know why, but like a flash came the thought that my drum was the very drum I had seen in the window for weeks. Then how could Santa Claus have brought it from the North the night before? I have forgotten what explanation my parents gave, but it didn't satisfy me. I was sure that there was something wrong. I did not settle the point at once, but I felt, vaguely and yet really, that I had been missing something, and that I must keep a better watch on things. And so there came into existence a new boy who stood off and watched. Before long not only had the great team of reindeer been permanently stabled, but I had concluded that there weren't any giants and witches, just as there wasn't any Santa Claus."

In some such manner the child arrives at the profound distinction between fact and fiction, between a real world and a world of make-believe, and determines not to mistake the one for the other. The world which antedates the distinction is so intrinsically different from the one which succeeds it, and the individual has become so fundamentally changed in the process, that having once really crossed this Rubicon it becomes practically impossible to go back again, even in memory or in imagination. All of us, however, were such monists, or believers in one form of reality, in the beginning, and we became dualists only when the subtle development of our critical faculties, or a flagrant contradiction in our beliefs, compelled us to revise our judgment of reality. Rejecting a world of one stuff, we accepted some experiences as true, and some as not; which, had we been philosophers, and thus able to invent terms such as Reality and Appearance, might have got us a great reputation.

II

Interesting and important as this phase of development is on its own account, it gains in significance when recognized as a stage in the progressive evolution of a new world and a new self. Differentiation between fact and fiction is a big step in sophistication, but the fanciful is not the only imaginative element intimately incorporated in the child's universe. There is also what the adult calls the moral ideal. To the adult the moral ideal is the substance of things hoped for, but to the child the "ought" is as substantial as the "is." Men and women think in terms of a moral order distinct from the concrete; not so the child. To the child the wrongness of lying is as real as the wetness of water. He takes chances with lying, but so he does with water. And while the discrimination between fact and fiction, once achieved, makes a life of intellectual innocence forever impossible, it does not, except in rare cases, disturb moral beliefs. On the contrary, even while the rift between the real and the make-believe becomes constantly broader and deeper, and the primacy of the real ever more unquestionable, the expanding environment, in home, playground, school, and street, is persistently insinuating new imaginative elements — ideals of conduct, of character, of citizenship — into the world of accepted reality. Once more, however, enlarging experience gives rise to a conflict of beliefs; and conflict of beliefs, to the divorce of what had hither-to dwelt together in harmony. Again there is no saying just when, but sooner or later the growing child finds himself in an ambiguous environment, and is forced to reconstruct his world and to become a new self. The following record of such a change is characteristic, although it usually comes earlier.

"I was between thirteen and fourteen years of age," writes a lawyer friend, "when for the first time the suspicion definitely entered my head that right and wrong were not ultimate realities like laws of nature, but rules

invented by older people for children. It came about in this way. I lived in a small Wisconsin village, and my hero was the locomotive engineer of the scoot which ran between our village and the main line. Well, one day when I was getting some kerosene in a shed at the back of our general store, and he was sitting with some farmers' hired help about the big stove, I heard my hero say, 'Oh, of course, it's me for the straight and narrow around here. But there ain't a fellow of you'd have the nerve to follow my smoke in Chicago.' I remember how instantly the whole thing was clear to me: that he lived two lives, one for the benefit of the village, and another, more to his liking, in the big city. I don't know how I knew that the latter was not according to the moral code. Perhaps it was because in villages the wickedness of big cities, rather than anything else, is most advertised. At all events, my hero fell. Often since then I have wondered whether the faces I saw about the stove as I went out were transformed by an incipient despisal aroused by the overheard remark, or whether I had simply never observed their coarseness before. They looked different, and I felt an unmistakable antipathy not unlike that toward things unclean. The incident might have passed into memory, as the discovery of other moral delinquencies had doubtless done, without any serious effect upon the foundations of my moral world, but for some reason it didn't. Somehow the thought flashed into my mind (I am uncertain just how long after the experience with the engineer) that perhaps moral rules were like Santa Claus and fairy tales, things which you implicitly believed until you reached a certain age, when you see into them. I became sceptical. I kept eyes and ears open, and the more I observed and thought about it, the better the hypothesis appeared to fit the facts. Before long I passed the theory on to my chum. To my surprise he also was armed with observations calculated to show that what our elders taught us to be of paramount im-

portance was more lightly regarded by themselves. I seemed to experience a marked expansion of individuality by virtue of this insight. What my discovery might have led to I cannot tell, for about that time a little dark-eyed maiden became the all-absorbing interest, and my adoration for her revalued all values. But that is really not part of this story."

Of course not every boy has his moral eyes opened in just this way. Not to speak of those who experience no specific moral crisis, many become moral doubters through imitation, or through the encouragement of the more worldly-wise. In most cases, perhaps, the surge of life pushes the individual into actions which violate hitherto accepted standards, and moral scepticism is a gesture of self-defence. Differences in detail but identity in principle. Experience coming into contradiction with experience, belief opposing belief, then some manner of readjustment, a new world and a new self, that is the universal record.

III

Childhood and youth are after all sequestered in a delectable valley, protected from the raw wind and weather of the work-a-day plateau. The year's at the spring, when rains are omens of promise and storms are soon out of breath. Troubles and disappointments are profoundly real — never more so — but they are fleeting, and duration is nine-tenths of pain. So these early defeats and readjustments do not permanently disturb the blue-sky outlook. Life, however, does not permit us to remain in the valley; it pushes us, pulls us forth; and disillusions overtake us in the way. We hope, and are disappointed. We trust, and are deceived. The glowing goal, in realization, turns to ashes. We would change the ordinary weeds of life for a garment more becoming to its worth and dignity, but life prefers squalor and rags. We are thwarted by wickedness in high places and weakness in

low. We lay dear forms away in the earth drenched by gray rains in the night. Gradually, the assurance so companionable to youth that life has some great hidden meaning, becomes a friend estranged. What is it to grow up but, among other things, to learn that the world is not what we had thought it to be?

No man escapes disillusion, although there are differences of degree. And all men triumph over disillusion, but not in the same spirit. The familiar story of the Son of God on an exceedingly high mountain, shown the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and confronted with the alternatives of great possessions or loyalty to spiritual vision, symbolizes human experience. The choice of the Galilean, however, is not the usual choice. The many hurry down to possess themselves of goods in the world newly discovered. They revise a well-known biblical admonition, and say: "Lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. For where your heart is, there let your treasure be also." They not only enter the world, but become of it. They style themselves practical; they make two smoke-stacks smoke where none had smoked before. They succeed, — as it is called. Few, it should be said, are single-minded in their adoption of this program. Men leave the world of illusions as Lot's wife left her native city, unable to keep from looking back. There are those who had been taught to believe that if you had two loaves of bread, you sold one, and bought white hyacinth for your soul; or who had inclined to listen to one of old who asked, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" If they now part with white hyacinth to increase their stock of bread, or take greater precaution that they do not lose the world than that they do not lose their souls, it is with a proviso. Many, for example, hope to go in for a different ideal by and by. They want material goods first, sometimes because they believe

that in this way they "can do more good in the end," more often because they believe in "safety first." Others, who do not delude themselves that they will reject late in their career a scheme of life they adopted at the beginning of it, preserve a degree of loyalty to non-possessive ideals as they go along. They periodically donate a tithe of their accumulating possessions to causes they believe to be worthy. Then, too, many an apparently unmixed desire to possess reaches beyond itself and is colored by fusion with other impulses, such as the desire to give pleasure to loved ones or the desire to exercise power. Now while the desire to possess for others is still a desire to possess, this does not eliminate the "for others," just as the definition of love which makes it "selfishness for two," does not succeed in making it identical with selfishness for one. The same is true of the desire for possessions as a means to the exercise of power. The possessive element is there, but in an imaginative setting very different from that where the thing ultimately aimed at is social recognition, economic security, or the opportunity of enjoyment which money assures. The possessive idealists, then, are not people of one unqualified desire. Indeed, in the case of many whose chief business is the enlargement of possessions, the creative element is of such significance that we may think of them as double-personalities, and may speak of them after the manner of Francis Thompson's ode to Cecil Rhodes:

> They that mis-said
> This man yet living, praise him dead.
> And I too praise, yet not the baser things
> Wherewith the market and the tavern rings.
> Not that high things for gold,
> He held, were bought and sold,
> That statecraft's means approved are by the end;
> Not for all which commands
> The loud world's clapping hands,
> To which cheap press and cheaper patriots bend;

But for the dreams,
For those impossible gleams
He half made possible; for that he was
Visioner of vision in a most sordid day:
This draws
Back to me Song long alien and astray.

All of which is to say that the thick-skinned individual who aims no farther than to take all he can get, and to keep all that he is not forced to give up, is the exception. And it is not the exception but the rule that determines quality. Still, while it is true and important that those whose chief desire is to possess do not constitute one homogeneous type, and that their attitude toward life may not be characterized as undivided allegiance to material goods, it is just as true and important that the desire for possessions is for all of them the central desire. Whatever other ideals they may endeavor to conserve, this particular end they aggressively pursue. Whatever they may do or leave undone, the underlying purpose of life, always more or less consciously active, is that the increasing years shall show a net gain in what the bank will accept as collateral. And they smile indulgently, condescendingly, or sneeringly, as the case may be, at the suggestion of any other philosophy. Their theory is that "you've got to accept conditions as they are;" that "business is business;" and they have a slogan: "Nothing succeeds like success."

Not so the minority. They adopt a program radically different. On the mountain top they too came face to face with disillusion, and the outlook of youth, like a garment of happy memories, was laid away forever. But they saw what the others failed to see — the vision of a world transformed. It is this they seek. Many soon forget the vision, give up the venture, and join the majority. Some become wanderers, spiritual knights of the road, refusing the responsibility of the search. Others, losing heart, transfer the goal of their endeavor to a

compensatory world to come. A few, however, hear a voice in the night, saying, "In vain do men seek to find that which exists no where but in their dreams. The world of your vision is not found, but created." And a few of the few accept the challenge.

So the minority aims to create a new world, not to possess the old one. Often uncertain and in disagreement as to the kind of world the new one should be; not always able to suggest a feasible way to the realization of their goal; they are clear, and at one, that existing social and political ideals must become quite different if life on earth is to be either happy or noble. Their position is easily misunderstood and still more easily misrepresented. There is the charge, for example, that those who aim at changing the conditions of life are actuated by envy and malice rather than by the hope of a better world; that what they really want is a redistribution of possessions in their favor. It is not an easy charge to meet, and for several reasons. In the first place, some of those who are loudest in their denunciation of existent conditions *are* interested primarily in what they shall eat and wherewithal they shall be clothed. They belong with the majority, whose ideals are possessive; sometimes, indeed, they illustrate greed in its very worst form. Then, too, no matter how radical and sincere a man's renunciation of possessions may be, he cannot disregard them all together. If he is to change the world, he must remain alive in it, and thus, unless he belongs to the few who escape the problem through inheritance or marriage, or to whom the gods have granted a unique courage, he must pay some attention to the acquisition of material goods. Besides, to be effective he must acquire some measure of power in the form of influence or machinery. And as things are now, the attainment of either is very difficult for those whose intellectual and moral qualities are unsupported by material resources. Consequently, those who aim at a new heaven and a new earth cannot

be expected to be indifferent to possessions. They must make a living, and they must make more, or remain socially ineffective. Nor is this the last word. The man who aims to change the world is no more a person of one desire than the man whose chief concern is ownership. Just as the interests of the latter reach beyond his central purpose, so do those of the former. One of the interests which thus normally lives side by side with the desire for social change is the interest in possessions.

The point is worth a little more fundamental consideration. Bertrand Russell, in his *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, one of the big and living books called forth by the war, makes this statement: "When we are fed and clothed and housed, further material goods are needed only for ostentation." In the first English edition of the work, and in the American edition, which for some reason was published under the title *Why Men Fight*, a foot-note adds this qualification, almost as an afterthought: "Except by that small minority who are capable of artistic enjoyment." Innocent as the foot-note appears, it gives the case away. It suggests that the needs of some men are not limited to being fed and clothed and housed. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the footnote is correct in limiting those other needs to a certain small minority, is it not a fact that we are supposed to be endeavoring to make them the needs of more and more, and that in so far as we succeed we call it progress? Moreover, what *is* it to be fed and clothed and housed? The Esquimo is fed and clothed and housed; so is the Australian savage, after his fashion. Are their standards satisfactory? Few people, in the nations called civilized, would say so, even if many of them are themselves most miserably situated. The reason is, of course, that one of the more obvious marks of advance in civilization is just the development of discrimination in food and clothing and shelter. As Georg Simmel has suggested, the very concept of value, and thus the beginning of a cul-

tural stage of life, has its origin in man's preference for one object, rather than for another, as the means of satisfying elemental wants. So long as hunger is satisfied by anything that can be chewed and digested, so long as the choice of clothing constitutes no problem, and the question of housing is nothing more serious than finding a sheltered place to lie down in, the human level has hardly been reached. If, however, it is not a matter of *mere* food and clothing and shelter but also *kind* of food and clothing and shelter, is this not another way of saying that, up to a certain point at least, the impulse to possess is essential to the enrichment of life? One therefore wishes that Mr. Russell, in revising his book, had developed the implications of the foot-note. He would have done it with the objectivity of thought, the power of discrimination, and the clarity of style which are his in such rare measure. He could have shown, as perhaps no one else, that poverty imprisons the spirit, and that therefore the vow of poverty does not represent a desirable ideal even if it were shown to be a feasible one. He might then have indicated concretely how the acquisitive impulse may play its part in the realization of the richest total of satisfaction for all. Instead of this, he dropped the foot-note altogether, and in its place added to the previous statement — "When we are fed and clothed and housed, further material goods are needed only for ostentation" — the words, "or to gratify the greed of possession, which, though instinctive, and perhaps partly ineradicable, is not admirable." In these sweeping words Mr. Russell erases all moral distinction based upon kinds or degrees of acquisitiveness. And the doctrine which he in this way deliberately and unreservedly enunciates is more or less consistently applied by most of us to the social idealism of others. That is why it is easy to fall into the error under consideration, the error of mistaking the spirit of reform for greed in disguise.

The whole difficulty grows out of a false psychology. Human impulses are assumed to run along on independent tracks like trains out of a central station, — one headed for possessions, another for this or that pleasure, a third for æsthetic satisfaction, and so on. The truth is, however, that impulses are abstractions; the reality is a person. And whatever else person means, it means some sort of organic whole in which desires are related to one another as color and shape are related in the case of objects. When a man's attitude changes with regard to possessions it does not leave unaffected his concern for those he loves, his interest in public welfare, his enjoyment of beauty. What takes place is a reorganization of desires, with a more or less pronounced shift of emphasis. The man, then, who aims at changes in social structure is not one who is without an interest in property, but one in whom this interest bears a certain relation to other interests. Nor is he necessarily a man who pays little attention to property. Indeed, under certain circumstances, — when, for example, a given state of society (as the present one) rests upon a distribution of material goods which makes a happy life impossible for the mass of men — his proposed reforms may have most direct reference to a change in the status of possessions.

There are thus psychological and sociological reasons why the interest in possessions may have a place in the lives of those who object to the world as it is. But this makes it natural, under present conditions, to misunderstand them and easy to misinterpret them. Nevertheless, it does not require extraordinary intellectual penetration nor unattainable freedom from prejudice to discover individuals about us whose abilities and energies are dedicated to the realization of a more worthy social state. They do not talk about accepting life on the terms offered; they propose to bargain with life for the best terms obtainable for mankind. Their theory is that things should conform to men, rather than men to things, and they too have

a slogan: "The things that are seen are temporal." They are found among all peoples, in all classes, are of both sexes, with and without schooling, agnostics and believers; and relatively few as they number, were they suddenly to despair and join the majority, a great winter would settle down upon the hope of mankind.

IV

There comes a time, then, when a man adopts, or, rather, when he may be said to have adopted, one or the other of these two programs as the central interest of life. Now regarding these programs one thing especially needs to be made clear: that each is a form of idealism. We are not in the habit of applying the term idealist to the man whose chief thought is of increasing his possessions. He is the practical man, who builds on a solid foundation of reality. It is the man who aims to transform the world whom we call idealistic. And this usage has its justification in a vital difference between the two. What this difference consists in, however, is but vaguely apprehended, and so we confuse a most important issue. The difference between the two is not that one espouses ideals and the other does not. The difference is in the kind of ideal espoused. Confusion originating at this point spreads like a fog over our discussion of social and political problems. Can a more effective attack, for instance, be made upon a social project than to arouse the suspicion that it is the program of an idealist? And yet what are we at more pains to show than that the motives of our side are lofty, while the motives of the other side are base? The fact is that in the most important sense of the term all men are idealists. All men act on the hypothesis that ideas are realizable in the form of concrete goods. All men give their allegiance to plans that can come to fruition only if events can be made to conspire. All men believe in the imaginative inauguration in the present, of campaigns for the con-

quest of the future. Those who scoff at the idealists are not of another species. Their ridicule is in truth directed not against idealism as such, but against a specific form of idealism. Sometimes, it is true, they are opposed to a specific idealism because they are persuaded that it makes so little contact with actual conditions as to be quite impossible of realization. But at other times they are opposed to it just because they fear that it *is* realizable, and because they know, or half consciously suspect, its bearing upon their own schemes. In other words, the conflict between the so-called idealists and the so-called practical men is a conflict of ideals. And since it is the very nature of ideals to become transmuted into realities and thus to alter the conditions of life, an unclouded appreciation of this fact is of utmost social significance. Such clarification concentrates attention where it belongs, upon the aims and ambitions of men, and the bearing of these upon the common life of all.

The error just considered gives rise to a second, namely, that possessive idealism is the only form of idealism in harmony with the conditions of life, and that the possessive idealist, accepting life on the terms offered, does not undertake the hopeless task of trying to change the world, but makes the best of it as it is. Now in an important sense this is clearly not the case. In point of fact, who consumes more energy than the possessive idealist in trying to change the world? The physical features of the earth, the territorial divisions of it, the political, social, and economic organizations under which men live, their institutions of learning, their clubs, their churches, — in a word, *everything* — is constantly being moulded and fashioned by those who announce it as the quintessence of wisdom that "you've got to accept conditions as they are." Every community the world round is in a continuous process of adjustment and readjustment in response to the refusal of the great army of the possessive idealists to be satisfied with things as they are.

And when we turn to their leaders, what more colossal dreamers have there been than the so-called men of practical affairs, — warriors, rulers, diplomats, captains of industry? By the great possessive idealists no scheme is thought too vast, too costly, too hazardous, too utopian, if it gives promise of changing the world in the direction of the approved ideal. To this end they long ago converted a nomadic society into an agricultural, and later an agricultural into an industrial. To the same end they continue to construct highways, span rivers, drive the iron steed on land, push ships across the sea, build cities and states. Accept conditions? Why the desire to change conditions is the very breath of their nostrils.

The truth is that no man accepts conditions as they are. It was once reported to Carlyle that Margaret Fuller had said, "I accept the universe;" and Carlyle, with his usual sweetness remarked, "Gad, she'd better." Yet neither Margaret Fuller nor Carlyle actually accepted the universe, nor does any human being accept the universe; and Gad, he'd better not. For to project one's self into a future different from the present, to think of one's self as there doing deeds or enjoying goods of one sort or another, and to try to order the present in furtherance of a future thus conceived, is the essential difference between the human and the brute mind. That is to say, all men are busy, some more, some less, trying to realize ideals.

M. C. Otto.

CAPITAL AND LABOR IN THE WAR AND AFTER

I AM attempting to view the after-the-war or reconstruction problems from the standpoint of the average man of action, who is convinced that in the successful conduct of human affairs, individual initiative must remain.

To the man who has minded his own business, sought to play the game of life on the square, and in consequence, achieved a reasonable degree of success — to the man still buried in the daily competition, who seeks an income that will afford some of the luxuries of life, as well as the comforts, provide for the same standard in declining years, and educate his children, — to the man who has felt that after he has met these responsibilities, contributed decently to philanthropies and paid his taxes he was not called upon to any sacrifice for the public good; that the problems of the seething masses surrounding him should be dealt with by the specialists for whose support he contributes his share, and by governmental agencies maintained by presumably equitable taxation — to this man, as to all others, came the menace of the Hun. He awakened to the knowledge that the trained "hosts of hell" might soon be knocking at his door, and that all that he held dear might face the fate of Belgium.

This prosperous man soon found that the mass with whom he had no real contact, and of whose aspirations he had no real understanding, were the real factor in the mobilization of the country's strength. He was stunned at the effrontery of radical leaders who charged that the war — America's participation in it — was brought about by the criminal conduct of the ruling classes for the benefit of profiteers, and would be continued so long as there should be any profit in it for them.

This man was soon keenly alive to the fact that he and his kind were an infinitesimal speck on the horizon; that their value to their country in its supreme crisis depended on their ability to work with the people with whom there existed no real bond of sympathy or understanding. Spurred by the great emergency, they went to the task with grim determination: self-interest was forgotten. They sought the leaders of organized labor and the loyal Socialists, and learned from them what must be done to obtain the hearty co-operation of the people. Then there grew up in every community throughout the land the great war agencies composed of men and women representing every walk of life — capital and labor, industrial, agricultural, political. They gathered together, discussed the problems confronting them, agreed upon programs and executed them. On every hand they found a spirit of fair play, self-sacrifice and good will. The extremist, demagogue and selfish capitalist, attempting to exploit the people for their own selfish interests, were ruthlessly eliminated, in so far as they stood in the way of the great object — winning the war.

Sacrifices which, under ordinary conditions, would have appeared severe hardships, were soon forgotten. Gradually came a realization that people were only doing a neglected duty. This was followed by joy that they were of some real help to their fellow men. I don't believe that there are any of the thousands who engaged in this work, and who went into it with the right spirit, who feel that they are entitled to any reward or any mark of recognition. They have been repaid many times over by the content that follows duty done.

The "hosts of hell" are vanquished. Now we face after-the-war problems — the period of reconstruction.

Count Okuma declared the conflict "to be nothing less than the death of European civilization." Apparently he made a bad guess as to which side would win. Never-

theless, "Must we save the world from anarchy?" is on every lip. Some of our publicists are by no means certain that "the war for democracy is not to be followed by a war against anarchy." The National Chamber of Commerce, in a resolution recently adopted, declares that the problems — social, economic and political, which are arising with the end of the war, are of equal magnitude with those of the war itself.

There have started two great movements that have for their object the control of the machinery of reconstruction. They represent the extremes — the junkers and the Bolshevists, both attempting to speak for the people. The two are agreed on one plank in their program — dissolution of all war agencies, disintegration of the forces of good will, rule or ruin.

The Bolshevist appeals to the people in this way: "We have stood by you when all deserted you; we have stood by you in spite of mobs, of violence and prison walls, and we will stand by you until the jail door clinks behind our backs; until the hangman's rope chokes our throats. Our fight is your fight. If they succeed in crushing us, they crush you. You have but one weapon — the ballot; use it to smite the foes of democracy at home. For your sake, for the sake of the toiling millions, vote for us. The other gang is against the liberties of the people, and for the interests of the profiteer. Put them on the scrap pile, where they belong."

The Junker strikes this note: "Now that the war is over, demobilization is at hand. There will be a surplus of labor. Like other commodities, it is governed by the law of supply and demand. Labor has gotten the upper hand during the war. Wages are too high. We cannot compete under these conditions. Organized labor has gained a million new members. Business must present a united front. The movement tending to paternalism must be counteracted. In the agencies that have grown up during the war, there are elements that are a menace

to vested interests. We must bring about a prompt disintegration of these forces. We pay the taxes: therefore we should control the reconstruction program — organize in your community."

Contrasted with these, the so-called ruling classes in England, France, Italy and America have played the game of war as sportsmen. They and their sons and daughters have asked no odds; they have exposed their bodies to the hazards of war; many have died or sustained grievous and frightful wounds—all that the game of life might be played on the square; that more equality and better system of justice should prevail; that the Junkers and Bolshevists should be annihilated, and the world freed from the curse of their creeds.

How simple it would have been for those of the so-called ruling classes in the allied nations to bring about a peace with the Junkers of the Central Powers, under which their own old order "would have been intrenched"! It is unthinkable that these people will hesitate for a moment to continue playing the game.

In dealing with the problems of reconstruction, in so far as the sacrifice of income and property is as naught compared with flesh and blood, the human element, not the economic, should be emphasized. So let us turn to the other side, and consider what has been done by the leaders of labor in the United States. If it had not been for the adamant position of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and his Executive Committee, our Bolshevists, Hillquit and Berger, would have attended the Stockholm conference, and that probably would have meant another Brest-Litovsk peace treaty. In spite of the propaganda of some so-called intellectualists, speaking through such organs as *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Survey* and *The Dial*, in spite of the efforts backed by the sentimentalists of the type of Raymond Robbins and Col. William Thomp-

son, the American Federation of Labor refused to recognize Lenine and Trotzky as comrades, and repudiated their program on the ground that they were not acting in the real interests of the people. Any faltering on the part of the leaders of organized labor which would have given the slightest ground for leading the armies of England, France or Italy to believe that American Labor was in any way in sympathy with the Russian movement, might well have meant the destruction of the morale of those armies, and the defeat of our allies. When the history of this effort to influence our labor leaders to advocate the recognition of Lenine and Trotzky is generally known to the people of this country, we will realize the strength of character of these men in refusing to be influenced by the rewards that were offered for their support.

Every thinking man and woman should read the debate between Mr. Gompers and Mr. Kellogg, editor of *The Survey*, in which Mr. Kellogg, in support of the character of editorials that have appeared, and are now appearing in many publications throughout the United States, claimed that labor should take over the industries, and that there should be an elimination of the competitive system and individual initiative. To this Mr. Gompers replied that while his whole life, and that of his organization, had been directed for the human uplift, organized labor in America was not going to become a party to a program for the toilers that would eventually result in losing everything that it had gained.

Thanks to the great vision of leaders of organized labor, we were practically free from any serious industrial disturbances during the period of the war.

America has impliedly given its word of honor, as England expressly gave hers, that no advantage would be taken of the toiler during the period of reconstruction. That promise on the part of America will be kept.

No matter what the form of government — Imperialistic, Democratic or Bolshevik — there has been, and always will be, a ruling class. History demonstrates that whether Imperialism or Bolshevism reigns, the great mass of the people have no voice. The only difference is that with the Bolshevists, the leaders of the "have-nots" become the "haves." In the struggle between the extremes, the great majority suffer. Democracy, giving play to individual initiative under limited varying state control, is the only safe, sane form of government. It is, or can be made, as representative as human frailties will permit.

The people of America will not be exploited by either extreme, and will pursue a truly democratic course, provided the men and women of affairs — of the so-called ruling class, are prepared to play the game, and not only accede to reforms that will mean real sacrifices, both in privileges and in property, but take an active part in bringing them about.

Our thinking business men recognize the situation. Speaking through the National Chamber of Commerce, they are asking for a commission to study the problems of reconstruction, which shall be composed of representatives of the social, agricultural, commercial and labor interests; and by resolution they decided that they would form no reconstruction committee composed of the business interests alone, because that course would contribute to that which is most feared, namely, "the formation of class programs." We must carry out the demobilization of our fighting forces, but we must continue the mobilization of the forces of good will.

Our boys in France said: "This is a hell of a war — but it's the *only one we've got.*" Due to the propaganda of miscalled intellectualists and of sentimentalists, to the expenditure of the vast sums that have come through the Bolsheviki movement in Russia, and to the vicious attitudes of the extremists, the problems we

face may be "hellish," "but they are the only ones we've got." The people of America do not intend to permit the extremes of society to occupy the arena. They propose to tackle reconstruction in the same spirit as they did the war, and with the justified hope of the same splendid results. The spirit of Wisconsin is illustrative. Many feared that there would be serious trouble because a great percentage of the population was of German blood, and because of the active opposition to the war from the Socialist element, headed by Berger. Wisconsin responded with men, money and material beyond the quota assigned to it by the Federal Government: volunteer, militant, determined loyalists organized in every community, representing every force, and from every walk of life.

In American life we have been prone to specialize. Our conventions — national, state, city and county, are composed of men and women brought together by business and religious, political, race or class affiliations. There has been a lack of assimilation: we have been inclined to pursue our respective paths, and have not mixed or intermingled as sanely and wisely as we should. We read each other's views, but there has been very little opportunity created for real personal face-to-face discussions among those of divergent ideas or positions in society. This has resulted in many unnecessary misunderstandings of the points of view, objects and motives.

The Department of Public Information, created as a war measure, carried on a propaganda to rouse the people to get back of the war without distinction of race, creed, politics or class. It has rendered a splendid service. To those charged with the responsibility for its activities, the nation is under the greatest obligation. Due largely to the splendid vision shown by its directors, to the 74,000 minute men, and to other co-operating agencies, we overcame the most insidious and subtle enemy propa-

ganda ever attempted, and we raised the civilian and army morale to a pitch never before equalled.

Now that the war is over, Congress will not support a great national propaganda with public money, for fear that it might get under the control of a political party. What national directing and advisory agency is to take the place of this Department of Public Information? It went out of business on December 24, 1918. What volunteer national agency is there now in existence that could be so molded and developed that during the period of reconstruction it could take the place of the Department of Public Information?

Due, as I understand it, to the inspiration of Mark Hanna and Samuel Gompers, there came into existence some years ago the National Civic Federation. It has worked assiduously to overcome the tendency in American life, as well as elsewhere, for birds of a feather to flock together. On its Executive Council, at the time of the war, it had such people as Gompers of the Federation of Labor, Barrett of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, Alton B. Parker, William Howard Taft and Miss Maude Wetmore; in fact, its Executive Committee had been, and is, representative not only of the employer and wage-earners, but the public generally.

The same forces back of the National Civic Federation in October, 1917, organized the League for National Unity, whose object was "to create a medium through which the loyal Americans of all classes, sections, creeds and parties can give expression to the fundamental purpose of the United States to carry on to a successful conclusion this new war for the independence of America, the preservation of democratic institutions and the vindication of the basic principles of humanity." In its address to the public it said, among other things: "We are organized in the interests of a national accord that rises high above any previous division of party, race, creed and circumstance."

These organizations have rendered a great service during the war, their personnel is such that they should command the confidence of the people, and they can be made a medium through which national direction can be given to the forces of good will that must not only be maintained, but strengthened during the period of reconstruction.

The heart of the nation is throbbing; the anxieties and sorrows of war and pestilence have roused us as we have never been roused before. Let us grapple economic problems with a clear realization of human limitations, but in our councils and conclusions invoke the higher law, so that our judgments while recognizing hard facts, may be softened by the dictates of justice, equity, and humanity.

WHEELER P. BLOODGOOD.

THE DEEPER ISSUES OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"Is anything of God's contriving endangered by enquiry? Was it the system of the universe or the monks that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse?"—LOWELL.

IT is significant of the change of thought which has taken place in recent years that your Society [1] has asked me to address you on the subject of Psychical Research, an honour for which I am both surprised and grateful, and the more so at the inclusion of a humble layman like myself in your lecture list of eminent ecclesiastics.

The objects of Psychical Research were defined in the original statement of the Society which first used the term, and has now published some forty-five volumes of its Proceedings and Journal since its foundation in 1882. These objects were the critical examination of

(i) the alleged action of mind upon mind independently of the recognized channels of sense; thought-transference now included in the wider term telepathy.[2] (ii) The phenomena of hypnotism. (iii) The transcendental perceptive power, or clairvoyance, asserted to exist in certain sensitives. (iv) First-hand evidence for veridical (truth-telling) apparitions of the living or dying. (v) The alleged physical phenomena of spiritualism, and (vi) Historical evidence bearing on these subjects.

"The aim of the Society," it was stated, "will be to approach these various questions without prejudice, and

[1] From an address delivered before the Clerical Society of the Diocese of Birmingham; Bishop Hamilton Baynes presiding.

[2] It was the need of a Society which should investigate and record, in the clear and dry light of science, these and other psychical phenomena, which I brought before the British Association in 1876, that prompted me to take counsel with friends, who were alike interested, and led to the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research in January, 1882.

in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned enquiry which has enabled science to solve so many problems, once not less obscure nor less hotly debated."

It will be observed that nothing is stated about obtaining experimental evidence for survival after death, a question only attacked by the Society in subsequent years, albeit as the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour remarked in his Presidential address to the Society in 1894: — "All arbitrary limitations of our sphere of work are to be avoided. . . . If beyond the mere desire to increase knowledge, many are animated by the wish to get evidence, not through any process of laborious deduction, but by direct observation of the reality of intelligences not endowed with a physical organization like our own, I see nothing in their action to criticize, much less to condemn." Surely Professor Karl Pearson was right in saying: "Wherever there is the slightest possibility for the mind of man to know, there is a legitimate problem for science."

To this, official science replies there is nothing in psychical research worthy of enquiry, it is "an odious fraud;" but this was the very epithet official science used in 1848 when speaking of "the gross humbug" of Mesmerism, which, under the modern name hypnotism, is now recognized by the medical profession at home and abroad, and practiced with success by many highly qualified and distinguished medical men.[1]

There are of course some educated persons who doubt the validity of the conclusions many of us have reached, because the numerous psychical phenomena upon which those conclusions are based, cannot be reproduced with certainty at any given time or place. Neither can we reproduce at will fire-balls, or other meteoric phenomena, nor many pathological conditions: for these and other

[1] Edmund Garney's able papers on hypnotism in the early volumes of the S. P. R. helped to contribute towards this change of thought. In the *Lancet* for Nov. 3d, 1917 there is a striking confirmation of some of our early experiments on hypnotism: Dr. Arthur Hadfield, under the strictest conditions, proving that hypnotic suggestion alone can produce blisters and all the serious effects of a burn, and also remove the pain of an actual burn and rapidly cure it.

sporadic phenomena we are content to accept the testimony of accredited observers.

Certain persons, not characterized by hysteria or neurotic symptoms, or by any class, age or sex distinction, are found to be sensitive to psychical impressions to which others are insensitive. They constitute the intermediaries or subjects, through whose organization phenomena otherwise unperceived by us become perceptible.

Something typical of this suggestibility of certain individuals and not of others, is seen in many of the lower forms of life. It is well known that certain lizards, fishes and shrimps, even certain caterpillars and chrysalides, will change their natural color to suit their environment. The majority of creatures in the same natural order are not thus affected. In the susceptible or suggestible individuals the stimulus of a colored light sets up a reflex action in their nervous system, which in some unknown way automatically modifies the color of the pigment secreted by the caterpillar or chrysalis, enabling a protective coloration to be assumed. Many insects, as Fabre has shown, have some unknown means of cognition which transcends all recognized channels of sense.

Recognizing the fact that a good psychical subject or medium is more or less influenced by its environment, it is obvious that psychical phenomena may be inhibited by the presence of flippant or hostile investigators. Interested and sympathetic attention, without credulity, is desirable on the part of the enquirer. Do we not mind the same condition governing our access to the higher spiritual world? Every religious teacher knows that a lack of interest or reverence, still more an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion in his listeners, will render the most earnest spiritual appeal barren and ineffective. Speaking only of the psychical order, Mr. C. C. Cassey said: "Faith is the key to the gate of the invisible world." Upon this a well known spiritualist, the Rev. Stainton Moses (M. A.

Oxon) remarked: — "What Mr. Massey calls 'faith' is a predisposition and attention, a sympathetic state of mind, which establishes between an observer and a medium a rapport without which no results are to be had that are worth having." [1]

Much of the difficulty which is felt by the educated world in accepting the evidence of supernormal phenomena — super-natural is a misnomer[2] — arises from the fact that we habitually think of our senses as the only possible channels of awakening perception. We associate all our feelings and consciousness with our sensory organs and our material brain. In spite of philosophy and religion many find it difficult to believe that when the brain perishes, the mind and our perceptive power will not also perish. But consciousness, instead of being limited *to* the brain, is more probably limited *by* the brain, which may be only, as Professor W. James has suggested, an apparatus for the transmission of a wider consciousness external to ourselves. The brain is not the *source* of consciousness, but only a terrestrial means of its manifestation. The glowing filament of an electric lamp is not the source of the electric energy, it is only the means by which that energy is transmitted and rendered manifest. Nor is the field of electric force confined to the transmitting wire, it extends through the ether of space around the wire. There remains, however, the mystery of self-consciousness — of human personality, which is something more fundamental and individual than a universal consciousness variously tinted by transmission through human brains. This mystery it is unlikely we can ever solve.

The opposition to psychical research shown by those who are embued with the German materialistic habit of thought is very natural. Vociferous Sadducees like Mr. Edward Clodd, or ferocious sceptics like Dr. Mercier,[3] realize that

[1] Here one is reminded of our Lord's words on the inhibitory effect of unbelief in His miraculous powers, Matt. XIII, 58 v., XVII, 20 v.

[2] Super-usual is a safer term. Ed.

[3] Since converted. Ed.

the admission, even of telepathy, would place them on the slope that leads to the abyss where their cherished opinions would be engulfed. "Of the reality of telepathy" one of the most eminent English psychologists, Dr. W. McDougall F. R. S., says in his masterly work *Body and Mind* (p. 349) "it is of such a nature as to compel the assent of any competent person who studies it impartially." But this is exactly what our opponents will not do, nor will they take the trouble to conduct an experimental investigation of a subject which requires long and laborious care. Instructive criticism is always welcome, but mere denial on *a priori* grounds alone, is of no more value than a yokel denying that iron exists in the sun.

The discovery of wireless telegraphy has doubtless rendered telepathy less improbable to many. But a similar quasi-mechanical transmission of "brain-waves" as some have suggested, is inadmissible, thought it might conciliate statements and be compatible with a mechanistic view of the mind. This is worth a moment's consideration.

To transmit a wireless message across the Atlantic requires a very powerful source of electric waves, and a very sensitive receiver. Now there are well attested cases of telepathy occurring between individuals not only thousands of feet apart but thousands of miles — if apparitions at or near the time of death are due to a telepathic impression, as seems probable; — a phantasm being projected from the mind of the percipient. Yet in such cases there was no exhaustion, no exertion even, on the part of the unconscious source of these imaginary brain waves.

The remarkable fact is also coming to light that telepathy is not *ultimately* or necessarily due to any conscious and voluntary operation of the mind, either in the originating or the receiving personality, such as occurs in the ordinary operation of speech and writing.[1]

[1] Sometimes so, and sometimes not. Ed.

Mr. Henry Sidgwich, D. Litt., has pointed out that :—

Telepathy, if a purely psychical process — and the reasons for thinking it so increase — indicates that the mind can work independently of the body, and thus adds to the probability that it can survive it. Increased knowledge about the subliminal self, by giving glimpses of extension of human faculty, and showing that there is more of us than we are normally aware of, similarly suggests that the limitations imposed by our bodies and our material surroundings are temporary limitations.[1]

I will return to the evidence Psychical Research has afforded of the first part of this quotation presently, but before doing so it is necessary to explain what is meant by the "subliminal self." Below the *limen* or threshold, of consciousness, there are within us all faculties and activities which far transcend our knowledge and conscious power. Our personality has been well compared to the solar radiation, of which only a fraction is visible in the spectrum of sunlight. Beyond the red at one side and beyond the violet at the other side, there are multitudes of invisible rays, which can be rendered perceptible by appropriate means. Each pencil of the sun's rays carries with it a trinity of benediction to this earth. The visible rays illuminate the world and reveal the glory of nature; the longer invisible waves warm the earth and give us all our wind and waterpower; the shorter invisible waves, beyond the blue, cover the earth with vegetation, and thus feed man and beast. What is visible is not only the smallest part of the flux of energy streaming from the sun, but it is the least permanent. The invisible part of the solar radiation which bathed the earth in ages long past, lives with us today; on the one hand it warms and illuminates our rooms, and on the other it has helped to mould the surface of the earth; compared with these invisible rays, which science has revealed, the sunlight of the past was only a beautiful and transitory episode.

[1] Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research, vol. XXIX, p. 247.

So too in our human personality the smaller, and perhaps the least permanent part, is that self of which we are now conscious.

Our bodily subconscious life is of course recognized by all; it controls the circulation, and respiration, the nutrition and reparation. None of these functions could we perform by voluntary action.

The subliminal mental life has, however, capacities which not only outstrip our conscious intelligence, but appear to transcend the limitations of our senses and our organism. It is difficult otherwise to explain the supernormal perceptive power, or clairvoyance, indubitably possessed by certain persons; of which the lucidity of sensitives in deep hypnosis, and that of the so called "dowser" (or subterranean water and ore-finder) in the normal state, afford undeniable illustrations. Doubtless the majority of my readers will dispute or deny the existence of clairvoyance or *telæsthesia*, as Frederic Myers termed this faculty,[1] to such I would commend the carefully sifted and critically discussed evidence given in the *Proceedings* of the English S. P. R., including my monograph on the "Dowsing-rod,' summarized in my little book on *Psychical Research*, in the Home University Library. Official science, it is true, does not admit the existence of this, or any other, supernormal faculty, nor does it acknowledge a subliminal self or its transcendental powers; but a growing and influential number of psychologists are returning to a belief in the existence of a soul in man. The soul is no longer "out of fashion" in many high quarters of the scientific world.

Now there is undeniable evidence that sometimes, shortly before and after death, the human spirit can escape from the barriers of the brain and make its presence known to friends at a distance. Rarely is the conscious self aware of this excursive action of the soul, nor

[1] The words telopsis and telekinesis have been proposed, with much acceptance, as substitutes for the meaningless clairvoyant and clairaudient. Ed.

is it due to any conscious volition, except in so far as the desire may stimulate the subliminal activities. The cautiously worded conclusion arrived at by Professor and Mrs. Henry Sidgwich, after their critical and prolonged examination of this subject states as a "proved fact," that chance coincidence cannot account for the connection between deaths and veridical apparitions of the dying.

Nor is this freedom of the mind from the body confined to the time of death; as already mentioned, this fact is indicated if telepathy be a purely psychical process. Several persons, some of them well known to me, have desired to appear to a friend at a remote distance, — who was unaware the experiment was about to be made — and have so appeared. The carefully conducted experiments which establish this fact have never been impugned, so far as I know.[1] The intention to appear to a distant friend B, was made by A before sleep, but the phantom usually appeared only after A had gone to sleep. Subconscious telepathy from A in some way impressed B and caused him to project into space a life-like image of A. If we admit telepathy this fact is not much less wonderful than ordinary vision, for all the objects we see are only appearances, or phantasms, projected into space by our mind, and due to a certain tract of brain-cells being stimulated by a series of minute impressions transmitted by the optic nerve from the retina. In this case *neurosis* gives rise to *psychosis:* in a telepathic phantasm, psychosis in A directly creates psychosis in B.

The following remarkable case illustrates what I have been saying, and resembles similar spiritualistic phenomena, but here the psychical invasion was from a *living* person. Although the circumstances took place some years ago, the evidential value of this case is very great: for the letters which narrate the facts were written at the time, and are in my possession, with the envelopes

[1] Full details are given in Myers' *Human Personality,* vol. I, p. 292 *et seq.,* see also in my recent book *On the Threshold of the Unseen,* p. 153.

and post-marks attesting the dates. I am permitted to give the names of the writers, to whom my thanks are due; I am indebted to my niece, Miss Cowdell Barret of Weymouth, who put me in communication with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Arundel Mackenzie-Ashton of Dene Court, Taunton, England.

The facts are briefly as follows: Mr. Mackenzie-Ashton when a young man, in Sept. 1882, went to stay at a vicarage in Nottinghamshire. After his visit he went to his parents' home in Hertfordshire, 130 miles away. Soon after he left the vicarage, Mr. (now Colonel) Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson with both of whom he was unacquainted, went to stay at the Vicarage, and a few days later Mr. Mackenzie-Ashton received from Mr. Nicholson, the following letter, which explains itself: —

Sept. 14, 1882.

I have been staying at W——Vicarage lately and last evening (Wednesday) we amused ourselves with "table-turning." The table, when asked by whose spirit it was possessed, answered, "Arundel Mackenzie;" to the further question, "Where is he?" it replied, "His soul is here." To the question, "How is his body occupied?" it returned a perfectly definite answer.

Would you mind informing me how you were occupied last night from 10.30 to 11.30 p. m., in whose company you were, and what you were doing out of doors in the day time? Pray excuse a perfect stranger asking you these impertinent questions, but I am anxious to be satisfied whether these "manifestations' were true or false.

Mr. Mackenzie-Ashton, who had recently added the name "Ashton" to Arundel Mackenzie, replied, giving the particulars asked for, and Mr. Nicholson then writes, "will you assure me on your word of honor you had heard nothing whatever from any person at the Vicarage that evening?" This assurance was given, and then follows this letter from Mr. Nicholson: —

When I asked your assurance I felt it was scarcely necessary, but the experience was so extraordinary that it seemed more satisfactory to have it.

We [naming the persons present at the Vicarage] had our hands on the table which began immediately to move; on being asked to tilt if a spirit was present it did so. Asked "whose spirit" it replied, [tilting at the right letter when the alphabet was repeated and gave the answers named in the previous letter]; asked "what is his body doing?" at first no reply was given; after waiting we asked the same question again, the reply was given, "playing billiards;" the time was then 11.15 p. m. Asked "who is with him?" the answer was "father." Asked "who is winning?" Answer, "Son." Asked "how many games have been played?" Answer, "Two." Asked "what has he [A. Mackenzie] been doing during the day?" Answer, "shooting." At this there was a general exclamation, "Impossible!" for it was not believed you had any shooting, and H. asked "pheasants or partridges?" laughing; but we could get no more. H. by request then left the table; we asked the [soi-disent] spirit, why it had not replied; it answered, "flippant." We could get no more. This is a literal exact statement of what took place .... A peculiar tremor ran through the table till the right letter was reached, then the tilting was decided and distinct. The lights in the room were not lowered: the experience has thoroughly astonished me.

Highly improbable as it seemed to the sitters at the table, all the above particulars were perfectly correct. W. A. Mackenzie-Ashton writes:

I had been shooting during the day (Wednesday), and in the evening I had two games of billiards with my father; I won both of them, and after that I lay down on a couch in the billiard room and fell asleep. Then I had a dream that I was back in W—— Vicarage.

Of the trustworthiness of my informants, and the accuracy of the narrative, there can be no doubt whatever; nor can the facts be explained away by chance coincidence, or surreptitious knowledge on the part of the sitters at the vicarage, who did not know that Mr. Mackenzie-Ashton was at the time visting his parents 130 miles away. Here then we have evidence of what appears to be either telepathy from the subliminal personality of a sleeping person, or more probably of telergy,

the direct influence of an extraneous mind on the brain and organism of the distant sitters.

Nor is this case unique; somewhat similar instances are known to students of psychical research, and one has recently occurred in London where the "sitters" were personal friends of mine. These well attested facts of an incarnate mind acting independently of the body, add to the probability that the mind survives the dissolution of the body, and in like manner can (for a time at any rate) give proof of its survival.

Sufficient proof of identity is sometimes given which cannot be attributed to any filching of ideas, or telepathic impressions, from those present. Some instances of unequivocal proof of identity are given in my recent book *On the Threshold of the Unseen.*

Space will only allow me to refer to one such case. Here a message came through two esteemed personal friends of mine in Dublin, which purported to be from a cousin of one of my friends, an officer who had lost his life in the war. To prove his identity he asked that his personal effects, including a pearl tie pin that he mentioned, should be given to a lady in London, whom he stated he had been going to marry, giving her full Christian name and surname, — which was an uncommon one. Neither the sitters, nor any of the officer's own family in Ireland or elsewhere, knew he was going to marry; they had never heard this lady's name, nor that the officer possessed a pearl tie pin. Later on, when the War office sent over the deceased officer's effects, it was discovered that he had put down this lady's name in the will he had scribbled, as his next of kin; he gave her address in London, and both christian and surname were precisely the same as that given in the message which came through my friends some months previously; moreover a pearl tie pin was found among his effects. As the message was written down at the time it was given through my friends,

and a copy sent to me, it seems impossible to find any other solution than a telepathic communication from the officer after his decease.

The popular belief that death suddenly transforms us into a state of sublime holiness or hopeless misery, and therein our future life is eternally and irrevocably fixed, is one that finds no support from eminent and devout Biblical scholars like the Dean of Wells (Dr. Armitage Robinson), and others. The Dean tells us he cannot find it in the Bible, and that all analogy is against it. Long ago Swedenborg, with his illuminated vision, wrote that "man after death is in all sense, memory and affection, the same as that which he was in this world, and leaves nothing except his earthly body." The law of continuity, which runs throughout the visible universe, suggests that death will not be an abrupt dislocation of our thoughts; but it may disclose latent faculties we possess, by removing the obstacles to their exercise imposed by the limitations of our present existence.

The serious scientific study of psychical phenomena has already vastly widened our knowledge; moreover "these things," as the learned Rev. J. Glanvil, F. R. S., said long ago, "relate to our biggest interests; they secure some of the outworks of religion, and regain a parcel of ground which bold infidelity hath invaded." [1]

There is also evidence in different branches of psychical research of a curious transmission of psychic power, or effluence, — such as the older mesmerists asserted to exist, — from its possessor to a hitherto passive and inert person. I have given instances of this in my monograph on the so-called "dowsing-rod," wherein a good dowser by touching an inert person transmits to him the singular "gift" the dowser possesses. The same thing is often noticed in other cases of "motor-automatism," and in experiments on telepathy, where holding the hand of the would-be percipient sometimes facilitates the transfer

[1] Preface to *Saducismus Triumphatus*. 2nd edition, 1682.

of an idea or scene silently thought of by the other person.

It is needless to refer to the numerous instances given in the Gospels of the healing power of our Lord's touch, or the instance where Jesus was conscious of some power going from Him when touched by the suppliant. These and other questions, however, need fuller discussion and illustration than can be given at the end of a lengthy paper.

In conclusion I wish to emphasize the fact that the paramount importance of Psychical Research lies in its demonstration of the fact that the physical plane is not the whole of Nature, nor our outer conscious self the whole of our human personality. It reveals that within us all are high capacious powers, now subject to the temporary limitations imposed by our bodies; that our mind can act independently of the material brain, and therefore in all probability can survive it; that there is a spiritual world wherein active life and intelligence exist; and it affords slowly accumulating scientific proof that our life here is not a paltry misery closed in the grave, but the introduction to a larger life and an infinite hope. Immersed in sense and outward things, the soul in many has lost its wings, but the phenomena we have been considering irradiate "The great world's altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God."

Sir William Barrett.

A NEW VIEW OF IMPERATOR & CO.

THE reader interested in Psychical Research may recall some ostensible communications from the Imperator group beginning on p. 416 of our No. 20.

Sometime in February I went to see Mrs. Vernon. Here is part of what happened.

M = medium, S = sitter.

M: (after period of abstraction) "Infra Dig." Now what can that mean? you know I always begin far off and don't know what's coming. It was so with Shylock in the Butler case.

S: Yes I realize it very well: it doesn't look like the purposeful working of your own mind.

M: It certainly is not. Now let's see what will come next. [Pause.] Return — returning something. Somebody is turning over the leaves of a book, with a stick or paper cutter, and pointing to passages. Looks like a man suggesting inconsecutive passages — at variance with the truth of the thing. To be expunged — is there a word expunged?

S: Certainly. Probably not made from ex sponged!

M: Expurgated will do.

S: I can't guess the etymology of that.

M: Here comes the name James. James no longer doubts — no longer doubts Imperator, it sounds like, but reveres him as a developed — sounds like dictator — who at will — ushers in — the various characters — who wish to communicate — or may be sent for. I take it to mean that he can get the people he wants to come. I think it takes a very well developed medium over there to get these highly developed souls. Black [note illegible] couldn't just out of hand like that.

I told Mrs. Vernon that it seemed justifiable to suppose that Imperator, or possibly James, wanted to indicate

that the "inconsecutive" passages speaking lightly of Imperator & Co. in my *Cosmic Relations* (the second edition of which I had just begun to prepare) were "infra dig," were "at variance with the truth" and should be "expunged" or "expurgated" — that James, to whom, as I had reiterated the day before, Imperator & Co. were a stumbling block, "no longer doubted, but revered Imperator," etc., etc.

It is certainly very suggestive that this impression should have come to Mrs. Vernon just as I was preparing a second edition of that book.

Mrs. Vernon answered to the effect that Imperator's showing up (as I have above indicated) through her and, she believed, "all of us," (i. e. Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Cameron and the other sensitives) really had the force of cross-correspondences, and convinced her that he had charge of communications — that he and his companions were the mediums over there. I reminded her that Rector generally professed to communicate for those who could not communicate themselves, and that the Hodgson control and, I seemed to remember, some others had said that, with rare exceptions, Rector did all the communicating.

She then told me what she had not happened to mention before, that she had been impressed by a relative of another sitter: "They hang out the shingle 'Imperators.'" I remarked that that was rather inconsistent with the priggish dignity for which they seemed such sticklers, and then gave her the substance of the following:

It would, of course, be absurd to believe that all the inconsistent and ridiculous stuff, however spontaneous and sincere, purporting to come from a higher plane of being, really does so come. The question is when to draw the line, and the temptation is the old one of accepting things we like, and rejecting those we don't like.

My mind has lately approached a settlement by provisional acceptance of some things I *don't* like. Among them has been the presence of disagreeable people in

the next plane. Of course the most skeptical are, in spite of themselves, somewhat influenced by the traditional faiths, and long after I rejected the notion of Hell, I kept the notion that Heaven, if there is one, must be an abode of perfection; and this was strengthened by a statement of some control, I think G. P., or perhaps Phinuit, that in their plane, the bodily ills we know here do not exist. The same notion was farther confirmed in a dream, in which a friend who had passed on seemed to intend, for strong reasons, to impress me with that belief. Hence what scheme I had when I wrote that book, excluded both Hell and an imperfect Heaven, and with them all idea of defective people on the next plane.

But with the help of "Mrs. Vernon's" large stock of common sense, and of much alleged testimony from the controls to the effect that things over there are pretty much as they are here, only more so on the good side, I have got rid of what I had of the old notion that people going from here jump over there into perfection — robes, harps, halos and all, and I have come to think it vastly more probable that they carry with them an appreciable share of their defects and foibles. This admits the Imperator group, despite their being a set of cranks deeply impregnated with the foibles of sacerdotalism, whose society James would rather avoid, with which preference of his, as with so many others, I am in hearty accord.

But my revised and improved impressions do not dispose of Imperator's professing at one time to have been Marcus Aurelius; and at another, St. Paul, and at still another Augustus Cæsar. These claims were James's chief objection to the spiritistic hypothesis. But even in regard to all that, I now make a mitigating guess or two. With the enlarged telepathy that seems likely on the next plane, not to include the widened sympathies; and with the readiness of sensitives, even here, to apparently temporarily absorb other intelligences into themselves, and manifest them to us, it does not seem an

inexcusable guess that Imperator, — apparently showing himself, as he does, a great sensitive, even if a great prig — may often get "possessed" by other personalities, and announce himself as each of them, just as "Mr. Truman" announces himself as Colonel Lee and Black Hawk, or as the sensitives generally more or less represent other characters, even if no farther than manifesting their pain, shortness of breath, and other sensations. These considerations tend to dispose of my first impression that Imperator and his group were figments of Stainton Moses' imagination, developed by Mrs. Piper's, and farther by Mrs. Vernon's and Mrs. Cameron's, and probably those of others, and the same considerations admit the possibility of the group being real personalities. If this impression should be confirmed, a great obstacle would be put out of the way of the spiritistic hypothesis. Of course the impression is given here but tentatively.

That James should now "revere" Imperator, as a "developed dictator" is a form of expression not in consonance with my intimate knowledge of James in this life. It is in entire consonance, however, with Imperator's constant bragging about himself; and no more inconsistent with his being on the whole a passably decent chap, than is the habit of the sacerdotals on this side of the veil calling themselves "Reverend," inconsistent with many of them being entitled, on the whole, to high respect.

The whole business, however — "expunging" anything about Imperator and his friends that I had printed, even if I accepted it as a mandate from the other world, I should accept only as a mandate from an authority with a priggishness and self-conceit that I would not tolerate in anybody here — or there.

It helps, however, to depict the very rational heaven, with defects enough to keep us at work, which seems slowly and spasmodically emerging from the mists of Psychical Research.

The Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Réallier Case

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1918.

The Editor of the Unpopular Review,

Being one of the many who find the "Unpop." exceedingly stimulating to the intelligence, and reading it religiously for that purpose, I hope that you will pardon me if I address you on the subject of one of the articles where you may think I have been stimulated in the wrong direction. I allude to "A Strange Experience with Mrs. Vernon," published in the latest number. As a preliminary, I should like to say that I strive to keep an entirely open mind in regard to the possibility of such "long distance" communications, spirit or otherwise, and that it seems to me that we have as yet too little real knowledge to be dogmatic, either way. It rarely happens, however, that an outsider whether sitter, friend or medium, can apply a test in such communications. Now I think that in the "Strange Experience" the outsider can use one test, that of language.

. . . Is the language used in the document, in respect to forms, meanings and syntax, the same as that of its supposed author? The problem resembles that of the much discussed "cinquième livre" of Rabelais.

Now I shall not take into consideration minor errors in spelling, use of accents, participle for infinitive, such as occur in the communication. All may be due to the transcriber. But I do claim that there are to be found words used with meanings which are impossible in French, and which would never occur to a mind that thought naturally and originally in French, and constructions which are not true to French idiom, but which do represent an English mind speaking in French words. For example: "testez" (page 180), with the meaning "test." Now the French verb tester can only mean "make a will." The "Dictionnaire général" gives as the only meaning: "Disposer par acte de tout ou partie de ses biens, pour le temps où l'on ne sera plus." That a person whose native tongue is French could use "tester" as it is used in the passage indicated seems to me utterly improbable. On the contrary, it is just like the pseudo-French words that we whose native tongue is

English are constantly forging when we can't remember the true French expression (here probably "faire l'épreuve") and clutch wildly at the nearest sound analogy to suggest our thought. Again (page 199) "Cherchez au fond des Générales pour la clef de la mystère." Here we have at least three mistakes which I claim no Frenchman would make, but of a kind which benighted foreigners in France are always making: namely, "chercher pour" for "chercher" with direct object, "Générales" (which can only mean "the generals' wives") for généraux, and "de la mystère" for "du mystère." I don't claim that either a chauffeur or a priest would speak faultless French, but I do assert that "générales" and "de la mystère" are not the kind of mistakes which a Frenchman would make, and that they cannot be ascribed to the transcriber either, but must be what Mrs. Vernon said.

Other expressions which seem to me unnatural or foreign in the mouth of a present day Frenchman are the following: "mon occupation au temps jadis," p. 181, "bouleversé et agité que je sois," p. 186, "perpetuez mon nom à votre souvenir," p. 187, "recueillir les implements," p. 189, "je ne puis pas vous approcher," p. 192, "plusieurs d'autres, p. 196 (this last an impossible construction), "Scranton vous addresse," p. 197. All these are (me judice) words or expressions which an English mind, with some knowledge of French gained partly from books would use, but which a mind which uses French naturally would not think of employing. I should be glad to have you submit these sentences to some Frenchman of your acquaintance and get his judgment as to whether they are natural French or not.

My own conclusion is that the mind which spoke by or through Mrs. Vernon in these communications was an English mind speaking French. Whose mind it was I cannot guess, as according to Dr. X's statement, Mrs. Vernon herself is quite incapable of it.

This brief invasion of a philologist into territory sacred to another science will not, I trust, be entirely unwelcome. I promise not to trespass again.

William P. Shepard.

We shall be glad if he does "trespass again."

It should be borne in mind not only that the alleged communication comes through a mind to which English is the native language, but what may be of more importance still, is reported by a similar mind *without the aid of stenography*. Of

course it is next to impossible that under such circumstances the report should not have some English coloring.

On the other hand, we have submitted the report to a very scholarly Frenchman who pronounces the language that of a Frenchman who has lived with English-speaking people.

American Society for Psychical Research,
44 East 23rd Street, New York,
March 3, 1919.

To the Editor of the Unpopular Review:

I have been asked how the discrepancy between alleged communications from the chauffeur Réallier, in No. 21 of the Unpopular Review, and the fact that he proves to be living can be explained from the standpoint of the spiritistic hypothesis.

In the first place, I do not see the special necessity of accounting for it, any more than for incoherencies and seemingly untrue statements issuing from the telephone. These may result from atmospheric conditions, crossed wires, a defective instrument, the weak voice of the speaker, or the fact that he has a cold. Similarly, believers in spirit communication think that they have detected several causes of incoherence and error in transmission, the particular one of which, operating in a given case, it is not always necessary, nor possible, to assign.

In the early period of telephonic communication, perhaps corresponding to the present stage of psychical research, the wonder was not about the errors and confusions, but about the recognizable messages which actually got through. The thing to be explained was how one could hear the voice of a man whom he knew to be twenty miles away, positively identified by his statements; and all the errors and confusions of imperfect transmission could not diminish the significance of that phenomenon. Likewise, it is the "psychic" communications rich in facts and accurate characteristics not known to the medium, which cry aloud for explanation, not those which are incoherent, nonsensical or untrue.

The messages directed to the sitter Dr. X, together with factors unverifiable or not yet verified, did contain a noteworthy amount of facts not known, we are informed, to the psychic, Mrs. Vernon. I do not know why facts about Réallier were given as though they emanated from him on the "other side." Perhaps, were he on the spot, something could be learned which

would cast light upon the problem. If there was such a "French priest" as is mentioned on page 201, to whom Réallier talked, and who is now dead, he *may* have had more to do with the communications than appears. Has the father of the chauffeur, Réallier *père*, died since his son worked for Dr. X., and was he informed of his son's affairs? He *might* be the Réallier who is talking, though not the one talked about. And Dr. X's nephew, "Scranton," concerning whom evidential matter came through, it appears did in his lifetime come into brief contact with the chauffeur, unknown to Dr. X until after the sittings. One of these *may* have come into *post-mortem* contact with the living Réallier, and the "telepathy," to call it that, may be really from the dead after all.

We cannot at present be certain that telepathy is the direct passage of thought from the living to the living, even when it looks most like this. A psychic who was strange to me happened to be talking in the room where I was busy at my desk. Suddenly she addressed me, and spoke of an escape from drowning with which I had been connected, and pronounced the letter G, and then W and F, saying that she had been told by a spirit at my side. In fact, the one narrow escape of my life was from drowning, when a mere boy, and the initials of the one person with me were W. F. G. But soon the psychic turned to me again and uttered a remark which seemed to show occult knowledge of a letter which I had just been reading, and followed by uttering the name "Lawrence," which was the name signed to the letter read next before that. Perhaps this whole incident was an excellent illustration of telepathy. But if it should chance that a spirit was present, and imparted the almost forgotten facts relating to the escape from drowning, how do I know that he did not say to himself, "I will try another means of impressing this stupid fellow; I will show him that I know what he has been reading?"

I would not think of offering the incident as proof of spirit communication any more that of the direct passage of thoughts between the living. But people are too apt to consider the latter demonstrated beyond challenge, when, if it were true that either the spiritistic or the telepathic hypothesis must eventually swallow the other, it looks to me from the present state of evidence that the former would perform the feat.

But let us grant that direct transmissions of thoughts between the living are possible. Then among the best experimental demonstrations would be counted those experiments

with selected "percipients" amply published by the English Society for Psychical Research in its earlier years. But in these the "percipient" was simply successful in naming what was thought of by the "agent," or unsuccessful, or only partly successful. He did not, like the psychic, get his successful results in the form of conversation, with the appearance of obstacles overcome only by calculated devices, nor was he ever shaken by emotions, nor did he report spirit forms and voices. A whole chapter of disparities could be compiled.

An instance, in the case of Mrs. Vernon, is given on pages 188–189 of your No. 21. The unfamiliar name of the chauffeur was spelled out mainly by the initial letters of words presumably within her vocabulary, which process the Editor aptly compared to "the device of indicating an indistinct letter over the telephone by giving a word of which it is the initial, e. g., 'B in Boston.'" Not only do I know no parallel for this in the experiments specifically for telepathy, but it appears puzzling to account for by telepathy. Mrs. Vernon was as much mystified by the isolated words which came one by one as was Dr. X, until the series was nearly concluded. Dr. X was certainly not trying to send those words, after the fashion of an "agent." Yet *somebody* or *something* knew what name was to be spelled out, before the process began.

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE.

A Morgue for Dead Manuscripts

What *do* you think of this, as a circular addressed to authors? The sixth paragraph must go to many a poor disappointed soul on wings of healing: *somebody* cares!

Sutro Branch California State Library,
San Francisco, Calif., January 4, 1919.

MR. ———— (an author)

Dear Sir: The Sutro Branch of the California State Library offers to act as custodian of two copies of each article or book written by an author, one copy in the form in which it went to the editor or publisher and the other the final form in which it appeared in print.

Such a file would be an invaluable historical record. It would help preserve for all time source material along two different lines: the work of editors and publishers during a particular period of history and the true picture of each writer.

It is a matter of great regret that we have in many, many cases no way to distinguish between the writer's own work and that of the reviser, printer and proof reader. A writer's copy is often cut and revised so greatly when it comes back to him in the form of galley proof that it entirely misrepresents him. "Misrepresents" may or may not be an improvement in the minds of the reading public. The fact is that what the public reads is not what was written by the author.

However, in cases where no changes were made in a manuscript when printed, the printed copy would be sufficient for preservation.

Will you help in this undertaking? For the past will you send two copies each (one in the printed form and one in the manuscript form if different) of as many of your writings as possible. And in the future will you arrange to do the same for everything you write?

And of your manuscripts for which you have as yet not found a printer or publisher, will you file one copy now for preservation? Unpublished manuscripts are cared for as confidential deposits, if that is what you prefer. We already have several filed with this agreement. By placing them in our custody, your work is preserved until such time as conditions will make it possible to get it into print.

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EN CASSEROLE

Partisanship

THE following conversation, or something like it, lately took place at a club considered by some people — perhaps by more who don't belong to it than who do — the most intellectual club in America.

A. What do you think about the League of Nations?

B. That it ought to be put through.

A. Why, I thought you were a Republican.

B. Not if being a Republican means lugging party politics into a question like this.

A. What do you consider a Republican, anyway?

B. Primarily, of course, the opponent of whatever may be proposed by a democrat, historically a loose constructionist and protectionist; actually, a man with property enough to protect him from the temptation of schemes to get hold of other peoples' property — except, of course, the protectionist scheme. Moreover, having some property, he has some tendency to conserve property and to limit taxation.

A. And what's a democrat?

B. Well, as Greeley indicated, not necessarily a horse-thief, but inevitably the party associate of all the horse-thieves there are. The party is the Adullam of those who amount to nothing, and consequently have nothing. So of course they are the party of discontent. Having no property of their own, they are attracted by all the camouflaged schemes to get that of other people. And of course they like to spend it: so when they are in power, taxation runs riot. They appropriate money for other people to pay. It's God's mercy that their present control of the national purse is at an end.

A. Well, aren't they, after all, the party of progress?

B. Yes, but generally as a runaway horse is.

A. Is the Peace League scheme a runaway scheme?

B. No, nor is it a party scheme — any more than the war was a party scheme — except as the Republicans make it so.

A. Didn't the Democrats carry through the war?

B. No. The patriotism of the country carried it through. It was not a party war, as the civil war was; it was carried through mainly by the dollar-a-year men, and as they were men of brains, they were men of property, and so, by definition they were Republicans, as I believe most of them were in fact.

A. Sure of that?

B. I haven't any statistics, but whether most were or not, certainly enough were to make it absurd to say that the Democrats won the war. Moreover, the trained brains of the army had something to do with it, and they're not in politics.

A. You seem to ignore the soldiers.

B. Year in and year out they'll average even in the two parties. Of course it takes all hands to win a war, but I'm pretty strongly of the opinion that Foch won this one. I suspect I follow pretty closely after Carlyle. He was in fashion while I was young, and incidentally saved my soul, as he did those of lots of my pals. He overflows with sympathy for the many, but all the same he holds that everything worth doing is done by the few. I'm off. Good-night!

A. Good-night. Are you a Republican or a Democrat?

B. Both. I'm in for private property and the rule of brains, but I hate protectionism and other economic crazes as the devil hates holy water — almost as much as I hate partisanship.

An Absurd Piece of Waste

How much time, tissue, money and material do you suppose has been wasted during the past few months in

spelling *League* with the utterly superfluous *ue?* We have done considerable figuring on such problems, and do not hesitate to put the time and material at thousands of dollars. How much do you suppose has been saved by leaving the same *ue* off from catalog?

Suppose that the brethren (and sistren) strong in the faith, in their correspondence and "copy" at least, leave it off from *League?*

Anarchism — and a Suggested Remedy

The attack on Premier Clemenceau is but one of many signs that the world is about to be invaded by another wave of anarchism similar to that which rushed over it in the nineties.

There are few more instructive pages anywhere than those in the last Encyclopedia Britannica on Anarchism. The edition of 1878 has no article on the subject, which is significant of the increased attention demanded by it since that date. The article in the present edition paints an iridescent dream of a time when mankind will be superior to the need of law, and gives citations and a bibliography showing that there have been many dreamers of such dreams. It was no surprise to find that the paper is by Kropotkin.

What the article implies is even more important than what it tells: for under Kropotkin's paper the editor gives a list of the murders — wholesale and individual — which have resulted from such doctrines as those expounded by that amiable man. He frankly calls the anarchists the left wing of the socialists. His holding up as an ideal the disappearance of law, leads men to attempt the immediate sweeping away of it and those who administer it.

The logical connection between the dreams of the philosophical anarchists, and the acts of those who at-

tempt to realize those dreams by "the deed" is not very close, but very little of the trouble in the world is made by sound logicians. Yet all the same, most of it is made by logicians — by weak ones who, by processes that they mistake for reasoning, satisfy themselves that wrong is right.

This reasoning is by no means confined to the anarchists of the deed. Many men of very great capacity in some directions are idiots in others. Ruskin and Tolstoy frequently contradicted themselves in the same paragraph, and even the same sentence; and among ordinary men, nearly all crimes are committed by those who have convinced themselves that they were right — the anarchists generally have so much confidence in the justice of their doctrines that they face death for them.

And yet the motives of the lower order of anarchists are generally far from selfless. Virtually none of them having intelligence or character enough to make a comfortable living, they have suffered from poverty; they have felt the deep sympathy which the poor usually feel for each other; they have not realized that poverty is the natural condition of the human race — that the race began vastly poorer than the poorest in the civilized communities are now; they have seen the hands of the poor producing most of the wealth, and have not realized that behind those hands are the invention and organization from the people of brains; they have attributed the general natural poverty to the more advanced robbing the less advanced; they have consequently believed that the poor, in taking the property of the rich, would be but taking their own; they have realized that it is "the law" which prevents the poor from doing it; and finally they have been ready to risk everything to abolish the law and its administrators who are working what to the anarchist seems this all-embracing injustice.

These fallacies have been ably expounded by many men who shrink from their conclusion, as well as by many who

do not; but each fails at some link or other in the chain. The fundamental difficulty is in the failure to realize that, generally speaking, the poor are simply those who have remained in or near man's primitive "natural" condition — that they have not been "oppressed" into it from a higher condition; and that those in the higher condition are the few who have raised themselves, or been raised by others, from the natural condition.

The next difficulty is in the failure to realize that the hands of the producers, when left to themselves among the complexities of modern industry, would accomplish little or nothing — that their effective work is done on the inventions and under the direction of the more capable. In the simple life of the savage, each could support himself. But with complexities grow the need of seeing through them, and but few can do that. And those are the few that have guided the others and got ahead themselves.

It is surprising how little the world has been able to protect itself from anarchism. After Garfield's assassination it was suggested in the *Forum;* and after McKinley's, in the *Review of Reviews*, that as reason is powerless againt the irrational anarchistic mind, the *argumentum in hominem* should be tried — that crimes should not be waited for, but that any one professing a desire to do away with all law should be taken at his word, and the protection of the law publicly withdrawn from his person and his property, if he has any, the State of course retaining against him its right of self defence, and of reimbursement, perhaps through a reduced tax, for what facilities it provides that he cannot help using — such as streets, lights, water and some others.

While such a law might be of little avail against the confirmed anarchists, it might avail much against the philosophical and parlor varieties, both of whom, though

they, unconsciously perhaps, do much to form the anarchist of the deed, are yet apt to have some thinking capacity. And such a law might have still wider usefulness with young anarchists-in-the-making, thus serving as the preventive which is not only worth much more than cure, but is effective in many cases where cure would be impossible.

At worst the experiment would cost nothing, and seems well worth trying.

Lion Hunting in Bohemia

Tastes are queer. For instance, there are certain people going about the world who hanker after the society of authors. Frequently these people are budding authors themselves, and, one would think, should know better. But self-knowledge is a rare thing, and although such persons might by looking into their own breasts come to a sufficient acquaintance with the species, that won't do. No, they must go out and get introduced to a perfect stranger, and give him cigars, and laugh at his feeble jokes, and offer him admiration, merely because he has written a book. . . Consider the sad story of Smith.

Smith, who having "written things" had come to New York to try his luck, took up his abode somewhere in the purlieus of Washington Square. He lived there not for any esoteric reason of art or temperament, but simply because he was very poor, and felt he could starve there more comfortably than anywhere else. And when he had lived there for two months and sixteen days, the wild desire came upon him to meet in the flesh a real, live, authentic author. The author he picked upon was a certain young essayist whose books had won a moderate success; and liking the books, Smith in his simplicity thought he would also like the writer of them.

The meeting came off in due course. The essayist,

besides his purely literary work, was an editorial writer on a newspaper, and it was in his office that the introduction, engineered by a friend of Smith's, was brought about. Nothing momentous occurred. All Smith's compliments stuck in his throat, his friend was more than usually fatuous, and the essayist himself appeared supremely bored. Finally Smith and his friend departed.

But now comes the sequel. Smith took it into his head that if he could only get the essayist off to himself, he might perhaps tease something brilliant out of him, something worth-while, in short, something quotable; and then he hit on the notable plan of inviting him out to a meal. But Smith was, as we said, very poor; and so he worked and saved and stinted and scraped for a long time, till at last he got together what he considered an ample sum—$4.68, exactly that. And then he wrote to the great man a note of invitation to lunch.

They went to that lunch. They went to an establishment in the neighborhood of Columbus Circle. And there the essayist, who did not get such invitations every day, and who had a really prodigious appetite, when Smith gave him the menu and invited him to make his own selections, proceeded to do things that Smith had not believed possible. He ordered dishes Smith had had no idea existed, and in a variety that took away his breath. And reaching out beyond the mere introductory cocktail, wine! But why continue? When it came Smith's turn to order he said that he had had a late breakfast (which was not the fact) and moreover he wasn't feeling very well (which was quite true), and so he thought he would take some consommé and a glass of water. . . The bill came to $4.65. Smith didn't even have car-fare, and had to walk all the way home, where he arrived, being somewhat weak, about sundown. And the essayist's remarks — when he had paused to make any — had been wholly commonplace and negligible; Smith's observations cannot be put down in this place.

All of which brings us to certain stirring questions. For example: Why should such a tremendous fuss be made over an author? What has he done? What is he, actually? A stringer-together of words, a phrase-monger, a juggler of language, a verbal manipulator . . . a maker of black marks on white paper. And for this he calls on mankind to worship. What nonsense! He has written a book. Pooh! The thing has been done before.

It is indeed curious to consider why it is that people, as a rule fairly sensible and level-headed, desire to know authors, seek them out, run after them, and in general resort to all sorts of troublesome expedients to meet them. What is in that name, author? Will it set a leg? Will it take away the grief of a wound? Will the bearer of it regale you with a drink or otherwise raise your moral character? We doubt it.

Or let us suppose that you actually do know an author. What then? After all your manœuverings, is the game worth the candle? For one thing, take the matter of appearance. Look at him, this scribbling friend of yours, this writing fellow. Surely you would not exhibit him in the ranks of either fashion or beauty! In the first place he is apt to look lean and hungry; or else he is fat and gross and unwieldy; or, most likely, he is merely the average, everyday, weather-beaten human. He has a weakness perhaps for long hair, or, which is worse, he is bald. His clothes are too old, or, if he has lately received a check, too garishly new.

Take him on another side, and the result is the same. He is talkative to the point of garrulity, or, as if to spite you, his tongue, to quote the poet, "more still is than the limbs of fear." Perhaps he is a vicious character and beats his wife; or, failing that, he loves and cherishes her, and so is utterly ordinary and unpicturesque. The point is that never by any chance is he what one might reasonably expect him to be. Far from romantic-looking, he resolutely refuses to come up to one's previous idea of

him, and his conversation is frequently as dull as his looks. A sorry specimen truly. And this is the creature you would be on intimate terms with!

But we have slightly overshot the mark. There is one great compensation in knowing an author. You don't have to read his books. Of course if you are silly enough to want to read them, you may; but no one expects you to read them — least of all the author. And, pray, why should you? You already know from hard first-hand experience all that the poor wretch has in his cranium, and why should you bother about it farther, now that he has it in print? It isn't done. And if you don't believe it isn't done, if you desire proof positive that your friend, the author, does not expect you to pore over these maunderings of his, try the opposite course on him. The next time you meet Jones, the novelist, or Brown, the essayist, or — best of all — Green, the poet, simply say that you have read his book, and note the effect. Why, you nearly startle him out of a year's growth, it positively unnerves him. He is all a-tremble, there is a quaver in his voice, he beams upon you. Really it's pathetic.

However, we would not be too severe — we would not be understood as condemning the whole body of the writing craft absolutely and *in toto*. There are, as we believe somebody once observed, exceptions to everything, and the remark would seem to apply even to authors, but unfortunately the authors who are exceptions seem hardly ever to meet anybody but each other — not even the authors who are not the exceptions.

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